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ROMANCE OF LONDON:

STRANGE STORIES,
SCENES AND REMARKABLE PERSONS OF
THE GREAT TOWN.

BY

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE' ETC. ETC.

'T was strange, 't was passing strange.—SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE exhaustless interest and endless suggestiveness of Ancient and Modern London, have induced the author to collect in these volumes some of its more curious characteristics. His object has been more especially to present to the reader who enjoys the Past without underrating the Present, a collection of STRANGE STORIES, SCENES, ADVENTURES and VICISSITUDES, associated with London.

Romance, we know, has been accused of corrupting the truth of history; but the romantic character which the following Narratives possess, has not been gained by a sacrifice of truth; since our Romance consists of marvellous incidents, verifying the saying that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." As in Nature, so in Art,—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view:"

but the "modern instances" in these volumes are as remarkable in character as the notable things of centuries ago. Whether we regard London as a walled town, as a labyrinth of courts and alleys, or as a majestic city, with 2,600 miles of streets, and 360,000 inhabited houses, we shall find, alike in every period, a succession of scenes calculated to excite curiosity and awaken wonder.

This work ranges from the building of the first Bridge at London to the startling incident of a few

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days since. In the earlier narratives we have avoided the quaintness overmuch of the old chronicle, as unsuited for popular reading. Here are HISTORIC SKETCHES of many of the leading events with which the History of London is chequered. In REMARKABLE DUELS, in the modern sense of the term; and in the sketches of NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN, we get some glimpses of the wild life of the Metropolis in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and in the section of ROGUERIES, CRIMES, and PUNISHMENTS, are pictured many dark deeds—romances of real life. LOVE and MARRIAGE present us with lights and shadows; whilst SUPERNATURAL STORIES invest not a few London localities with mysterious import. SIGHTS and SHOWS, and PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, occupy a considerable space, from their amusing pictures of the manners of the people, and the picturesque customs and gaieties of Londoners which they illustrate. STRANGE ADVENTURES and CATASTROPHES, and REMARKABLE PERSONS, complete the narrative.

June 1865.

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ERRATA.

Page 131, lines 2 and 6 from foot, *for* Sir Godfrey *read* Godfrey.
„ 148, line 12 from foot, *for* Mellor *read* Mellon.
„ 239, „ 5 from foot, *omit* Mr.
„ 273 and 274, *for* Kennington *read* Kensington.

ROMANCE OF LONDON.

Historic Sketches.

STORY OF THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,

ST. MARY OVERS, AND THE FIRST LONDON BRIDGE.

In the British Museum is a singularly curious, although probably fabulous, tract of 30 pages, entitled "The True History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-man of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness. And of his daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." The History opens as follows: "Before there was any Bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a Ferry, to which divers Boats belonged, to transport all Passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the high-road way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London. The Ferry was rented of the City, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined, that no small benefit could arise from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the City, strangers and others."

Overs, however, though he kept several servants, and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality, and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were

both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the Ferryman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the Ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim, the poor silly rich old Ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head, and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and, having danced round the body, they broke open his larder, and fell to banqueting. The Ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet,

like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, catched hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the Ferryman made accessary and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their Abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. But, upon the Abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his Monks for having done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St. Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and

shook off the Ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony.

Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a battalion of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunities of the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the building of that church which commemorates her name.

There is extant a monumental effigy preserved in the church, which is commonly reported to be that of Audery, the Ferryman, father of the foundress of St. Mary Overies. As a supplement to the story contained in the tract, it is related that the pious maiden, out of her filial love, had the effigy sculptured in memory of her father; since it was thought to represent the cadaverous features of the old Waterman: it represents a skeleton in a shroud; but the workmanship is of the 15th century, and Audery certainly died long before the time of William I. Capt. Grose has engraved this effigy in his *Antiquities*, and describes it as "a skeleton-like figure, of which the usual story is told, that the person thereby represented attempted to fast forty days in imitation of Christ," adding that he died in the attempt, having first reduced himself to that appearance.

Stow attributes the building of the first Wooden Bridge over the Thames at London to the pious brothers of St. Mary's Monastery, on the Bank-side; and this on the authority of Linsted, the last Prior of St. Mary Overies, who, on surrendering his Convent, at the Dissolution, had a pension assigned him of 100*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed until 1553. From the

Supplement to Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Stow states that "a Ferry being kept in the place where the Bridge is built, the Ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the said Ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary; which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said Ferry, built a house of Sisters in the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overies Church, above the choir, where she was buried. Unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the Ferry. But, afterwards, the said house of Sisters being converted into a College of Priests, the Priests built the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and, from time to time, kept the same in good reparations. Till, at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was, by aid of the Citizens of London, and others, a Bridge built with arches of stone," &c. This version has been much opposed by antiquaries, who are not inclined to attribute the building of the first Wooden Bridge to the Monks of Southwark.*

THE BALLAD OF "LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN."

THIS very popular nurse's song, which is a metrical illustration of the connection of the River Lee and London Bridge, has a scattered history, which it is difficult to trace. One of the most elegant copies of the ballad is to be found in Ritson's rare and curious *Gammer Gurton's Garland: or the Nursery Parnassus*, and is as follows:—

* See *Chronicles of London Bridge*, by an Antiquary, pp. 40–44.

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

Another copy of this ballad contains the following stanzas, wanting in Ritson's, and coming in immediately after the third verse, "Silver and gold will be stolen away;" though the propositions for building this Bridge with iron and steel, and wood and stone, have, in this copy also, already been made and objected to.

Then we must set a man to watch,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must set a man to watch,
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the pipe should fall and break,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the pipe should fall and break,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must set a dog to watch,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must set a dog to watch,
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the dog should run away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the dog should run away,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must chain him to a post,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must chain him to a post,
With a gay La-dee.

In these verses it will be observed how singularly and happily the burthen of the song often falls in with the subject of the new line; though, probably, the whole ballad has been formed by making fresh additions, in a long series of years, and is, perhaps, almost interminable when received in all its different versions. The stanzas last quoted are the introductory lines of an old ballad, which the copyist, more than seventy years previously, had heard plaintively warbled by a lady who

was born in the reign of Charles II., and who lived till nearly that of George II. Another copyist observes that the ballad concerning London Bridge formed, in his remembrance, part of a Christmas carol, and commenced thus:

> Dame, get up and bake your pies,
> On Christmas-day in the morning:

"The requisition," he continues, "goes on to the Dame to prepare for the feast, and her answer is—

> London Bridge is broken down,
> On Christmas-day in the morning.

These lines are from a Newcastle carol: the inference has always been that, until the Bridge was rebuilt, some stop would be put to Dame Christmas's operations; but why the falling of a part of London Bridge should form part of a Christmas carol at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is a connection, doubtless, long since gathered into the wallet which Time carries at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion, though we may remark that the history and features of the old Bridge of that famous town had a very close resemblance to that of London. The author of the *Chronicles of London Bridge* refers the composition of the ballad to some very ancient date, when, London Bridge lying in ruins, the office of Bridge Master was vacant; and his power over the river Lee—for it is, doubtless, that river which is celebrated in the chorus to this song,—was for a while at an end. The ancient Music to the Song is preserved: it has been adapted to the feet as well as the tongue: about sixty years ago, one moonlight night, in a street in Bristol, was heard a dance and chorus of boys and girls, to which the words of this Ballad gave measure. The breaking-

down of the Bridge was announced as the dancers moved round in a circle, hand-in-hand; the question, 'How shall we build it up again?' was chaunted by the leader, whilst the rest stood still."

NOTED RESIDENTS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

SEVERAL traditional mistakes have been perpetuated, as to persons supposed to have dwelt upon London Bridge. Thus, the author of *Wine and Walnuts* tells us that John Bunyan resided for some time upon the Bridge, though we fail to discover any such circumstance in either of the lives of that good man now extant; but he certainly preached for some time at a chapel in Southwark. Perhaps, however, the first assertion may be explained by a passage in the Preface to "The Labours of that eminent Servant of Christ, Mr. John Bunyan," London, 1692, folio, where it is stated that in 1688, he published six books, being the time of James II.'s liberty of conscience, and was seized with a sweating distemper, which, after his some weeks' going about, proved his death at his very loving friend's, Mr. Strudwick's, a grocer—at the sign of the Star—"at Holborn Bridge, London, on August 31st."

It is also recorded on the same page of *Wine and Walnuts*, that Master Abel, the great importer of wines, was another of the marvels of old London Bridge; he set up a sign, "Thank God, I am *Abel*," quoth the wag, and had in front of his house the sign of a bell. It is possible there may be some traditionary authority for this story; but in the very rare tracts relating to

Alderman Abel, preserved in the British Museum, there is nothing concerning his residence on London Bridge.

The same chapter contains some authentic notices of Artists who really did live upon the venerable edifice. Of these, one of the most eminent was Hans Holbein, the great painter of the Court of Henry VIII.; though we can hardly suppose that he inhabited the Nonesuch House, yet his actual residence is certified by Lord Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, as follows: "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein,—who had lived in that house,—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the great Fire of London, and the picture was destroyed."

Another famous Artist of London Bridge was Peter Monamy, so excellent a painter of marine subjects as to be considered but little inferior to Vandevelde himself. Lord Orford says of him, that "he received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house painter on London Bridge;" and that "the shallow waves that rolled under his window, taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean."

Edwards, in his *Continuation of Walpole's Anecdotes*, tells us that Dominic Serres, the marine painter, who died in 1793, once kept shop on London Bridge. To these may be added Jack Laguerre, the engraver, a great humourist, wit, singer, player, caricaturist, mimic, and a good scene-painter, son of that Louis, who painted

staircases and saloons, where, as Pope says, "sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre." His residence was on the first floor of the dwelling of a waggish bookseller and author-of-all-work, named Crispin Tucker, the owner of half-a-shop, on the east side, under the southern gate of the Bridge. The artist's *studio* was chiefly in the bow-window in a back room, which projected over the Thames, and trembled at every half-ebb tide. Here, also, Hogarth resided in his early life, when he engraved for old John Bowles, at the Black Horse, in Cornhill. His *studio* resembled, we are told in *Wine and Walnuts*, "one of the alchemist's laboratories from the pencil of the elder Teniers. It was a complete, smoke-stained confusionary, with a German stove, crucibles, pipkins, and nests of drawers with rings of twine to pull them out; here a box of asphaltum, there glass-stoppered bottles, varnishes, dabbers, gravers, etching-tools, walls of wax, obsolete copper-plates, many engraved on both sides, and poetry scribbled over the walls; a pallet hung up as an heir-loom, the colours dry upon it, hard as stone; all the multifarious *arcanalia* of engraving, and, lastly, a Printing Press!" And in *Wine and Walnuts* is an amusing account of Dean Swift's and Pope's visits and conversations with the noted Crispin Tucker.

Not only the ordinary buildings in the Bridge Street, which were formerly occupied as shops and warehouses, but even the Chapel of St. Thomas, which, in later years, was called Chapel House, and the Nonesuch House, were used for similar purposes before they were taken down. Dr. Ducarel relates that the house over the chapel belonged to Mr. Baldwin, haberdasher, who was born there; and when, at seventy-one, he was ordered to

go to Chislehurst for a change of air, he could not sleep in the country, for want of the "noise," the roaring and rushing of the tide beneath the Bridge, "he had always been used to hear." We gather from the *Morning Advertiser* for April 26, 1798, that Alderman Gill and Wright had been in partnership upwards of fifty years; and that their shop stood on the centre of London Bridge, and their warehouse for paper was directly under it, which was a chapel for divine service, in one of the old arches; long within legal memory, the service was performed here every Sabbath and Saint's-day. Although the floor was always at high-water mark, from 10 to 12 feet under the surface; yet such was the excellency of the materials, and the masonry, that not the least damp, or leak, ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret.

Again, in Seymour's *Survey of London and Westminster*, 1734, it is stated that, at that time, one side of the Nonesuch House was inhabited by Mr. Bray, a stationer, and the other by Mr. Wed, a dry-salter.

SMITHFIELD AND ITS TOURNAMENTS.

MANY remarkable Tournaments are recorded as having taken place at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward III. Here that warlike monarch frequently entertained with feats of arms his illustrious captives, the kings of France and Scotland; and here, in 1374, towards the close of his long reign—when the charms of Alice Pierce had infatuated the doting monarch—he sought to gratify his beautiful mistress by rendering

her the "observed of all observers," at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendant beauty, he conferred on her the title of "Lady of the Sun;" and taking her by the hand, in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, led her from the royal apartments in the Tower to a triumphal chariot, in which he took place by her side. The procession which followed consisted of the rank and beauty of the land, each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback.

A still more magnificent tournament—for invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe—was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard II. The opening festivities are graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene he describes. "At three o'clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day, the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys, one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population; there the queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats; while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport

commenced; many were unhorsed; many lost their helmets; but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hostilities, and at their conclusion dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents. This picturesque scene is from the pen of Captain Jesse.

PLANTAGENET PIGS.

We gather from *The Guildhall White Book*, lately translated and published by the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, the following curious regulations as to the City Pigs in the fifteenth century:—

Pork seems to have been (1412) more extensively consumed than any other kind of butchers'-meat, judging from the frequent mention of swine, and the laws about them, living and dead. "Lean swine" are named as frequenters of Smithfield Market, apparently as a means of improving their condition. In Edward Longshanks's days, persons living in the City were allowed to keep swine "within their houses," with as free a range as that porcine pet of the Irish schoolmaster. But these Plantagenet pigs were not to occupy sties that encroached on the streets. At a later day, the permission to keep them even within one's house would seem to have been limited, as we have seen, to master-bakers; and it seems to have been at all times a standing rule, that swine were not to be

allowed to roam about the streets, fosses, lanes, or suburbs of the City. If an erring specimen was found, grunting along his solitary way, defiant of statutes and ordinances in such cases made and provided, then might such vagrant porker, whether straying in the mere naughtiness of his heart, or compelled by hunger, be lawfully slain by whatsoever citizen lighted on him in his vagabondage,—said citizen being also at liberty to retain what had been pig but was now pork, the carcase whole and entire; unless, indeed, the pig's sometime owner bought it of him at a stipulated sum. Not even this license for any citizen to kill any stray pig was considered effectual enough to answer the legislative purpose. The vagrant propensity that emptied so many a sty of its denizen became a nuisance; for we read that early in the reign of Edward I. four men were "chosen and sworn to take and kill all swine found wandering within the walls of the City, to whomsoever they might belong." We find, however, that the Renter of St. Anthony's Hospital (the patron Saint of swine) was "a privileged person" in this respect, though his honesty was impeachable, since he had to make oath that he would not "avow any swine found at large in the City," nor "hang any bells around their necks, but only around those pigs which have been given them in pure alms."

"WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT."

THE nursery tale of the poor boy, who rose to be a wealthy merchant and Lord Mayor of London, chiefly through a large sum of money obtained for him

by the sale of a cat, is a proven fiction; and we have to seek some other explanation of this special wonder. Mr. Keightley has well observed, there were tales of a similar nature current both before and at Whittington's date, in several other countries—in South America, in Denmark, in Tuscany, in Venice, and in Persia. During the Middle Ages; and, doubtless, at other periods, there were current a multitude of tales and stories belonging to no individual, but perfectly fabulous, but which the popular mind was continually fixing upon persons who had rendered themselves remarkable, as a manner of expressing the popular appreciation of their character, or explanation of the means by which they gained it. Hence, the same story is told of different persons, at different periods, and in different countries. Such was the origin of the story of Whittington and his Cat. Its incidents were not possible in Whittington's time; but they are exactly in accordance with the sentiments and state of things in the reign of Elizabeth, when, as far as the Whittington story is concerned, it seems to have originated.

Still, some curious facts are adduced in support of the legend. Mr. Deputy Lott, F.S.A., in a paper read by him to the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, says:—

"At Mercers' Hall is a portrait on canvas of a man about sixty years of age, in a fine livery gown and black cap of the time of Henry VIII., such as Yeomen of the Guard now wear. The figure reaches about half the length of the arms from the shoulders; on the left hand of the figure is a black and white cat, whose right ear reaches up to the band or broad turning-down of the skirt of the figure; on the left-hand upper

corner of the canvas is painted 'R. Whittington, 1536.' The size of the canvas of this portrait has for some reason been altered, and the inscription has evidently been painted since the alteration; yet it is hardly to be supposed it was then invented, and if not, it carries the vulgar opinion of some connection between Whittington and a cat as far back as 1536. From the portrait being on *canvas*, it must have been painted at a much later period than the date it bears.

"But there is an engraved portrait by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished in 1590, in which Whittington's hand rests on a cat: this print was executed towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, when we know the story existed, and was probably then invented. Elstrack first engraved Whittington with his hand on a scull, evidently not knowing or despising the legend; but persons would not buy this print until the cat was substituted for the scull: the cat had then become popular. Neither Grafton nor Holinshed says anything of the legendary history of Sir Richard Whittington: but it must have been current in the reign of Elizabeth; for in the first scene of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1613), the citizen says to the prologue, 'Why could you not be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington?' The word 'legend' in this place would seem to indicate the story of the cat. Cats, as we know, fetched a high price in America when it was first colonised by the Spaniards. Two cats, we are told, were taken out as a speculation to Cuyaba, where there was a plague of rats, and they were sold for a pound of gold. Their first kittens fetched each thirty pieces of eight, the next generation not more than twenty, and

the price gradually fell as the colony became stocked with these. The elder Almagro is said to have given 600 pieces of eight to the person who presented him with the first cat which was brought from South America."

It is strange what a propensity the vulgar have for applying some other cause than industry, frugality, and skill, seconded by good fortune (the usual and general road, I believe, to wealth), to the acquisition of riches. I hardly ever knew, says Mr. Lott, in my own country, an instance of the attainment to opulence by a man who, as the phrase goes, had risen from nothing, that there was not some extraordinary mode of accounting for it circulated among the vulgar.

In *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, by W. Chappell, F.S.A., is the following:—"The earliest notice of 'Turn again, Whittington,' as a tune—if a mere change of bells may come under that denomination—is in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, Act II. Scene 2, 1640, where the niece says:—

> Faith, how many churches do you mean to build
> Before you die? Six bells in every steeple,
> And let them all go to the City tune,
> 'Turn again, Whittington,'—who they say
> Grew rich, and let his land out for nine lives
> 'Cause all came in by a cat."

A ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall a few months later, then a drama on the same subject.

The imputed "low birth" of Whittington is more distinctly disproved: he is shown to have descended from the Whittingtons, who were owners of land in Gloucestershire, as early as the reign of Edward I.; their estate being at Pauntley, where, in the church,

are emblazoned the arms of Whittington, impaling Warren, "thus closely identifying our hero, whose wife was Alice Fitzwarren, with the Pauntley family beyond dispute." It is equally certain that Richard Whittington was the son of Sir Richard Whittington. That he rose early to wealth and civic honours, and was four times Lord Mayor of London, is proved by the municipal records. He rebuilt a church, founded a college, and was altogether a munificent citizen. In his third mayoralty, 1419, he entertained Henry of Agincourt, and his bride, Catherine of France. Never before did a merchant display such magnificence as was then exhibited in the Guildhall, whether the account of precious stones to reflect the light of the chandeliers, choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, choirs of beautiful females, wine-conduits, rare confections, and precious metals, be at all constrained, is problematical. "Surely," cried the amazed king, "never had a prince such a subject. Even the fires are filled with perfumes." "If your highness," said Sir Richard, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires still more grateful." As he ceased speaking, and the king nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire, resumed, "Thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of 60,000*l.*"

In 1389 Whittington superintended the festivities of a masked tournament in Smithfield, lately the scene of a rebel tumult. "Those who came in the king's party," says Fabian, "had their armour and apparel garnished with white harts, that had crowns of gold about their necks. Twenty-four thus appareled led the horses of the same number of ladies by chains of gold. The jousts continued four days, in the presence of the king, the

queen, and the whole court, his majesty himself giving proofs of his skill and dexterity. During the whole time open house was kept, at the king's expense, at the Bishop of London's palace, for the entertainment of all persons of distinction."

To return to the Cat: there is still another explanation. Richard Gough, the antiquary, believes that the *cat*, if not a rebus for some ship by which Whittington made his fortune, was the companion of his arm-chair, like Montaigne's.

The subject is treated with excellent humour by Foote, in his comedy of the *Nabob*, where he makes Sir Matthew Mite satirically thus address the Society of Antiquaries:—

"The point I mean to clear up is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no less eminent cat: and in this disquisition four material points are in question:—1st. Did Whittington ever exist? 2nd. Was Whittington Lord Mayor of London? 3rd. Was he really possessed of a cat? 4th. Was that cat the source of his wealth? That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London is equally true; but as to his cat, that, gentlemen, is the Gordian Knot to untie. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a cat is. A cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let puss have been ever so subtle, let puss have been ever so successful, to what could puss' captures amount? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat; consequently, no cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence, then, does this error proceed? Be that

my care to point out. The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts: for this purpose he constructed a vessel, which, for its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but cats. From thence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth; but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat: that, gentlemen, was Whittington's cat."

There is a strange mixture of banter with fact in the above passage. Now, when Whittington was yet a boy, the burning of coal was considered such a public nuisance that it was prohibited by Act of Parliament under pain of death; but, singular enough, by the time he had been thrice Lord Mayor of London, 1418, the importation of coal formed a considerable branch of the commerce of the Thames; and although a person was once executed for a breach of this law, it is supposed that a dispensation was made in Whittington's favour; for from the first opening of the coal trade in England, and for ages after, it had a reputation for making fortunes only exceeded by that of the mines of Golconda and Peru. *The catta*, or collier, is, to this day, called a *cat*.

The spot at Highgate Hill, whereon the legend states Whittington stopped when he heard the sound of Bow bells, which he imagined prophesied his becoming Lord Mayor, is believed to have been originally the site of a wayside cross, belonging to the formerly adjacent lazar-house, or hospital, and Chapel of St. Anthony; this memorial was removed, and Whittington is stated to have placed there an obelisk, surmounted by a cross, which remained until 1795, when was

erected another stone, which has since been twice renewed. The hospital cross would thus appear to have suggested the Whittington monument, which popular belief has, from time to time, renewed.

The greatest similitude of the Cat story is found in the Eastern fable. Sir William Gore Ouseley relates, on the authority of a Persian MS., that, in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice, or rats, that they carried off the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat; the noxious animals soon disappeared; and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city.*

CROSBY PLACE, SHAKSPEARE, AND RICHARD III.

THIS interesting domestic mansion, in Bishopsgate-street, presents a specimen of architecture which is as good as any Perpendicular work remaining of the kind: it was commenced building by Sir John Crosbie, about 1470; and scarcely was it completed before its munificent founder died. Stow describes the mansion as "built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Eight years subsequent to Crosbie's death, 1483, we find in possession no less a person than Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III. He was, probably, a tenant under Sir John Crosbie's executors. Arriving in London on the 4th of May, 1483, Fabian tells us,

* The Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his ingenious volume upon this inquiry, favours the legendary origin.

the Duke caused the king to be removed to the Tower, and the Duke lodged himself in Crosby Place. We learn also from Holinshed that "by little and little all folke withdrew from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbie's in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort; the king in manner desolate." Here, according to tradition, the crown was offered to him by the mayor and citizens on the 25th of June, 1483. On the 27th he was proclaimed; and on the following day, he left Crosby Place for his palace of Westminster.

From the circumstance of Richard's residence here (says the Rev. T. Hugo), this mansion derives one of its special attractions. Not simply, however, from the fact itself, but from the notice which it has on this account received from one, who has only to make a place the scene of his matchless impersonations in order to confer on it an immortality of interest. In this manner, one greater than Richard Plantagenet has done that for Crosby Place, which the mere fact that it was the home of a king would not of itself impart. Thrice in the play of Richard III., our own Shakspeare has referred to it by name. First, in Act I. Scene 2, we have the Duke, reconciled at length to the Lady Anne, thus addressing her:—

> . . . if thy poor devoted servant may
> But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
> Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
> *Anne.* What is it?
> *Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs
> To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
> And presently repair to Crosby Place;
> Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
> At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
> And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
> I will with all expedient duty see you.

The reunion was here (we will not censure the slight anachronism on the poet's part), and it led to Gloucester's marriage with the lady whose vituperation of him had been so unmeasured.

In another scene, 3, Act I., where he commissions his assassins to murder Clarence, he adds—

> When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

And again, in Act III. Scene 1, with Buckingham and Catesby, where Gloucester sends the letter to sound Hastings with reference to his designs upon the crown, he says at parting—

> Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
> *Catesby.* You shall, my lord.
> *Glo.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
> . . . . .
> Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
> We may digest our complots in some form.

Here the supper was eaten, and the complots were digested. Crosby Place, Shakspeare, and Richard, are thus identified. It has been said that "the reason why this building received the attention which it has from Shakspeare, was from some association existing in his own mind." Doubtless; but the writer considers that "it is not too much to suppose that he had been admitted in the humble guise of a player to entertain the guests having assembled in the banqueting hall," and had thus seen and admired its beauties. This Mr. Hugo is disposed to regard as a most gratuitous fancy. We are indebted to Mr. Hunter, in his interesting illustrations of the life, studies, and writings of Shakspeare, for the knowledge of the fact that, by an assessment of the date of October 1, 1598, the 40th of Elizabeth, Shakspeare is proved to have been *an inhabitant of the*

parish of St. Helen's, in which Crosby Place is situated. He is assessed in the sum of 5*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, not an inconsiderable sum in those days. Distinguished by the special favour of Queen Elizabeth and her successor, the personal friend of such men as Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, the "star of poets," was often, it is hoped, a welcome visitor at Crosby Place, and looked up at those graceful timbers, and that elegant oriel, from an honoured seat at the high table. The lady who tenanted the house during some of the best known years of Shakspeare's life was the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother, immortalised by rare Ben Jonson: and it is not too much to say that "gentle" Will found himself here not unfrequently, and ever as a caressed and honoured guest.—*Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society.*

SORROWS OF SANCTUARY.

The histories of the privileged precincts in the metropolis, known as sanctuaries, have many touching episodes. Thus, Miss Halsted, in her historical memoir on Richard III., relates, that "To sanctuary Richard of Gloucester removed the Lady Anne, when, says the chronicler of Croyland, he 'discovered the maiden in the attire of a kitchen-girl in London,' in which degrading garb Clarence had concealed her; and Gloucester 'caused her to be placed in the Sanctuary of St. Martin,' while he openly and honourably sought from the king his assent to their marriage. The Lady Anne had been the playmate of Gloucester's childhood, and

the object of his youthful affections. Before either had passed the age of minority, she had drunk deeply of the cup of adversity; from being the affianced bride of the heir-apparent to the throne, and receiving homage at the French court as Princess of Wales, she was degraded to assume the disguise of a kitchen-girl in London, reduced to utter poverty by the attainder of herself and parents. Such was the condition of Warwick's proud but destitute child, the ill-fated co-heiress of the Nevilles, the Beauchamps, the Despencers, and in whose veins flowed the blood of the highest and noblest in the land. The Croyland historian exonerates Richard from the unfounded charge of seeking the affection of 'young Edward's bride' before the tears of 'widowhood' had ceased to flow; and equally so of his outraging a custom most religiously and strictly observed in the fifteenth century, which rendered it an offence against the Church and society at large for 'a widow' to espouse a second time before the first year of mourning had expired."

The Sanctuary of Westminster, the precinct under the protection of the abbot and monks of Westminster, adjoined Westminster Abbey, on the west and north sides. In this sanctuary, Edward V. was "born in sorrow, and baptised like a poor man's child." In 1483, her cause being lost, and the Duke of Gloucester having seized the young Edward, the queen "gate herself in all the hast possible, with her yoonger son and her daughters, out of the palace of Westminster, in which she then lay, into the sanctuarie, lodging herself and her company there in the abbot's place." When the Archbishop came from York Place to deliver the Great Seal to her, he arrived before day. "About

her he found much heavinesse, rumble, hast, and businesse, carriage and conveiance of her stuffe into sanctuarie, chests, coffers, packers, fardels, trussed all on men's backes, no man unoccupied, some lading, some going, some discharging, some comming for more, some breaking downe the wals to bring in the next way. The Queen herselfe sate alone on the rushes all desolate and dismaied, whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner he could, shewing her that he trusted the matter was nothing so sore as she tooke it for, and that he was put in good hope and out of feare by the message sent him from the Lord Chamberlaine." "Ah! wo worth him," quoth she, "for he is one of them that laboureth to destroy me and my blood." The Archbishop returned "yet in the dawning of the day, by which time he might in his chamber-window see all the Thames full of boates of the Duke of Gloucester's servants, watching that no man should go to sanctuary, nor none pass unsearched." Soon after, the Cardinal and the Lords of the Council came from the treacherous Protector, desiring her to surrender up her child. "She verilie thought she could not keepe him there, nowe besett in such places aboute. At the last, shee tooke the yoong Duke by the hand, and said unto the Lordes, 'Heere I diliver him, and his brother in him, to keepe, into your handes, of whome I shall aske them both afore God and the worlde.' . . . . Therewithall shee said unto the child, 'Farewell! mine owne sweete sonne, God sende you good keeping; let mee kisse you yet once ere you goe, for God knoweth when wee shall kisse together againe.' And therewith shee kissed him, and blessed him, turned her backe and wept, and went her waie, leaving the child weeping as faste."

THE HUNGERFORDS AT CHARING CROSS.

THE histories of the noble houses which anciently skirted the northern bank of the Thames, between London Bridge and Westminster, present many dark deeds, vicissitudes of fortune, and terrible enormities of crime. One of these mansions was centuries ago a portion of the possessions of the Hungerfords of Wiltshire; and, although the face of the property was materially changed two centuries ago, the Hungerford name lingered in the market, bridge, and street, until last year.

Nearly three centuries and a half ago, one of this family, Dame Agnes Hungerford, was attainted of murder, her goods were forfeited to the king's grace, and the lady suffered execution at Tybourn, on the 20th of February, 1523, and was buried in the church of the Grey Friars, of which we have the following record in their chronicle: "And this yere in feverelle the xxth day was the lady *Alys* Hungrford was lede from the Tower unto Holborne, and there put into a carte at the churchyard with one of her servanttes, and so caryed unto Tyborne, and there both hongyd, and she burryed at the Gray freeres, in the nether end of the myddes of the church on the North syde."

A great mystery hangs about the records of this heinous crime. Stow states that the lady died for murdering her husband, which is, by no means, clear. No other Alice Lady Hungerford, identifiable with the culprit, could be discovered but the second of the three wives of Sir Walter, who was summoned to Parliament as Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury, in 1536; and, considering that the extreme cruelty of that person

to all his wives is recorded in a letter written by the third and last of them, and that his career was at last terminated with the utmost disgrace in 1540, when he was beheaded (suffering at the same time as the fallen minister, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex), it was deemed not improbable that the unfortunate lady might have been condemned for some desperate attempt upon the life of so bad a husband which had not actually effected its object, or even that her life and character had been sacrificed to a false and murderous accusation.

In this state the mystery remained until the discovery of the inventory of the goods of the lady attainted; when, although the particulars of the tragedy remain still undeveloped, we find that the culprit must have been a different person from the lady already noticed; and the murdered man, if her husband, of course not the Lord Walter.

It is ascertained by the document before us, that the Lady Hungerford who was hung at Tybourn on the 23rd of February, 1523, was really a widow, and that she was certainly attainted of felony and murder; moreover, that her name was Agnes, not Alice, as stated in the Grey Friars' chronicle. This inventory further shows that the parties were no other than the heads of the Hungerford family; and it is made evident that the lady was the widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, the father of Walter, Lord Hungerford, already mentioned; and we are led to infer that it was Sir Edward himself who had been poisoned or otherwise murdered by her agency. It is a remarkable feature of the inventory, that many items of it are described in the first person, and consequently from the lady's own dictation; and towards the end is a list of

"the rayment of my husband's, which is in the keping of my son-in-lawe." By this expression is to be understood step-son, and that the person so designated was Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Edward's son and heir. From this conclusion it follows that the lady was not Sir Walter's mother, who appears in the pedigree as Jane daughter of John Lord Zouche of Haryngworth, but a second wife, whose name has not been recorded by the genealogists of the family.

To this circumstance must be attributed much of the difficulty that has hitherto enveloped this investigation. The lady's origin and maiden name are still unknown. The inventory describes her as "*Agnes*, Lady Hungerford, *wydowe*;" and there is evidence to show that she was the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, of Heytesbury, who, in his will, after bequeathing small legacies to churches and friends, gives the residue of his goods to "Agnes Hungerforde my wife."

But though the inventory assists materially in clearing up three points in this transaction, viz. 1, the lady's Christian name; 2, whose wife she had been; and, 3, that her crime was "felony and murder;" the rest of the story remains as much as ever wrapped in mystery. It is not yet certain who was the person murdered; and of the motives, place, time, and all other particulars, we are wholly ignorant. Stow, the chronicler, who repeats what he found in the Grey Friars' Chronicle, certainly adds to that account the words, "for murdering her *husband*." But, as Stow was not born until two years after Lady Hungerford's execution, and did not compile his own chronicle until forty years after it, and as we know not whether he was

speaking only from hearsay, or on authority, the fact that it *was* the husband still remains to be proved.

Excepting on the supposition that the Lady Agnes was a perfect monster among women, it is almost inconceivable that she should have murdered a husband who, only a few weeks, or days, before his death, in the presence of eleven gentlemen and clergymen known to them both, signed a document by which he made to her (besides the jointure from lands) a free and absolute gift of all his personal property, including the accumulated valuables of an ancient family; and this, to the entire exclusion of his only son and heir! When the character of that son and heir, notoriously cruel to his own wives, and subsequently sent to the scaffold for an ignominious offence, is considered; and when it is further recollected that he was not the son, but only the step-son of this lady, certain suspicions arise which more than ever excite one's curiosity to raise still higher the curtain that hides the tragedy.

The Inventory includes a long and curious catalogue of the lady's own dress and personal ornaments; with a list of some obligations or bonds for money; some items of household stuff remaining *at her husband's house at Charing Cross*; and lastly the raiment of her husband, which was in the keeping of her son-in-law. These curious details are abridged from a Paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxviii., by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A., and the Rev. J. Jackson, F.S.A.

There is another singular story of the Hungerford family, which may have originated from two of its members having met with ignominious deaths. The legend is of the device of a toad being introduced into the armorial bearings of the Hungerfords, in memory

of the degradation of some member of the family. This tale, the Rev. Mr. Jackson pronounces in every way nonsensical. "Argent, three toads sable," is certainly one of their old quarterings; as may be seen upon one of the monuments in the chapel at Farleigh Castle, near Bath. "But," says Mr. Jackson, "it was borne by the Hungerfords for a very different reason. Robert, the second Lord, who died A.D. 1459, had married the wealthy heiress of the Cornish family of *Botreaux*; and this was one of the shields used by *her* family, being, in fact, nothing more than an allusion, not uncommon in heraldry, to the name. This was spelled variously, *Botreaux* or *Boterelles*; and the device was probably assumed from the similarity of the name of the old French word *Botterol*, a toad (see Cotgrave), or the old Latin word *Botterella*. The marriage with the Botreaux heiress, and the assumption of her arms, having taken place *many years before* any member of the Hungerford family was attainted or executed (as some of them afterwards were), the popular story falls to the ground."

We now come to a wilder trait of the Hungerford family, in an eccentric memorial of one of its members. Sir Edward Hungerford, who was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., is known as "the spendthrift:" he is said to have given 500 guineas for a wig to figure in at some ball; to keep up his foolish game, he sold, at one time, twenty-eight manors; and he pulled down part of his large town-house, Charing Cross, and converted the other portion into tenements and a market, in the year 1650. It is curious to find dedicated to "the virtuous and most ingenious" Edward Hungerford, &c. a son of the spendthrift Sir Edward, a small volume entitled "*Humane Prudence, or the Art*

by which a Man may Advance himself and his Fortune;" this book aiming to do for the son what his father, the dissipator of the Hungerford estates, most grossly neglected—to set an example of prudence to his son. The glory of the Hungerfords was not forgotten in the market-house; for, in a niche on the north side, was placed a bust of one of the family in a large wig—Sir Edward, in the 500-guinea wig! Beneath was a pompous Latin inscription, with the date of its erection, 1682.

We remember the bewigged bust, which disappeared with the old market-house; but the evil genius still hovered over the site of Hungerford House, and in more than name, in the failure of New Hungerford Market, was prolonged the misfortune so long associated with the Hungerford family.

JANE SHORE, HER TRUE HISTORY.

NEITHER of our historians gives the name of this noted woman's parents. Sir Thomas More says: "What her father's name was, or where she was born, is certainly not known;" but both More and Stow state she was born in London. She was married "somewhat too soon" to William Shore, goldsmith and banker, of Lombard Street,—her age 16 or 17 years. She lived with Shore seven years, and about 1470 she became concubine to King Edward IV., "the most beautiful man of his time." In his resplendent court she delighted all by her beauty, pleasant behaviour, and proper wit; for she could read well and write, which few of the brightest ladies then could.

Edward died in 1482; and, within two months, Jane was accused by Gloucester, the usurper, of sorcery and witchcraft: he caused her to be deprived of the whole of her property, about 3,000 marks, equal now to about 20,000*l.* She was then committed to the Tower, but was released for want of proof of sorcery. She was next committed, by the Sheriffs, to Ludgate prison, charged with having been the concubine of Hastings, for which she walked in penance. Gloucester then consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to St. Paul's cathedral and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. "Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings."

"In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and pace demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save her kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comlie rud in her cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule. And manie good folks that hated her living (and glad were to see sin corrected), yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Pro-

tector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Rowe, in his play, has thrown this part of her story into this poetical dress:

> Submissive, sad, and lonely was her look;
> A burning taper in her hand she bore;
> And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,
> With loose neglect her lovely tresses hung;
> Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
> Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain;
> While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
> Her footsteps all along were marked with blood.
> Yet silent still she passed, and unrepining;
> Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
> Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
> To heaven she seemed, in fervent zeal, to raise,
> And beg that mercy man denied her here.

After her penance, she was again committed to Ludgate, where she was kept close prisoner. The king's solicitor would have married her but for Richard's interference. After his death, at Bosworth, Jane was liberated from Ludgate. There is a tradition that she strewed flowers at the funeral of Henry VII. Calamitous was the rest of her life; and she died in 1533 or 1534, when more than fourscore years old; and no stone tells where her remains are deposited. For almost half a century, Jane Shore was a living monitress to avoid illicit love, however fascinating; and the biographer, poet, and historian made her such for nearly three centuries after death: in ancient chronicle and ballad, in historical record, in chap-book, and upon our stage, the grave moral has lasted to our time. Sir Thomas More says that Jane begged her bread; and the dramatist has adopted this error. A

black-letter ballad, in the Pepys collection, makes Jane die of hunger after doing penance, and a man to be hanged for relieving her; both which are fictions, and led to the popular error of Jane's being starved in a ditch, and thus giving the name to Shoreditch:

> I could not get one bit of bread,
> Whereby my hunger might be fed;
> Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
> Or stinking ditches in the field.
> Thus, weary of my life at lengthe,
> I yielded up my vital strength
> Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
> Where carrion dogs did much frequent:
> The which now, since my dying daye,
> Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye.

But this ballad is not older than the middle of the 17th century; and no mention is made of Jane so dying in a ballad by Th. Churchyard, dated 1587. Dr. Percy erroneously refers *Shoreditch* to "its being a common sewer, vulgarly *shore*, or drain." It is also called *Sorditch*; which is the most correct, according to the above explanation. Stow declares this ancient manor, parish, and street, of London, to have been called Soersditch more than 400 years before his time; and Weever states it to have been named from Sir John de Soerdich, lord of the manor *temp.* Edward III., and who was with that king in his wars with France. Two miles north-east of Uxbridge is Ickenham Hall, the seat of the Soerdich family, who have been owners of the manor from the time of Edward III.

STORY OF A KING'S HEAD.

Stow relates the following strange discovery of the disposal of the head of James IV. of Scotland, in the chronicler's description of the Church of St. Michael, Wood Street.

"There is," he says, "but without any outward monument, the head of James IV., King of Scotts, of that name, slain at Flodden Field, and buried here by this occasion. After the battle, the body of the said king being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain. But since the dissolution of that house in the reign of Edward VI., Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same body so lapped in lead close to the head and body, was thrown into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there (for their foolish pleasure) hewed off his head. And Launcelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from moisture, and yet the form remaining with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Wood Street, where (for a time) he kept it for the sweetness; but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of the charnel, &c."

The above statement is contradicted by the Scottish historians; but Weever is positive that Sheen was the place of James's burial. There is also another story of a body with a chain round the waist, said to have

been found in the moat of Home Castle, and by the tradition identified with that of James IV. of Scotland; but this has been disproved by Sir Walter Scott.

A Correspondent of the *Athenæum*, 1852, writes: "The curious French Gazette records that the king was killed within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and Lord Dacre, in his letter to the Lords of the Council (orig. Cal. B. ii. 115), writes that *he* found the body of James, and, after informing Surrey by writing, brought it to Berwick; whilst a tablet, which was fixed to the tomb of this very Earl of Surrey, afterwards second Duke of Norfolk, in Thetford Abbey, and recounted the principal occurrences in his eventful life (see Weever and a MS. copy of the time of Eliz. Jul. c. vii.), stated, 'And this done [the battle], the said Earl went to Berwick to establish all things well and in good order, *and sent for the dead body of the King of Scotts to Berwick*; and when the ordnance of the King of Scotts was brought out of the field and put in good suretie, and all other things in good order, then the said Earl took his journey towards York, and there abode during the King's pleasure, and *carried with him the dead body of the aforesaid King of Scotts*, and lay there until such time as the King's highness came from beyond the sea after his winning of Turwin and Torney. And then his highness sent for him to meet him at Richmond, and so he did, *and delivered unto his highness the dead body of the King of Scotts, which dead body was delivered into the Charter-house there, and thereto abyde during the King's pleasure.*' The person of the King of Scotland must have been as well known to Lord Dacre from his recent conferences with him,

as to the Earl of Surrey from his residence at the Court of Scotland on the occasion of his conducting the Princess, afterwards Queen Margaret, thither; and the monastery of Sheen (Shene) alluded to by Stow, having been occupied by monks of the Carthusian order, will be easily recognised as the Charter House of Richmond spoken of in the epitaph of the Duke of Norfolk."

QUEEN ELIZABETH BY TORCHLIGHT.

Bishop Goodman, in his Memoirs of the Court of King James I. (the manuscript of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library), has left this curious account of Queen Elizabeth's popularity, as well as a portraiture of the Virgin Queen:

"In the year 1588, I did then live at the upper end of the Strand, near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report unto us (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, very dark), that the Queen was gone to council, and if you will see the Queen, you must come quickly. Then we all ran; when the court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. Then we came where there was a far greater company than was usual at Lenten Sermons; and when we had stayed there an hour, and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen turned unto us, and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!' Then we cried again, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen said again unto us, 'You may well have a

greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince!' and so, looking one upon another for a while, the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long, we did nothing but talk what an admirable queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they then have gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief!

"Take her then in her yearly journeys at her coming to London, where you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat, a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather Henry VII. is ever painted withal. [Walpole, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, has given the impression of one of Elizabeth's coins, which was struck apparently a few years before her death. It represents her very old and ugly.] And truly, there was then a report that the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles; for having been exceeding beautiful and fair in her youth, such beauties are very aptest for wrinkles in old age.

"So then the Queen's constant custom was, a little before her coronation-day, to come from Richmond to London, and dine with the Lord Admiral (the Earl of Effingham) at Chelsea; and to set out from Chelsea at dark night, where the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen were to meet her, and here, all the way long, from Chelsea to Whitehall, was full of people to see her, and truly any man might very easily have come to her coach. Now, if she thought that she had been in

danger, how is it credible that she should so adventure herself? King James, who was as harmless a king as any was in our age, and consequently had as few enemies, yet wore quilted doublets, stiletto-proof: the Queen had many enemies; all her wars depended upon her life. She had likewise very fearful examples: the first Duke of Guise was shot; Henry III., the French king, was stabbed; the Duke of Orange was pistoled;—and these might make the Queen take heed."

Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham, above named, was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was the only person who had influence sufficient to persuade the Queen to go to bed in her last sickness; she having an apprehension of some prediction, as it was thought, that she should die in it.

ROMANCE OF THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

It has been fancifully said that "walls have ears." The walls of the "prison-lodgings" in the Tower of London, however, bear more direct testimony of their former occupants; for here the thoughts, sorrows, and sufferings of many a noble soul and crushed spirit are literally cut in stone. The Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, a curious specimen of the military architecture of the 12th and 13th centuries, is the most interesting portion of our ancient prison fortress; and in its recent repair, the records of many noteworthy persons confined within its walls have been carefully preserved.

The Tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells.

The lower room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent individuals. Many of these have here endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by records on the stone walls of their names and sentiments; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the inscriptions.

These memorials have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have been for long hidden from plaster, &c. Amongst these is a sculptured rebus—a *bell* inscribed TA. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr. Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and served her Majesty in the above-mentioned capacity. When the validity of the marriage of the Queen and Henry VIII. became a question, the affection which Dr. Abel bore towards his mistress, led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusion of the "Holy Maid of Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterwards condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the King's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

Another sculpture—a kneeling figure—portrays Robert Bainbridge, who was imprisoned for writing a

letter offensive to Queen Elizabeth; James Gilmor, 1569; Thomas Talbot, 1462. This is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison: this gentleman here was in 1464, and had kept Henry VI. prisoner at Waddington Hall, in Lancashire.

In the State Prison room is IANE. IANE cut in letters of the Elizabethan style,which attract more attention from visitors than memorials of more elaborate design and execution, These letters are supposed to have been cut by Lord Guildford Dudley, as a solace, when he was confined in a separate prison from his unhappy wife. This is the only memorial preserved of Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.

One of the most elaborate devices is that of John Dvdle, Earl of Warwick, tried and condemned in 1553 for endeavouring to deprive Mary of the crown; but being reprieved, he died in his prison-room, where he had wrought upon the wall his family's cognizance, the lion, and bear, and ragged staff, underneath which is his name; the whole surrounded by oak-sprigs, roses, geraniums, and honeysuckles, emblematic of the Christian names of his four brothers, as appears from this unfinished inscription:

> Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
> May deme with ease wherefore here made they be
> Withe borders eke wherein (there may be found)
> 4 brothers' names, who list to serche the grovnd.

The names of the brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry: thus, A, acorn; R, rose; G, geranium; and H, honeysuckle: others think the rose indicates Ambrose, and the oak Robert (*robur*). In another part is carved an oak-tree bearing acorns, signed R.D.; the work of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Here are several devices of the Peverils, on a crucifix bearing a heart, wheatsheaves, a portrait, initials, &c. A reference to Sir Walter Scott's novels of the *Fortunes of Nigel* and *Peveril of the Peak*, shows that their distinguished author had made himself acquainted with the various portions of the Tower. The lower right-hand inscription is one of several bearing the name of Peveril. The wheatsheaves are the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire. It is by no means unlikely that, on the sight of these stones, Sir Walter Scott formed the plan of his novel. The room, above the entrance of the Bloody Tower, in which the young Princes are said to have been murdered by Richard III., agrees with the account of the place of meeting between Georgina Harriet, his god-daughter, and Nigel. There is here a secret closet near the roof, of no seeming use, except to conceal an observer from the prisoners, which may have afforded the idea of the "lug" in which James I. ensconced himself.

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories:

"O . Lord . whic . art . of . heavn . King . Graunt . gras . and . lvfe . everlastig . to . Miagh . thy . servant . in . prison . alon . with * * * * Tomas Miagh." Again:

> Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,
> That fayne wovld from hens be gon,
> By tortyre straunge mi troth was
> tryed, yet of my libertie denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh.

He was a prisoner for treason, tortured with Skevington's irons and the rack. Next is the inscription of Thomas Clarke:

"Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then trvste, for hapy is he whome fyndeth one that is ivst. T. C." Again: "T. C. I leve in hope and I gave

credit to mi frinde in time did stande me moste in hande, so wovlde I never do againe, excepte I hade him sver in bande, and to al men wiche I so vnles, ye svssteine the leke lose as I do. Vnhappie is that mane whose actes doth procvre the miseri of this hovs in prison to indvre. 1576, Thomas Clarke."

"Thomas Willyngar, goldsmithe. My hart is yours tel dethe." By the side is a figure of a bleeding "hart," and another of "dethe;" and "T. W." and "P. A."

Thomas Rose,
Within this Tower strong
Kept close
By those to whom he did no wrong. May 8th, 1666.

The figure of man, praying, underneath "Ro. Bainbridge" (1587-8).

"Thomas Bawdewin, 1585, Jvly. As vertve maketh life, so sin cawseth death."

"J. C. 1538." "Learne to feare God." "Reprens. le . sage . et . il . te . armera.—Take wisdom, and he shall arm you."

The memorial of Thomas Salmon, 1622, now let into the wall of the middle room, was formerly in the upper prison-lodging: it records a long captivity, and consists of a shield surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name "T. Salmon;" a crest formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto *Nec temere, nec timore*—"Neither rashly nor with fear." Also a star containing the abbreviation of Christ, in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, *Sic vive vt vivas*—"So live that thou mayest live." In the opposite corner are the words, *Et morire ne morieris*—"And die that thou mayest die not." Surrounding a

representation of Death's head, above the device, is the enumeration of Salmon's confinement: "Close prisoner 8 moneths, 32 wekes, 224 dayes, 5376 houres."

On the ground-floor are "Walter Parlew," dated "1569" and "1570"; an anchor, and "Extrema Christus." Near these is "Robart Dudley." This nobleman was the third son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1553, for high treason. At his death, his sons were still left in confinement, and Robert was, in 1554, arraigned at Guildhall, on the plea of high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He lay under this sentence till the following year, when he and his brothers, Ambrose and Henry, were liberated by command of Queen Mary, and afterwards rose into high favour at the Courts of Mary and Elizabeth.*

On the ground-floor also is:

> The man whom this house can not mend,
> Hath evill becom, and worse will end.

"Round this (Beauchamp) chamber (says Mr. Hepworth Dixon), a secret passage has been discovered in the masonry, in which spies were, no doubt, set to listen, and report the conversation or soliloquies of prisoners, when they, poor souls, believed themselves alone." The men who live in the Tower have named this passage the Whispering Gallery.

The Beauchamp Tower was used as a prison for male offenders only. Some years since, a door of ancient oak, knotted with iron, was seen below the plaster: this door opened to a sort of terrace lead-

* See *Inscriptions and Devices in the Beauchamp Tower*, by W. R. Dick. 1853.

ing to the Bell Tower, containing the alarm-bell of the garrison: here were confined Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and subsequently the Princess Elizabeth and other illustrious captives; in this roof-promenade they took the air. The walls bear some memorials, among which is "*Respice finem*, W. D."

One of Sir Walter Raleigh's prison-lodgings is thought to have been the second and third stories of the Beauchamp Tower; here he devoted much time to chemistry and pharmaceutical preparations. "He has converted," says Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house, and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations; . . . . . he doth show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people:" here Raleigh prepared his "Rare Cordial," which, with other ingredients added by Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir A. Fraser, is the *Confectio Aromatica* of the present London Pharmacopœia.

TRAITORS' GATE, IN THE TOWER.

One of the most picturesque relics of this ancient prison-house is the Traitors' Gate—the water entrance to the Tower—and through which so many captives passed never to return. Here the Princess Elizabeth sat on the steps in the midst of rain and storm, declaring that she was no traitor. Scores of pages of history and events affording materials for both the poet and the painter come into the memory at the mention of the name of this gloomy portal.

Mr. Ferrey, the architect, remarks: "Few persons

can be aware of the solemn grandeur which this water-gate must have presented in bygone times, when its architectural features were unmutilated. Gateways and barbicans to castles are usually bold and striking in their design; but a water-gate of this kind, in its perfect state, must have been quite unique." The internal features, however, now, can scarcely be discerned. The general plan of the structure consists of an oblong block, each corner having an attached round turret of large dimensions. The south archway, which formed the water approach from the Thames, guarded by a portcullis, is now effectually closed by a wharf occupying the entire length of the Tower. "The water," he continues, "originally flowed through the base of the gate-house, and extended probably beyond the north side of it to the Traitors' Steps, as they were called. Here the superincumbent mass of the gateway is supported by an archway of extraordinary boldness, such as is not to be found in any other gateway, and is a piece of masterly construction. A staircase in the north-west turret conducts to the galleries, or wall passages, formed on a level with the tops of the archway. A stranger, on looking at the Traitors' Gate as it is now encumbered, could possibly form an idea of its ancient dignity. The whole of the upper part is crammed with offices, and disfigured in every possible manner; and the gloom of the Traitors' Gate is now broken up by the blatant noise of steam-machinery for hoisting and packing war-weapons." The vibration of the machinery has already so shaken the south-eastern turret, that it is now shored up in order to prevent its falling.

Mr. Ferrey adds, that the enormous size of the

north archway must have been for the admission of several barges or vessels to pass within the present boundary of the gateway walls, when the outer portcullis was closed; whilst that the Thames once penetrated further to the north. By this entrance

Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.

THE BLOODY TOWER.

ADJOINING the Wakefield, or Record Tower, is the structure with the above terrific name. Here, in a dark windowless room, in which one of the portcullises was worked, George Duke of Clarence is said to have been drowned in malmsey; in the adjoining chamber, the two princes are said to have been "smothered;" whence the name of Bloody Tower. This has been much disputed; but in a tract *temp.* James I. we read that the above "turret our elders termed the *Bloody Tower*; for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed, two together at one time." In the latter chamber was imprisoned Colonel Hutchinson, whose wife, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, where she was born, relates the above traditions. This portion was formerly called the *Garden Tower*; it was built *temp.* Edward III., and is the only ancient place of security, as a state prison in the Tower: it is entered through a small door in the inner ballium; it consists of a day-room and a bed-room, and the leads on which the prisoner was sometimes allowed to breathe the air. The last person who occupied these apartments

was Arthur Thistlewood, the Cato Street conspirator. Westward are the *Lieutenant's Lodgings* (the Lieutenant's residence), chiefly timber-built, *temp.* Henry VIII.; in 1610 was added a chamber having a prospect to all the three gates of the Tower, and enabling the lieutenant to call and look to the warders. In the Council Chamber the Commissioners examined Guy Fawkes and his accomplices, as commemorated in a Latin and Hebrew inscription upon a parti-coloured marble monument; and elsewhere in the building there was discovered, about 1845, "an inscription carved on an old mantelpiece relating to the Countess of Lenox, grandmother of James I., 'commytede prysner to thys Logynge for the Marige of her Sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queen of Scotlande.'" Here a bust of James I. was set up, in 1608, by Sir William Wade, then Lieutenant; the walls are painted with representations of men inflicting and suffering torture; and the room is reputed to be haunted! The last person confined in the lodgings here was Sir Francis Burdett, committed April 6, 1810, for writing in Cobbett's *Weekly Register.*

The *Bloody Tower gateway*, built *temp.* Edward III. (opposite *Traitors' Gate*), is the main entrance to the Inner Ward: it has massive gates and portcullis, complete, at the southern end; but those at the north end have been removed. We read, in Weale's *London*, p. 160, that "the gates are genuine, and the portcullis is said to be the only one remaining in England fit for use. The archway forms a noble specimen of the Doric order of Gothic. For a prison-entrance we know of no more perfect model."

It is worthy of remark that only the grim features

of the Tower which tell of the dark deeds done within its walls have been preserved; for, of the Royal Palace, the abode of our Sovereigns to the time of Charles II., no view exists. The site is now occupied by wharves and machinery.

TWO PRISONERS IN THE BELL TOWER.

THE Rev. Thomas Hugo, F.S.A., in his admirable paper, read to the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, upon the Bell Tower of the Tower of London, thus picturesquely introduces two of the illustrious tenants of this historical prison-house—this gloomy dungeon, and the scarcely less gloomy chamber immediately above it. Of course, the identification of particular prisoners with particular spots is legendary, and we can very rarely adduce precise and historical proof of the correctness of such attribution. Where, however, tradition has constantly gone in one direction, and where, age after age, the same legend has obtained, it seems to savour of perverse incredulity to hesitate to accept what is not plainly and flagrantly opposed to likelihood. Assuming as a fact what tradition asserts, —that these walls once looked upon two faces, among, doubtless, many others, whose owners possess considerable attractions for the minds of Englishmen. The first of the two was the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who fell under the headsman's axe for denying the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

The Bishop of Rochester was one of the foremost men of his age, and was for many years confessor to the king's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond;

and it is supposed that her munificence towards our two universities—by founding St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and the professorships of divinity in both Oxford and Cambridge—was mainly owing to his pious advice and direction. He sided, as was likely, against the king in the matter of Queen Katharine, whose cause he warmly advocated, and, as also was likely, drew down upon himself the displeasure of his unscrupulous sovereign. At length, when called before the Lambeth council, and commanded to acknowledge the king's supremacy, he resolutely refused to do so, and was forthwith committed to the Tower.

He had now reached his eightieth year, and the cold damp dungeon into which he was thrust was not calculated to prolong his days. Perhaps his enemies desired that death should naturally remove him, and remove from them also the odium which could not fail to attach to all who should be instrumental in his more direct and manifest destruction. His constitution, however, was proof against his position, and for many months he bore his privations as became a good soldier in a cause on which his heart and soul were set. Out of his painful dungeon he wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell in these words:—"Furthermore, I beseech you, to be good master to me in my necessity, for I have neither suit nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear but that be ragged and rent shamefully. My diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times; and now in mine age my stomack may not away with but a few kinds of meat, which, if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coughs and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord

knoweth, I have nothing left unto me to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me to his great hindrance. Therefore, good Master Secretary, I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. * * * Then shall you bind me for ever to be your poor beadsman unto Almighty God, who ever have you in His protection and custody."

This was written in the depth of a bitter winter, for the aged writer concludes:—"This, I beseech you, to grant me of your charity. And thus our Lord send you a merry Christmas, and a comfortable, to your heart's desire.—At the Tower, the 22 day of December." The Bishop left this abode of persecution for his bloody death on Tower Hill.

The scene again changes, and this time a very different prisoner enters the portals of the Bell Tower. It is now the fair and blooming face of a young and noble lady, afterwards the Queen of this great country, then known by the name of the Princess Elizabeth. Her sister, ever sullen and suspicious, had removed her, to the danger of her life, from her home at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, and after necessary delay at Redborne, St. Alban's, South Mimms, and Highgate, she at length, some days after the beginning of her journey, arrived at Whitehall. Within a fortnight she was lodged in her prison in the Tower. Doubtless you know the story; but her entrance into the fortress deserves a moment's mention. The barge was directed to enter by Traitors' Gate, much to the annoyance of the fair prisoner. It rained hard (an old chronicler says), and a certain unnamed lord offered her his cloak;

but she "put her hand back with a good dash," and then, as she set her foot on the dreaded stairs, she cried out aloud—"Here landeth as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs: and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but Thee." A few minutes afterwards found her a fast prisoner, and, as tradition tells, in the very turret to which we have been drawing your attention.

WHAT BECAME OF THE HEADS OF BISHOP FISHER AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, were two of the most eminent persons who were executed for not acknowledging King Henry VIII. as supreme head of the Church of England. Bishop Fisher was executed on St. Alban's Day, the 22nd of June, 1535, about ten in the morning; and his head was to have been erected upon Traitors' Gate, London Bridge, the same night; but that it was delayed, to be exhibited to Queen Anne Boleyn. We gather these particulars from a curious duodecimo, written by Hall, but attributed to Dr. Thomas Baily, 1665, who further relates:—"The next day after his burying, the head, being parboyled, was pricked upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen dayes upon the bridge, could not be perceived to wast nor consume: neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the

parboyling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them; which many took for a miracle that Almighty God was pleased to shew above the course of nature in thus preserving the fresh and lively colour in his face, surpassing the colour he had being alive, whereby was noted to the world the innocence and holiness of this blessed father that thus innocently was content to lose his head in defence of his Mother the Holy Catholique Church of Christ. Wherefore the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could passe; and therefore at the end of fourteen daies the executioner was commanded to throw down the head, in the night-time, into the River of Thames; and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion" on Tuesday "the 6th of July next following, about nine o'clock in the morning."

The bodies of Fisher and More were buried in the chapel of St. Peter in the Tower; the head of More, says his great-grandson, in his life of him, printed in 1726, "Was putt upon London Bridge, where as trayters' heads are sett vpon poles; and hauing remained some moneths there, being to be cast into the Thames, because roome should be made for diuerse others, who in plentiful sorte suffered martyrdome for the same supremacie, shortly after it was bought by his daughter Margarett, least,—as she stoutly affirmed before the

councell, being called before them for the same matter, —it should be foode for fishes; which she buried where she thought fittest." The Chancellor's pious daughter is said to have preserved this relic in a leaden case, and to have ordered its interment with her own body, in the Roper vault, under a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, where the head, it is stated, was seen in the year 1715, and again subsequently.

Aubrey, however, states that the body of More was buried in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea; "after he was beheaded, his trunke was interred in Chelsey Church, near the middle of the south wall, where was some slight monument erected, which being worn by time, about 1644, Sir [John?] Lawrence, of Chelsey, (no kinne to him) at his own proper costs and charges, erected to his memorie a handsome inscription of marble."—*Aubrey's Lives.* The monument was again restored, in 1833, by subscription. It was originally erected, in 1532, by More himself, and the epitaph (in Latin) was written by him. Over the tombs are the crest of Sir Thomas More; namely, a Moor's head, and the arms of himself and his two wives.

EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

THE Tower is a remarkable monument of the great, yet not to its advantage; "for the images of the children of Edward IV., of Anne Boleyn, and Jane Grey, and of the many innocent victims murdered in times of despotism and tyranny, pass like dark phantoms before the mind."

The place of execution within the Tower, on the Green, was reserved for putting to death privately; and the precise spot whereon the scaffold was erected, is nearly opposite the door of the Chapel of St. Peter, and is marked by a large oval of dark flints. Hereon many of the wisest, the noblest, the best, and the fairest heads of English men and English women of times long passed away, fell from such a block and beneath the stroke of such an axe, as may now be seen in the armouries. One of the most touching of these sad scenes was the heroic end of the accomplished and illustrious Lady Jane Grey. The preparations for her execution are thus detailed in "The Chronicle of Queen Jane":—

"By this tyme was ther a scaffolde made upon the grene over agaynst the White Tower, for the saide lady Jane to die upon. Who with hir husband was appoynted to have been put to death the fryday before, but was staied tyll then, for what cause is not knowen, unlesse yt were because hir father was not then come into the Tower. The saide ladye being nothing at all abashed, neither with feare of her own deathe, which then approached, neither with the sight of the ded carcase of hir husbande, when he was brought in to the chappell, came fourthe, the levetenant leding hir, in the same gown wherin she was arrayned, hir countenance nothing abashed, neither hir eyes enything moysted with teares, although her ij gentylwomen, mistress Elizabeth Tylney and mistress Eleyn, wonderfully wept, with her boke in her hand, wheron she praied all the way till she cam to the saide scaffolde, wheron when she was mounted, &c."

Here the diarist breaks off. The following account of her Last Moments is from the pamphlet entitled "The Ende of the Lady Jane Dudley."

"First, when she mounted upon the scaffolde, she sayd to the people standing thereabout: 'Good people, I am come hether to die, and by a lawe I am condemned to the same. The facte, in dede, against the quenes highnesse was unlawfull, and the consenting thereunto by me: but touching the procurement and desyre therof by me or on my halfe, I doo wash my handes therof in innocencie, before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day,' and therewith she wrong her handes, in which she had hir booke. Then she sayd, 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to beare me witness that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other meane but only by the mercy of God in the merites of the blood of his only sonne Jesus Christ: and I confesse, when I dyd know the word of God I neglected the same, loved my selfe and the world, and therefore this plague or punyshment is happely and worthely happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God of his goodnesse that he hath thus geven me a tyme and respet to repent.

"'And now, good people, while I am alyve, I pray you to assyst me with your prayers.' And then, knelyng downe, she turned to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this psalme?' And he said 'Yea.' Then she said the psalme of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in most devout manner, to the end. Then she stode up, and gave her maiden mistris Tilney her gloves and handkercher, and her book to maister Bruges, the lyvetenantes brother; forthwith she untyed her gown. The hangman went to her to help her of therewith; then she desyred him

to let her alone, turning towardes her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therwith, and also with her frose paast and neckercher, geving to her a fayre handkercher to knytte about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled downe, and asked her forgevenesse, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the strawe: which doing, she sawe the block. Then she sayd, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Wil you take it of before I lay me downe?' and the hangman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tyed the kercher about her eyes; then feeling for the blocke, saide, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guyding her therunto, she layde her heade down upon the block, and stretched forth her body and said: 'Lorde, into thy hands I commende my spirite!' And so she ended."

WHERE WAS ANNE BOLEYN BURIED?

THERE is a tradition at Salle, in Norfolk, that the remains of Anne Boleyn were removed from the Tower, and interred at midnight, with the rites of Christian burial, in Salle church; and that a plain, black stone without any inscription is supposed to indicate the place where she was buried. In Blomefield's *Norfolk*, no allusion is made to any such tradition, in the accounts of the Boleyn family, and their monuments. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his *History of King Henry VIII.*, does not state how or where she was buried. Holinshed, Stow, and Speed say, that her body, with her head, was buried in the choir of the

chapel in the Tower; and Sandford, that she was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower. Burnet, who is followed by Henry, Hume, and Lingard, says that her body was thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and was buried in the chapel within the Tower, before twelve o'clock. Sharon Turner quotes the following passage from Crispin's account of Anne Boleyn's execution, written fourteen days after her death, viz.: "Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty; and though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapt in a white covering." A letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1815, states: "The headless trunk of the departed Queen was said to be deposited in an arrow-chest, and buried in the Tower Chapel, before the High Altar. Where that stood, the most sagacious antiquary, after a lapse of less than 300 years, cannot now determine; nor is the circumstance, though related by eminent writers, clearly ascertained. In a cellar, the body of a person of short stature, without a head, not many years since was found, and supposed to be the reliques of poor Anne; but soon after reinterred in the same place, and covered up."

The stone in Salle church was some time since raised, but no remains were to be found underneath it. Miss Strickland states that a similar tradition is assigned to a black stone in the church at Thornden-on-the-Hill: but Morant, in his *History of Essex*, does not notice it.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH WRITING HIS "HISTORY OF THE WORLD."

Raleigh was first imprisoned in the Tower in 1592 (eight weeks) for winning the heart of Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, "not only a moral sin, but in those days a heinous political offence." Raleigh's next imprisonment was in 1603: after being first confined in his own house, he was conveyed to the Tower, next sent to Winchester gaol, returned from thence to the Tower, imprisoned for between two and three months in the Fleet, and again removed to the Tower, where he remained until his release, thirteen years afterwards, to undertake his new Expedition to Guiana. Mr. Payne Collier possesses a copy of that rare tract, *A Good Speed to Virginia*, 4to. 1609, with the autograph on the title-page, "W. Ralegh, Turr. Lond.," showing that at the time this tract was published Raleigh recorded himself as a prisoner in the Tower of London. During part of the time, Lady Raleigh resided with her husband; and here, in 1605, was born Carew, their second son. After she had been forbidden to lodge with her husband in the Tower, Lady Raleigh lived on Tower Hill.

At his prison-lodging in the Beauchamp Tower, Sir Walter wrote his political discourses, and commenced his famous *History of the World*, which he published in 1614. Raleigh wrote his *History* avowedly for his patron, Prince Henry of Wales, the heir-apparent to the throne; upon whose death Sir Walter is stated to have burnt the continuation of the work, which he had written. Another account in the *Journal*

de Paris, 1787, relates that one day, while writing the second volume, Raleigh, being at the window of his apartment, and thinking gravely of the duty of the historian, and the respect due to truth, suddenly his attention was attracted by a great noise and tumult in the court under his eye. He saw a man strike another, whom, from his costume, he supposed to be an officer, and who, drawing his sword, passed it through the body of the person who struck him; but the wounded man did not fall till he had knocked down his adversary with a stick. The guard coming up at this moment, seized the officer, and led him away; while at the same time the body of the man who was killed by the sword-thrust was borne by some persons, who had great difficulty in penetrating the crowd which surrounded them.

Next day Raleigh received a visit from an intimate friend, to whom he related the scene which he had witnessed the preceding day, when his friend said that there was scarcely a word of truth in any of the circumstances he had narrated; that the supposed officer was no officer at all, but a domestic of a foreign ambassador; that it was he who gave the first blow; that he did not draw his sword, but that the other had seized it and passed it through the body of the domestic before any one had time to prevent him; that at this moment a spectator among the crowd knocked down the murderer with a stick; and that some strangers bore away the body of the dead!

"Allow me to tell you," replied Raleigh to his friend, "that I may be mistaken about the station of the murderer; but all the other circumstances are of the greatest exactitude, because I saw every incident

with my own eyes, and they all happened under my window in that very place opposite us, where you may see one of the flag-stones higher than the rest." "My dear Raleigh," replied his friend, "it was on that very stone that I was sitting when the whole occurred, and I received this little scratch that you see on my cheek in wrenching the sword out of the hands of the murderer; and, upon my honour, you have deceived yourself on all points."

Sir Walter, when alone, took the manuscript of the second volume of his *History*, and, reflecting upon what had passed, said, "How many falsehoods must there be in this work! If I cannot assure myself of an event which happened under my own eyes, how can I venture to describe those which occurred thousands of years before I was born, or those even which have passed at a distance since my birth? Truth! truth! this is the sacrifice that I owe thee." Upon which he threw his manuscript, the work of years, into the fire, and watched it tranquilly consumed to the last leaf.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH ATTEMPTS SUICIDE IN THE TOWER.

JAMES I. had not long been seated on the throne before two or three plots against him were discovered. Among these was one named the Spanish or Lord Cobham's treason, to which he wickedly declared he had been instigated by Raleigh; and, although Cobham, shortly afterwards, fully and solemnly retracted all that he had said against Sir Walter, he was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason,

* Abridged from *Curiosities of History*, 1857.

in July, 1602. While there he made an attempt at suicide by stabbing himself, aiming at the heart, but he only succeeded in inflicting a deep wound in the left breast. We have Cecil's written word for this: it was long disputed. The following letter which Raleigh wrote to his wife before he committed the act, is from a contemporary copy, transcribed from Serjeant Yelverton's Collection in All-Souls College, Oxford.

"*Sir Walter Raleigh to his Wife, after he had hurt himself in the Tower.*

"Receive from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines, these the last words that ever thou wilt receive from him. That I can live to think never to see thee and my child more, I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child, I cannot, I cannot endure the memory thereof: unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves, trust God, and be contented with your poor estate. I would have bettered it if I had enjoyed a few years. Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again: it is now nothing to me; thou art no more mine, nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. For myself, I am left of all men that

have done good to many. All my good terms forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill; all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, discoveries, flights, councils, and whatsoever else, malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man; he hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations, notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost! he hath separated us asunder; he hath slain my honour, my fortune; he hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. Oh, God! thou dost know my wrongs; know then, thou my wife and child: know then thou, my Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against. But my wife, forgive thou all as I do; live humble, for thou hast but a time also. God forgive my Lord Harry (Cobham), for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecil, I thought he never would forsake me in extremity; I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child, and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed that I died in despair of God's mercies; strive not to dispute it, but assure thyself that God hath not left me, and Satan tempted me. Hope and despair live not together. I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy.

"The mercy of God is immeasurable, the cogitations of men comprehend it not. In the Lord I have ever

trusted, and I know that my Redeemer liveth: far is it from me to be tempted with Satan: I am only tempted with sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. O God, thou art goodness itself, thou canst not be but good to me! O God, thou art mercy itself, thou canst not be but merciful to me!

"For my state is conveyed to feoffees, to your cousin Brett and others; I have but a bare estate for a short life. My plate is at gage in Lombard Street; my debts are many. To Peter Vanlore, some 600*l.* To Antrobus as much, but Cumpson is to pay 300*l.* of it. To Michel Hext (Hickes), 100*l.* To George Carew, 100*l.* To Nicholas Sanders, 100*l.* To John Fitz-James, 100*l.* To Mr. Waddom, 100*l.* To a poor man, one Hawker, for horses, 70*l.* To a poor man, called Hunt, 20*l.* Take first care of these, for God's sake. To a brewer, at Weymouth, and a baker for my Lord Cecill's ship and mine, I think some 80*l.*; John Renolds knoweth it. And let that poor man have his true part of my return from Virginia; and let the poor men's wages be paid with the goods, for the Lord's sake. Oh, what will my poor servants think at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish, who sent them, to my great charge, to plant and discover upon his territory! Oh, intolerable infamy! Oh, God! I cannot resist these thoughts; I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle! Oh death! hasten thee unto me, that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. Oh, death! destroy my memory, which is my tormenter; my thoughts

and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up thy poor child. I recommend unto you my poor brother, A. Gilbert. The lease of Sanding is his, and none of mine; let him have it, for God's cause; he knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them, and them to God. And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child; but part I must by enemies and injuries, part with shame and triumph of my detractors; and therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things but thine own honour, and the love of mine. I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer my life and soul, knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be but thy politique husband; but let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him, and the difference is but in the number, and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds."

This document, the genuineness of which is accredited, at once determines the much-vexed question, whether or not Sir Walter Raleigh did attempt to stab himself in the Tower.

THE EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh was executed on the 29th of October (old style), 1618, in Old Palace Yard, at eight in the morning of Lord Mayor's Day; "so that the pageants and fine shewes might draw away the people from beholding

the tragedie of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." Early in the morning his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it? "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburn," answered the knight, and said, it was good drink, if a man might but tarry by it. "Prithee, never fear, Ceeston," cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A man bald from extreme age pressed forward "to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly-embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affectionately took their leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good by. Now I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and, gently touching the axe, added, "this is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Cayley adds: The head, after being shown on either side of the scaffold, was put into a leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed away in a mourning-coach by Lady Raleigh. It was preserved by her in a case during the twenty-nine years which she survived her husband, and afterwards with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried

at West Horsley, in Surrey. The body was interred in the chancel near the altar of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In the Pepys Collection at Cambridge is a ballad with the following title: "Sir Walter Rauleigh his Lamentation, who was beheaded in the Old Pallace of Westminster the 29th of October 1618. To the tune of Welladay."

THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

One of the most monstrous episodes of the corrupt reign of James I. was the terrible means by which Sir Thomas Overbury, who had strenuously exerted his influence to prevent the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex, was, first by the contrivance of the unprincipled woman whom he had already made his enemy, thrown into the Tower; and soon after taken off by poison administered to him by her means, and with the privity of her husband. She owed much of the depravity of her disposition to the pernicious lessons of Mrs. Turner, who lived as a dependent and companion to Lady Essex in the house of the Earl of Suffolk. This abandoned woman afterwards became the wife of a physician, at whose death, owing to their extravagant and riotous living, she was left in very straitened circumstances, and only the more ready to become the agent of wicked purposes. Sir Thomas Overbury "made his brags" that he had won for Somerset the love of his lady by his letters and industry: "to speak plainly," says Bacon, "Overbury had little that was solid for religion or moral virtue, but was wholly possest with ambition and vainglory: he

was naught and corrupt; a man of unbounded and impudent spirit." Mrs. Turner, through her poverty, was only too glad to become again the confidante and adviser of Lady Essex, to whom Rochester had betrayed Overbury, who had enlarged to him on the depraved character of his proposed wife. Thereupon, the Countess vowed the destruction of Overbury. First, she offered 1000*l.* to Sir John Wood to murder the object of her resentment in a duel. Then she concocted with Rochester a scheme by which, by a representation to King James, Overbury, on the ground of having shown contempt for the royal authority, was committed to the Tower, where he was detained a close prisoner under the guardianship of a new lieutenant, wholly in the interest of his enemies, who had procured the removal of the former lieutenant of the fortress.

Sir Thomas Overbury was found dead in the Tower, from an infectious disease, as was alleged; and he was hastily and secretly buried, according to the register of the Chapel in the Tower, Sept. 15, 1613. He was strongly suspected to have been poisoned; but the matter was passed over without investigation, and the crime was not fully discovered until two years after its commission. A new minion now appeared at Court, and the fickle King resolved to get rid of his former favourite. On a warrant from Lord Chief Justice Coke, Somerset and his wife were arrested for having occasioned the death of Sir Thomas Overbury; and along with them persons of inferior rank who had acted as their accomplices. These were Mrs. Turner; Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower; Weston, the warder, who had been intrusted with the immediate custody of Overbury; and Franklin, the apothecary. It appeared on the trial that Mrs. Turner and the Countess of Somer-

set had had frequent consultations with Simon Forman, a noted dealer in love-philtres, then in high fashion: he was also a conjuror, and died on the day he had prognosticated, which was before the Overbury proceedings had been instituted. It did not appear that Forman had any active concern in the murder; but it was proved that Mrs. Turner procured the poison from Franklin, the apothecary, and handing it to the warder, Weston, the latter, under her instructions, and with the complicity of the Lieutenant, administered it. In that rare book, *Truth brought to Light by Time*, we read that Overbury was poisoned with aquafortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, lapis cortilus, great spiders, and cantharides,—whatever was, or was believed to be, most deadly, "to be sure to hit his complexion." The poisoning was perpetrated with fiendish perseverance. It appeared in evidence that arsenic was always mixed with his salt. Once he desired pig for dinner, and Mrs. Turner put into it lapis cortilus; at another time he had two partridges sent him from the Court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper; so that whatever Overbury took was poisoned.

The guilt of all the parties was completely established, and they were executed at Tyburn. Mrs. Turner was hanged on the 15th of November, 1615, and excited immense interest. She was a woman of great beauty, and had much affected the fashion of the day. Her sentence was to be "hang'd at Tiburn in her yellow Tiffiny Ruff and Cuff, she being the first inventor and wearer of that horrid garb." The Ruff and Cuff were got up with *yellow starch*, and in passing her sentence, Lord Chief Justice Coke told her that she had been guilty of the seven deadly sins, and declared that

as she was the inventor of the yellow-starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last by whom they would be worn. He accordingly ordered that she should be hanged in the gear she had made so fashionable. The execution attracted an immense crowd to Tyburn, and many persons of quality, ladies as well as gentlemen, in their coaches. Mrs. Turner had dressed herself specially for her execution: her face was highly rouged, and she wore a cobweb-lawn ruff, yellow-starched: an account printed next day, states that "her hands were bound with a black silk ribbon, as she desired, and a black veil, which she wore upon her head, being pulled over her face by the executioners; the cart was driven away, and she left hanging, in whom there was no motion at all perceived." She made a very penitent end. As if to insure the condemnation of yellow starch, the hangman had his hands and cuffs of yellow, "which," says Sir S. D'Ewes, "made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till it at last grew generally to be detested and disused."

The two principal criminals, the wretched Somerset and his wife, had their better merited punishment commuted into confiscation of their property, and an imprisonment of some years in the Tower.

A FAREWELL FEAST IN THE TOWER.

Bishop Gardiner was a prisoner in the Tower, while Sir John Markham was lieutenant of the fortress; at which period, the long examinations published in the first edition of Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*,

disclose a remarkable picture of what occurred when a prisoner of high rank received his discharge. At Midsummer, in 1551, the bishop was daily expecting that this would be his happy lot, and he, therefore, commanded his servant, John Davy, to write the rewards, duties and gifts due to Master Lieutenant, and the Knight-Marshal, and the King's servants, such as he intended to bestow on his departing. He also caused him to send for a piece of satin, to be divided among the Lady Markham and others, as he should think meet: which satin was bought, and this deponent (John Davy) had the most part thereof in keeping. Also the said bishop, about the same time, made his farewell feast (as they then called it) in the Council-chamber in the Tower, containing two or three dinners, whereat he had the Lieutenant and the Knight-Marshal and their wives, with divers others, as Sir Arthur Darcy and the lady his wife, Sir Martin Bowes, Sir John Godsalve, with divers others, such as it pleased the Lieutenant and Knight-Marshal to bring.

Sir John Markham the Lieutenant, and Sir Ralph Hopton the Knight-Marshal, when examined on the same occasion, both asserted that the bishop called it his farewell supper; but when asked whether there was "any custom of any such farewell supper to be made of the prisoners when leaving the Tower?" they answered that they could not depose.

Before the above period, Sir John Gage was Constable of the Tower, but, as a Roman Catholic, much distrusted; wherefore the government of the fortress rested chiefly with the Lieutenant. But it appears that the same distrust extended towards Sir John Markham.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT DETECTED.

THE materials for elucidating the causes, circumstances, and consequences, of the Powder Plot have been sifted over and over again; notwithstanding the abundance of documents in the State Paper Office, they are not so complete as they were once known to be; and "it is remarkable that precisely those papers which contribute the most important evidence against Garnet and the other Jesuits are missing." (Mr. *Jardine's Narrative.*) The Plot-room, in which the plot was hatched, is shown to this day in Catesby Hall, near Daventry; the dark lantern which Guido Fawkes carried when apprehended, is shown in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford; and the famous monitory letter to Lord Mounteagle, is preserved in our Parliament Offices: but the tangled thread of the foul transaction remains to be unravelled—to show how "seven gentlemen of name and blood," as Fawkes called the conspirators, attempted to proceed to the extremity of "murdering a kingdom in its chief representatives."

The plot originated in the discontents of the Roman Catholics under James I., and ended with the detection, examination and execution of the principal conspirators. The first meeting of five of them—Catesby, Wright, Winter, Fawkes and Percy, took place at a house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Lane, where, having severally taken an oath of secrecy and fidelity, the design was discussed and approved; after which they all adjourned to an upper room in the same house, where they heard mass and received the sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit missionary, in confirmation of their vow. Next was

purchased a house, with a garden attached to it, next door to the Parliament House, by Percy, a relative of the Duke of Northumberland, under the pretence of using it as his official residence, he being a gentleman pensioner. The keys of this house were confided to Fawkes, who was not known in town, and who was to act as Percy's servant. From the cellar of this house a mine was to be made through the wall of the Parliament House, and a quantity of combustibles was then to be deposited beneath the House of Lords. To facilitate operations, another house was taken at Lambeth, where the necessary timber and combustibles were collected in small quantities, and removed by night to the house at Westminster. A man named Keyes, who had been recently received into the conspiracy, was placed in charge at Lambeth; and he, with John Wright's brother, Christopher, were enlisted to assist in the construction of the mine.

On the 11th December, 1604, the "seven gentlemen" entered the house late at night, having provided themselves with tools, and a quantity of hard-boiled eggs, baked meats, and patties, to avoid exciting suspicion by going abroad frequently for provisions. All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden, spreading it about, and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner, these determined men worked away at a wall three yards in thickness, without intermission, until Christmas eve; Fawkes wore a porter's frock over his clothes, by way of disguise. At the same time they consulted respecting ulterior measures; planned the seizure of the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., and of the Princess Elizabeth; they also arranged for the

general rendezvous in Warwickshire, where, soon after, they enlisted various other confederates.

Parliament was now unexpectedly prorogued on the 7th February; the execution of the plot was thus postponed for a year. The conspirators resumed their labours in February, when they had half-pierced through the stone wall by great perseverance and exertion. Father Greenway remarks, that it seemed incredible how men of their quality could undergo such severe toil, and especially how Catesby and Percy, who were unusually tall men, could endure the intense fatigue of working day and night in a stooping posture. Their operations were not carried on without occasional alarms, notwithstanding their precautions. "They were one day surprised by the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the Parliament House. All suspended their labour and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above. The tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound immediately ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more." (*Jardine.*)

Shortly after this alarm, one morning, while working upon the wall, they heard a rustling noise in a cellar nearly above their heads. At first, they thought they were discovered: but Fawkes, being despatched to reconnoitre, it turned out that the occupier of the cellar

was selling off his coals in order to remove, and that the noise proceeded from this cause. Fawkes carefully surveyed the place, which proved to be a large vault immediately under the House of Lords, and very convenient for their purpose. The difficulty of carrying the mine through the wall had lately very much increased. Besides the danger of discovery from the heavy blows in working the stone foundations, as the work extended towards the river, the water began to flow in upon them, and not only impeded their progress, but showed that the mine would be an improper depository for the powder and combustibles. The cellar had now become vacant, and it was hired in Percy's name, under the pretext that he wanted it for the reception of his own coals and wood. The mine was abandoned, and about 20 barrels of powder were forthwith carried by night across the river from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar in hampers; large stones and the iron bars and other tools used by them in mining were thrown into the barrels among the powder, the object of which Fawkes afterwards declared to be "to make the breach the greater," and the whole was covered over with faggots and billets of wood. In order to complete the deception, they also placed a considerable quantity of lumber and empty bottles in the cellar.

The preparations were complete about the beginning of May, 1605. They then carefully closed the vault, having first placed certain marks about the door inside, by which they might, at any time, ascertain if it had been entered in their absence; and, as Parliament was not to meet till the 3rd October, they agreed to separate for some months, lest suspicion might arise from their being seen together in London.

In the meantime, fresh and wealthy accessions were made to the ranks of the conspirators; and Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, Francis Tresham, and the Littletons, three Roman Catholic gentlemen of station, were drawn into the plot. To meet any power which might be brought against them after the blow was struck, Catesby had raised a body of horsemen, under the pretence that they were for the service in the Spanish force in Flanders.

The great day (November 5) at length approached, and the confederates held frequent consultations at a lone house near Enfield Chase, and another alike solitary on the Marches near Erith. Here their plan of operations was completed. A list of all the Peers and Commoners whom it was thought desirable to save was made out, and it was resolved that each of these should on the very morning receive an urgent message to withdraw himself from Westminster. To Guy Fawkes, as a man of tried courage and self-possession, was allotted the perilous office of firing the mine. This he was to perform by means of a slow match which would allow him time to escape to a vessel provided in the river for the purpose of conveying him to Flanders.

It has been commonly supposed that the plot was discovered through Tresham's misgivings and desire towards his friends: he was especially anxious to warn Lord Mounteagle, who had married Tresham's sister. Catesby hesitated, whereupon Tresham suggested further delay on the ground that he could not, unless time was allowed him, furnish the money he had engaged to provide. This proposal confirmed the suspicions which Catesby entertained of Tresham's fidelity, but he thought it prudent to dissemble.

On Saturday, the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of Parliament, Lord Mounteagle ordered a supper to be prepared, not at his residence in town, but at a house belonging to him at Hoxton. While at table in the evening a letter was delivered to him by one of his pages, who said he received it from a tall man whose features he did not recognise. Mounteagle opened the letter, and, seeing that it had neither signature nor date, requested a gentleman in his service, named Ward, to read it aloud. This letter is too well known to need reprinting here. On the following day the very gentleman who had read the letter at Mounteagle's table called on Thomas Winter and related the occurrence of the preceding evening; adding that his Lordship had laid the mysterious missive before the Secretary of State; and ending by conjuring him, if he were a party to the plot which the letter hinted at, to fly at once.

Winter affected to treat the affair as a hoax; but, as soon as possible, he communicated the intelligence to his colleague. Catesby instantly suspected that Tresham was the writer. Three days later, in consequence of an urgent message, Tresham ventured to meet Catesby and Winter in Enfield Chase. On being taxed with treachery, he repelled the charge, and maintained his innocence with so many oaths, that, although they had resolved to despatch him, they hesitated to take his life on bare suspicion. Fawkes was then sent to examine the cellar. He found all safe. Upon his return they told him of the intelligence they had got, and excused themselves for sending him on so dangerous an errand. Fawkes, with characteristic coolness, declared he should have gone with equal readiness if he had known of the

letter; in proof of which he undertook to revisit the cellar once every day till the 5th of November.

On the 3rd of November the conspirators were apprised by Ward that the letter had been shown to the King. A council was held: some proposed to fly; others refused to credit the story; and, finally, they resolved to await the return of Percy. Percy exerted all his powers to reassure his associates, and, after much discussion, Fawkes agreed to keep guard within the cellar, Percy and Winter to superintend the operations in London, and Catesby and John Wright departed for the general rendezvous at Dunchurch. We now reach the catastrophe. On Monday afternoon, Nov. 4, the Lord Chamberlain, whose province it was to ascertain that the needful preparations were made for the opening of the Session, visited the Parliament House, and, in company with Lord Mounteagle, entered the vault. He asked who occupied the cellar; and then, fixing his eye on Fawkes, who pretended to be Percy's servant, he observed there was a large quantity of fuel for a private house. He then retired to report his observations to the King, who, upon hearing that the man was "a very tall and desperate fellow," gave orders that the cellar should be carefully searched. Fawkes in the meantime had hurried to acquaint Percy, and then, such was his determination, returned alone to the cellar.

About two in the morning (it was now the 5th of November) Fawkes opened the door of the vault and came out, booted and dressed as for a long journey. At that instant, before he could stir further, he was seized and pinioned by a party of soldiers, under the direction of Sir Thomas Knevit. Three matches were found in his pocket, and a dark lantern behind the door. He at

once avowed his purpose, and declared that if he had been within when they took him he would have blown all up together. The search then began; and, on the removal of the fuel, two hogsheads and thirty-two barrels of gunpowder were discovered.

It was nearly four o'clock before the King and Council had assembled, when Fawkes was carried to Whitehall, and there, in the Royal bedchamber, underwent examination.* Though bound and helpless, he never for an instant quailed. He answered every question put to him with perfect coolness and decision. His name, he said, was John Johnson, his condition that of a servant to Mr. Percy. He declined to say if he had accomplices, but declared his object was, when the Parliament met that day, to have destroyed all there assembled. Being asked by the King how he could plot the death of his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, "Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies." A Scottish nobleman asked him for what end he had collected so much powder. "One of my ends," said he, "was to blow Scotchmen back to their native place." After several hours spent in questioning him he was conveyed to the Tower. His subsequent fate and that of his accomplices need not be detailed here.

The vault, popularly called "Guy Fawkes's Cellar," was a crypt-like apartment beneath the old House of Lords, the ancient Parliament-chamber at Westminster, believed to have been rebuilt by King Henry II. on the ancient foundations of Edward the Confessor's reign. This building was taken down about the year 1823, when it was ascertained that the vault had been the

* This scene has been admirably painted by Mr. John Gilbert, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*; and detailed as above.

ancient kitchen of the Old Palace; and near the south end the original buttery-hatch was discovered, together with an adjoining pantry or cupboard. The house through which the Conspirators obtained access to the vault was in the south-east corner of Old Palace-yard.

Subsequent to this complete detection of the Plot, it was the custom to search and carefully examine the several vaults and passages under the Houses of Parliament, previous to the Sovereign opening the Session. This precautionary inspection was performed by certain officers of Parliament, headed by the Usher of the Black Rod, who went through the vaults, and examined the various nooks and recesses. The search took place on the morning of the day of the Royal ceremonial.

In Spelman's time, the Judges went to church in state on this day. Bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, says: "God grant that we nor ours ever live to see November the Fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced." The solemnity long out-lived the Bishop; but nearly two hundred years later (in 1858), the services were removed from the Book of Common Prayer.

It has been commonly supposed that the plot was discovered through Francis Tresham's misgivings and desire to warn his friends. Mr. Jardine has investigated the various speculations respecting the authorship of the letter to Lord Mounteagle, and the curious doubts as to whether this letter was not a device to conceal the prior revelation of the plot by Tresham in a different manner. The circumstances under which the letter was received, Tresham's intimations to the confederates that the plot was known, his anxiety that his friends should fly, his pressing offers of money to Catesby, and it is added by Roman Catholic writers,

though this Mr. Jardine discredits, Tresham's own death in prison, are supposed to point to the conclusion that the plot was disclosed by some machinery of which the Government were unwilling to risk the exposure.

At all events, the discovery of the meaning of the ambiguous expressions in the letter to Lord Mounteagle was not due to the discernment of the King; for Lord Salisbury, in a narrative of the detection of the plot, to be found in the State Paper Office, declares that this interpretation of the letter had occurred to himself and the Lord Chamberlain, and had been communicated by them to several Lords of the Council before the subject had been mentioned to the King. To the suggestions of the same discerning personages it was also owing that the plot, though discovered, was allowed for a week to run its course, and that no search was undertaken at the cellar till the 4th of November, the day before the meeting of Parliament. Then Guy Fawkes was seized, and the plot, after a flight and feeble insurrection, came to a close.

John Varley, the painter, well known to have been attached to astrology, used to relate a tradition, that Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr. John Dee, with his Magic Mirror; and he urged the difficulty, if not impossibility, of interpreting Lord Mounteagle's letter without some other clue or information than hitherto gained. Now, in a Common Prayer Book, printed by Baskett, in 1737, is an engraving of the following scene. In the centre is a circular mirror on a stand, in which is the reflection of the Houses of Parliament by night, and a person entering carrying a dark lantern. Next, on the left side are two men in the costume of James's time, looking into the mirror: one,

evidently the King; the other, from his secular habit, not the Doctor (Dee), but probably Sir Kenelm Digby. On the right side, at the top, is the eye of Providence darting a ray on the mirror; and below are some legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were flying out of the picture. The plate is inserted before the service for the 5th of November, and would seem to represent the method by which, under Providence (as is evidenced by the eye), the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was, at that time, seriously believed to have been effected. The tradition must have been generally and seriously believed, or it never could have found its way into a Prayer Book printed by the King's Printer. (A. A., *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 201.)

It is true that the fame of Dee's Magic Mirror Divination was at its zenith about the time of the Gunpowder Plot, and this may have led to the mirror being adopted as a popular emblem of discovery; or it may be a piece of artistic design rather than evidence of its actual employment in the discovery.

TWO TIPPLING KINGS.

In 1608, when Christian IV. of Denmark, brother of the Queen of James I., came into England to visit him, both the kings got drunk together, to celebrate the meeting. Sir John Harrington, the wit, has left a most amusing account of this Court revel and carousal. He tells us that "the sports began each day in such manner and such sorte, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonished each beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at

table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I could never get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the Parliament did kindly to provide his majestie so seasonably with money, for there have been no lack of good livinge, shews, sights, and banquetings from morn to eve.

"One day a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of Solomon, his temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the Queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I think it was rather in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majestie then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen, which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did essay to speak, but

wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joyned to good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sorte she made obeyance, and brought giftes, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick . . . . in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremoste to the King; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, made rudely war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming." *

FUNERAL OF JAMES I.

THIS was a most magnificent and costly pageant. In the *Calendar of State Papers*, edited by Mr. Bruce, and still more, of course, in the documents of which it is the abstract, will be found what a petitioning there

* *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ed. 1804, vol. i., quoted in a note to Peyton's "*Catastrophe of the Stuarts*," in the *Secret History of the Court of James I.*, vol. ii.

was on the part of sundry very interested, if not afflicted, personages, to be admitted "poor mourners" in the procession from Denmark (Somerset) House to Westminster. These "poor mourners" got their sable cloaks for their attendance and officious affliction. While these persons obtained cloaks, parishes were supplied with black cloth, and did not like to be overlooked in the distribution. Thus, we meet with the minister and churchwardens of All Hallows, Barking, petitioning the Commissioners of the royal funeral "that some part of the cloth for mourning for the late King, distributed among the poor of the divers parishes in London, may be given to their parish, which is one of the poorest within the walls of the city."

It is further singular to discover in Mr. Bruce's volume that it was not the poor alone who thought to draw profit from the King's funeral. His Majesty's gunners are there spoken of as praying that "as they had allowance of reds at the coronation of their deceased master, they may now, at his funeral, have allowance of blacks!" And observe how the report of this artillery petition struck on the tympanum of "Henry Russell, sworn drummer extraordinary!" requiring "that he may have black cloth, as the rest of his fellows shall have." After the drummer come "the Keepers of His Majesty's cormorants," who "pray that they may have mourning *weeds*," not for the birds, but for themselves. They had at least as good right to it as the household of the Duke of Buckingham, who might have put decent black on his own lacqueys at his own cost. But the people had to pay for all. Mr. Bruce registers a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, the contents of which inform us that "the great funeral took place on the 7th of May, 1625, and was the

greatest ever known in England. Blacks were given to 9,000 persons. Inigo Jones did his part in fashioning the hearse. The King was chief mourner. The Lord Keeper's sermon was two hours,"—which must have been an intolerable bore, for Williams was no orator, and his sermon was a contrast between the Solomon of old and the Solomon who had just died, not of course to the disparagement of the defunct James; and finally, we have the sum total of expenses, including fifty pounds fee to Surgeon Walker for embalming the body, set down as "Charge about 50,000*l.*!" In July, the nation felt the extravagance committed in conveying James to the God's Acre at Westminster, in May. In recording Sir John Coke's report of a message of Charles to the Commons, Mr. Bruce refers to a portion where the House was told that "the ordinary revenue is clogged with debts and exhausted with the late King's funeral and other expenses of necessity and honour." Thus ended that smart and fatal attack of ague, from all apprehension of which, the courtiers at Theobald's sought to entice the shaking monarch by singing the old distich:—

Ague in the spring
Is physic for a King.

As for the exhaustion of the treasury, Charles did not think much of it when his own coronation was in question. He did not, however, forget the two hours' funeral sermon on the Solomons, by Williams, and the testy Welshman was accordingly not only forbidden to preach another discourse at the crowning, but compelled to appoint thereto the little man he most intensely hated, Laud.—From the *Athenæum* review of Mr. Bruce's work.

By a signal providence (says Wheatly), the bloody rebels chose that day for murdering their King, on which the history of Our Saviour's sufferings (Mat. xxvii.) was appointed to be read as a Lesson. The blessed martyr had forgot that it came in the ordinary course; and, therefore, when Bishop Juxon (who read the morning office immediately before his martyrdom) named this chapter, the good Prince asked him if he had singled it out, as fit for the occasion; and when he was informed it was the Lesson for the day, could not without a sensible complacency and joy admire how suitably it concurred with his circumstances.

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, speaking of the Seven Prelates committed to the Tower by James II., says: "On the evening of Black-Friday, as it was called, on which they were committed, they reached their prison just at the hour of divine service. They instantly hastened to the chapel. It chanced that in the second Lesson are these words: 'In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments.' All zealous churchmen were delighted with this coincidence, and remembered how much comfort a similar coincidence had given nearly 40 years before, to Charles I., at the time of his death."

A strange story of the ill-fated bust of Charles I., carved by Bernini, is thus told: Vandyke having drawn the King in three different faces,—a profile, three-quarters, and a full face,—the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. He was unaccount-

ably dilatory in the work; and upon this being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features of the face that he was shocked every time that he examined it, and forced to leave off the work; and, if there was any stress to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented was destined to a violent end. The bust was at last finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the river, the King, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be carried immediately to Chelsea. It was conveyed thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the King went with a train of nobility to inspect the bust. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads with a partridge in his claws, which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge's blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the King's closet at Whitehall, and continued there till the palace was destroyed by fire. (*Pamphlet On the Character of Charles I.*, by Zachary Grey, LL.D.)

Howell, in a letter to Sir Edward Spencer, Feb. 20, 1647-8, refers to the proximate execution of Charles I. as follows: "Surely the witch of Endor is no fable; the burning Joan of Arc, at Rouen, and the Marchioness d'Anere, of late years, in Paris, are no fables: the execution of Nostradamus for a kind of witch, some fourscore years since, who, among other things, foretold that *the senate of London will kill their King.*"

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN.

In the Crowle Pennant, in the British Museum, is a German print of considerable rarity, representing Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., doing penance beneath the triangular gallows at Tyburn. At a short distance is the confessor's carriage, drawn by six horses; the Queen is kneeling in prayer beneath the gibbet; in the coach is seated "the Luciferian Confessour," and a page, bearing a lighted torch, stands to the left of the carriage door. The authenticity of this print has been impeached; but we have a distinct record of the strange scene which the engraver has here illustrated.

It will be recollected that by the marriage articles of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the latter was permitted to have a large establishment of Roman Catholic priests; from which it was inferred that the marriage was assented to on the part of the Papal Hierarchy, with the secret intention of rendering it the stepping-stone to the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in this country. The glaring imprudence with which the Queen's household endeavoured to effect their purpose, and the very indirect subjugation in which they enthralled their royal mistress, however, occasioned their absolute dismissal from the kingdom, by Charles himself, within little more than a twelvemonth after their arrival here.

Henrietta Maria is described in letters of her time as a beautiful woman, in stature reaching to the King's shoulders: she was "nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady." Very

soon after her arrival in England, her enthralment by the priesthood was witnessed by the King: being at dinner, and being carved pheasant and venison by His Majesty, the Queen ate heartily of both, notwithstanding her confessor, who stood by her, had forewarned her that it was the eve of St. John the Baptist, and was to be fasted.

Henrietta's clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France. Among their "insolencies towards the Queene," it is recorded that Her Majesty was once sentenced by her confessor to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, and there to do homage to the saintship of some recently-arrived Roman Catholics. "No longer agoe than upon St. James, his day last, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queene to walk afoot (some sidd barefoot) from her house at St. James's, to the gallowes at Tyborne, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where so many martyrs (forsooth!) had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause. Had they not also been made to dable in the dirt in a fowl morning, fro' Somersett House to St. James's, her Luciferian Confessour riding allong by her in his coach! Yea, they made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (treen or wooden) dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. It is hoped, after they are gone, the Queene will, by degrees, finde the sweetness of liberty in being exempt from those beggarly rudiments of Popish penance." (Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. iii. pp. 241–3. *Harl. MSS.* 383.)

It appears that the French were first turned out

of St. James's and sent to Somerset House: a letter states that they were immediately ordered "to depart thence (St. James's) to Somerset House, although the women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeomen of the Guard, by that Lord's (Conway) appointment, thrust them and all their country folkes out of the Queen's lodging, and locked the dores after them. It is said, also, the Queen, when she understood the design, grewe very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fiste: but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went together to Nonsuche, have been very jocund together."

Then, we have an amusing account of the peculations committed by these "French freebooters" on the Queen's "apparrell and linen," when they left her little more than one gown to her back. In about a month, the King, probably from some fresh machination of the discarded train, thus issued his commands to the Duke of Buckingham:—

"Steenie,—I have received your letter by Dic Greame. This is my Answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the Towne. If you can, by fair means (but stike not longe in disputing), otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so maine wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill go with them. Lett me heare no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful constant, loving friend,

"CHARLES R.

"OAKING, *the 7th of August*, 1626."

Yet, the crew would not go without an order from the King, which reply being sent post, next morning

His Majesty dispatched to London the Captain of the Guard, with yeomen and messengers, heralds and trumpeters, first to proclaim the King's pleasure at Somerset House Gate; which, if not speedily obeyed, the yeomen were to turn all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shut the gate after them; but they went the next tide.

"OLD PARR."

THOMAS PARR, familiarly known as "Old Parr," according to the inscription upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, was born in Salop, in 1483, but the day of his birth is not given; it is added: "He lived in the reign of ten princes, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., aged 152 years; and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635." In 1635, about a month before Parr's death, Taylor, the Water-poet, published a pamphlet, entitled: "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man; or, The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Shropshire, who was born in the Reign of King Edward IV., and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd months. His manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to London about the End of September last, 1635." According to Taylor, in the lifetime of his first wife, Parr having been detected in an amour with "faire Catherine Milton," at the age of 105:

> 'Twas thought meet,
> He should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet;
> Which aged (he) one hundred and five yeare
> In Alderbury parish church did weare.

The Earl of Arundel, being in Shropshire visiting his manors, heard of this "olde man," and was pleased to see him; his lordship ordered a litter and two horses for his easy conveyance, and that a daughter-in-law should attend him; he was likewise accompanied by a kind of Merry-Andrew, known as John the Foole. These were all brought by easy journies to London. At Coventry, as he passed, folks were very curious, coming in such crowds that Parr was well nigh stifled. The Earl had Parr brought to Arundel House, to be shown to Charles I. He was at first lodged at No. 405, Strand, the Queen's Head public-house (rebuilt in the present reign). This information Mr. J. T. Smith received, in 1814, from a person, then aged 90, to whom the house was pointed out by his grandfather, then 88.

Parr became domesticated in the Earl of Arundel's house, but his mode of living was changed; he fed high, drank wine, and died Nov. 14, 1635, at the age of 152 years 9 months. His body, by the King's command, was dissected by Harvey, who attributed Parr's death to peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of the London atmosphere, and sudden change in diet.

Taylor thus describes Parr in the last stage of his existence:—

His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one), his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his spirits possesse his mortal trunk,
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomach good,
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walke.

And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
Hee hath been handsome, and is comely still;
Well fac'd; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it grows, not like a beard neglected.
From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, natural hairy cover.

Taylor gives some account of Parr's domestic life:—

A tedious time a batchelour he tarried,
Full eightie years of age before he married.
With this wife he liv'd years thrice ten and two,
An then she died (as all good wives will doe).
Shee dead, he ten years did a widower stay,
Then once more ventur'd in the wedlock way,
And in affection to his first wife, Jane,
He tooke another of that name againe.

Of Parr's issue, the Water-poet writes in plain prose, "He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter. When he was over a hundred years old, was sworn to him an illegitimate child, for which his incontinence, he did penance by standing in a sheet, in the parish church of Alberbury." Granger tells the story differently. He writes thus:—At 120 he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, by whom he had a child: even after that he was employed in threshing, and other husbandry work. And when about 152 years of age, he was brought to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to Court. The King, Charles I., said to him, "You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was a hundred years old."

Taylor's pamphlet, entitled "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man," was published while the patriarch was residing in London; and the statements in which work have rarely been controverted.

We are assured that Parr laboured hard the greater

part of his long life, and that his food was in general very simple and even coarse:

> Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
> Down with the lamb he with the lark would rise,
> The cock his night-clock and till day was done,
> His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.
> He thought green cheese most wholesome with an onion,
> He ate coarse meslin-bread, drank 'milk or
> Buttermilk,' or for a treat 'cyder or perry.'
> His physic was 'nice treacle' or 'Mithridate.'
> He entertained no gout, no ache he felt,
> The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,
> While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales
> Did chant him roundelays and madrigals.
> Thus, living within bounds of Nature's laws,
> Of his long lasting life may be some cause.

Of Parr's bodily appearance the poet assures us—

> From head to heel the body hath all over
> A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover.

Although we have the above evidence of Parr's extreme age, it is not documentary; and the birth dates back to a period before parish registers were instituted by Cromwell. Still, the fact of Henry Jenkins's age is not so well authenticated as Parr's.

It may not be generally known that his grandson, Robert Parr, born at Kinver, 1633, died 1757, having lived to the age of 124.

There is a portrait of Parr, stated to be by Rubens: and among the pictures in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, we remember to have seen a portrait of Parr two-thirds length, reasonably presumed to have been painted from the life, being in the manner of the period: it has not been engraved.

In 1814, Old Parr's cottage at Alberbury was standing: it had undergone very little alteration since the period when Parr himself occupied it.

GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR INN.—THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

THE long-known George and Blue Boar Inn, Holborn, which was taken down in 1864, for the site of the Inns of Court Hotel, is associated with a great event in our national history. Here was intercepted the letter of Charles I., by which Ireton discovered it to be the King's intention to destroy him and Cromwell, which discovery brought about Charles's execution. In the Earl of Orrery's *Letters* we read: "While Cromwell was meditating how he could best 'come in' with Charles, one of his spies—of the King's bedchamber—informed him that his final doom was decreed, and that what it was might be found out by intercepting a letter sent from the King to the Queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head that night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle; but some persons at Dover did. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, taking with them a trusty fellow, went to the Inn in Holborn; and this man watched at the wicket, and the troopers continued drinking beer till about ten o'clock, when the sentinel at the gate gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Up they got, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, they, with drawn swords, declared they were to search all who went in and out there; but, as he looked like an honest man, they would only search his saddle. Upon this they ungirt the saddle and carried it into

the stall where they had been drinking, and left the horseman with the sentinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, they found the letter, and gave back the saddle to the man, who, not knowing what he had done, went away to Dover. They then opened the letter, in which the King told the Queen that he thought he should close with the Scots. Cromwell and Ireton then took horse and went to Windsor; and, finding they were not likely to have any tolerable terms with the King, they immediately from that time forward *resolved his ruin.*"—*The Earl of Orrery's State Letters.*

LORD SANQUHAR'S REVENGE: A STORY OF WHITEFRIARS.

THE ancient precinct of Whitefriars appears to have been noted as the abode of fencing-masters, professors of languages, music, and other accomplishments. Here, in the reign of James I., Turner, the fencing-master, kept his school, at which Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, one day, when playing with Turner at foils, in his excitement to put down a master of the art, was pressed by him so hard, that his Lordship received a thrust which put out one of his eyes. "This mischief," says the narrator, "was much regretted by Turner; and the Baron, being conscious to himself that he meant his adversary no good, took the accident with as much patience as men that lose one eye by their own default use to do for the preservation of the other." "Some time after," continues this writer, "being in the court of the great Henry of France, and the King (courteous to strangers), entertaining discourse with him, asked

him 'How he lost his eye?' he (cloathing his answer in a better shrowd than a plain fencer's) told him, 'It was done with a sword.' The King replies, 'Doth the man live?' and that question gave an end to the discourse. The Baron, however, bore the feeling of revenge in his breast some years after, till he came into England, when he resolved to take vengeance upon the unfortunate fencing-master. For this purpose he hired two of his countrymen, Gray and Carliel; but Gray's mind misgave him, and Carliel got another accomplice named Irweng. These two, about seven o'clock on a fine evening in May, repaired to the Friars, and there saw Turner drinking with a friend at a tavern door: they saluted one another, and Turner and his friend asked Carliel and Irweng to drink, but they turning about cocked a pistol, came back immediately, and Carliel, drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap; so that Turner, after having said these words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! I am killed,' immediately fell down. Carliel and Irweng fled: Carliel to the town; Irweng towards the river, but mistaking his way, and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. Carliel likewise fled, and so did also the Baron of Sanquhar. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost, but could not take them; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carliel fled into Scotland, and Gray towards the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanquhar hid himself in England."

James having made the English jealous by the favour he had shown to the Scotch, thought himself bound to issue a promise of reward for the arrest of Sanquhar

and the assassins. It was successful; and all three were hung—Carliel and Irweng in Fleet Street, at the Whitefriars Gate, where the entrance to Bouverie Street now is; and Sanquhar in front of Westminster Hall.

Scarcely a trace of old Whitefriars remains; but some buildings named "Hanging Sword Alley" remind one of the schools of defence, and Sanquhar's revenge.

MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

SUCH is the designation of this anniversary of English history — one of the darkest, the deepest, and most impressive of any age or time—January 30th, 1649.

Charles was taken on the first morning of his trial, January 20th, 1649, in a sedan-chair, from Whitehall to Cotton House, where he returned to sleep each day during the progress of the trial in Westminster Hall. After this, the King returned to Whitehall; but on the night before his execution he slept at St. James's. On January 30th he was "most barbarously murthered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon." (*Histor. Guide*, 3rd imp. 1688.) Lord Leicester and Dugdale state that Charles was beheaded at Whitehall Gate. The scaffold was erected in front of the Banqueting-house, in the street now Whitehall. Sir Thomas Herbert states that the King was led out by "a passage broken through the wall," on to the scaffold; but Ludlow asserts that it was out of a window, according to Vertue, of a small building north of the Banqueting-house, whence the King stepped upon the scaffold. A picture of the sad scene, painted by Weesop, in the manner of Vandyke, shows the platform, extending only in length

before two of the windows, to the commencement of the third casement. Weesop visited England from Holland in 1641, and quitted England in 1649, saying "he would never reside in a country where they cut off their King's head, and were not ashamed of the action."

The immediate act of the execution has thus been forcibly described:—"Men could discover in the King no indecent haste or flurry of spirits—no trembling of limbs—no disorder of speech—no start of horror. The blow was struck. An universal groan, as it were—a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forward to gratify their opposite feelings by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a tyrant or a martyr! The troops immediately dispersed on all sides the mournful or the agitated people."

After the execution, the body was embalmed under the orders of Sir Thomas Herbert and Bishop Juxon, and removed to St. James's. Thence the remains were conveyed to Windsor, where they were silently interred, without the burial service, on the 7th of February, in a vault about the middle of the choir of St. George's Chapel. One hundred and sixty-five years after the interment,—in 1813,—the remains of King Charles were found accidentally, in breaking away part of the vault of Henry VIII. On the leaden coffin being opened, the body appeared covered with cerecloth; the countenance of the King was apparently perfect as when he lived; the severed head had been carefully adjusted to the shoulders; the resemblance of the features to the Vandyke portraits was perfect, as well as the oval shape of the head, pointed beard, &c.;

the fissure made by the axe was clearly discovered, and the flesh, though darkened, was tolerably perfect; the back of the head and the place where it rested in the coffin was stained with what, on being tested, was supposed to be blood. The coffin is merely inscribed "King Charles, 1648;" the whole funeral charges were but 229*l.* 5*s.*

Sir Robert Halford was one of the most staunch Royalists in Leicestershire, and frequently assisted the King with money in his difficulties; and it is a remarkable circumstance that a descendant of his family, the late Sir Henry Halford, should be the only person, besides the Prince Regent, who viewed the body of the decapitated King, upon its discovery at Windsor. Sir Henry cut off a lock of the King's hair, and made Sir Walter Scott a present of a part, which he had set in virgin gold; with the word "Remember" surrounding it in highly-relieved black letters.

On the morning of the execution, Charles gave to his faithful attendants these interesting memorials: to Sir Thomas Herbert the silver alarm watch, usually placed at the royal bedside; to Bishop Juxon, a Gold Medal mint-mark, a rose, probably for a 5*l.* or 6*l.* piece, which had been submitted to the King by Rawlins, the engraver, for approval—the likeness of the sovereign is very good; also the George (the jewel of the Order of the Garter) worn by Charles but a few moments previous to his decapitation.

These relics have been preserved, together with the Pocket-handkerchief used by Charles at the time of his execution: it is of fine white cambric, and marked with the crown, and initials "C. R.;" also, the Shirt and Drawers worn by the King; and the Holland sheet which was thrown over his remains.

THE STORY OF DON PANTALEON SA.

On the south side of the Strand, there was built under the auspices of King James I., out of the rubbish of the old stables of Durham House, a "New Exchange," planned somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange in the City, with cellars beneath, a walk above; and over that rows of shops, which were principally occupied by sempstresses and milliners, who dealt in small articles of dress, fans, gloves, cosmetics and perfumery. Here, at the sign of the Three Spanish Gipsies, sat Ann Clarges, who sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, &c., and taught girls plain work; she became sempstress to Colonel Monk, contrived to captivate him, was married to him, it is believed while her first husband was living; she died Duchess of Albemarle. At the Revolution, in 1688, there sat in the New Exchange another sempstress, whose fortunes were the reverse of the rise of Ann Clarges. This less favoured lady was Frances Jennings, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, lord-deputy of Ireland under James II.: she supported herself for a few days (till she was known, and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place. To avoid detection she invariably wore a white mask, and a white dress, and was, therefore, known as the White Widow. This anecdote (of questionable veracity) was ingeniously dramatised by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, for Covent Garden Theatre, in 1840, as "The White Milliner."

Gay has not forgotten to tell us—

> The sempstress speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose.

Thither flocked the gay gallants to gossip with the fair stallkeepers, and ogle the company. Pepys was a fre-

quent visitor here. In the winter of 1653, there came to England an ambassador from the King of Portugal, with a very splendid equipage; and in his retinue his brother, Don Pantaleon Sa, a Knight of Malta, and "a gentleman of a haughty and imperious nature." One day in November, Don Pantaleon was walking with two friends, in the Exchange, when a quarrel arose between them and a young English gentleman, named Gerard, who accused the Portuguese of speaking in French disparagingly of England; one of the Portuguese gave Mr. Gerard the lie; they then began to jostle, swords were drawn, and all three fell upon Gerard, and one of them stabbed him with his dagger in the shoulder. A few unarmed Englishmen interfered, separated the combatants, and got the Portuguese out of the Exchange, one of them with a cut upon his cheek.

Next evening Don Pantaleon, to take his revenge, with 50 followers; two Knights of Malta, led on by a Portuguese Captain in buff; all having generally double arms, swords and pistols, and coats of mail; two or three coaches brought ammunition, hand-grenades, and bottles, and little barrels of powder and bullets; and boats were provided ready at the water-side. They had resolved to fall upon every Englishman they should find in or about the Exchange. They entered all with drawn swords; the people fled for shelter into the shops; there were few Englishmen present, but of these four were severely wounded by the Portuguese. A Mr. Greenaway, of Lincoln's Inn, was walking with his sister and a lady whom he was to have married: these he placed for safety in a shop; he then went to see what was the matter, when the Portuguese, mistaking Greenaway for Gerard, gave the word,

and he was killed by a pistol shot through the head. The crowd now grew enraged, and Don Pantaleon and the Portuguese retreated to the house of embassy, caused the gates to be shut, and put all the servants in arms to defend it. Meanwhile, the Horse Guard on duty had apprehended some of the Portuguese; and Cromwell sent Colonel Whaley in command, who pursued others to the Ambassador's house with his horse, and there demanded that the rest should be given up. The Ambassador insisted upon his privilege, and that by the law of nations his house was a sanctuary for all his countrymen; but finding the officer resolute, and that he was not strong enough for the encounter, desired time to send to the Lord General Cromwell, which was granted, and he complained of the injury, and desired an audience. Cromwell sent a messenger in reply, to state that a gentleman had been murdered, and several other persons wounded, and that if the criminals were not given up, the soldiers would be withdrawn, and "the people would pull down the house, and execute justice themselves." Under this threat, Don Pantaleon, three Portuguese, and an English boy, the Don's servant, were given up; they were confined in the guard-house for the night, and next day sent prisoners to Newgate, whence in about three weeks the Don made his escape, but was retaken.

By the intercession of the Portuguese merchants, the trial was delayed till the 6th of July in the following year, when the prisoners were arraigned for the crime of murder. Don Pantaleon, at first, refused to plead, as he held a commission to act as Ambassador, in the event of his brother's death, or absence from England. He was then threatened with the press, when he

pleaded not guilty. A jury of English and foreigners brought in a verdict of guilty, and the five prisoners were sentenced to be hanged. Every effort was made to save Don Pantaleon's life; but Cromwell's only reply was: "Blood has been shed, and justice must be satisfied." The only mercy shown was a respite of two days, and a reprieve from the disgraceful death of hanging; the Ambassador having requested that he might be permitted to kill his brother with his own sword, rather than he should be hanged.

A remarkable coincidence concluded this strange story: while Don Pantaleon lay in Newgate, awaiting his trial, Gerard, with whom the quarrel in the New Exchange had arisen, got entangled in a plot to assassinate Cromwell, was tried and condemned to be hanged, which, as in the Don's case, was changed to beheading. Both suffered on the same day, on Tower Hill. Don Pantaleon, attended by a number of his brother's suite, was conveyed in a mourning-coach with six horses, from Newgate to Tower Hill, to the same scaffold whereon Gerard had just suffered. The Don, after his devotions, gave his confessor his beads and crucifix, laid his head on the block, and it was chopped off at two blows. On the same day, the English boy-servant was hanged at Tyburn. The three Portuguese were pardoned. Pennant says that Gerard died with intrepid dignity; Don Pantaleon with all the pusillanimity of an assassin. Cromwell's stern and haughty justice, and perfect retribution exacted on this occasion, have been much extolled; it tended to render his Government still more respected abroad; and settled a knotty point as to "the inviolability of ambassadors."

SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT AGAINST CHARLES II.

At Lincoln's Inn, in the south angle of the great court, leading out of Chancery Lane, formerly called the Gate-house Court, but now Old Buildings, and on the left hand of the ground floor of No. 24, Oliver Cromwell's Secretary, Thurloe, had chambers from 1645 to 1659. Thither one night came Cromwell for the purpose of discussing secret and important business. They had conversed together for some time, when Cromwell suddenly perceived a clerk asleep at his desk. This happened to be Mr. Morland, afterwards Sir Samuel Morland, the famous mechanician, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell, it is affirmed, drew his dagger, and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him. He assured him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up the two previous nights. But Morland only *feigned sleep*, and overheard the conversation, which was a plot for throwing the young King Charles II., then resident at Bruges, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the Protector; Sir Richard Willis having planned that, on a stated day, they should pass over to a certain port in Sussex, where they would be received on landing by a body of 500 men, to be augmented on the following morning by 2,000 horse. Had the royal exiles fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on reaching the shore; but Morland disclosed the designs to the royal party, and thus frustrated the diabolical scheme.

The suites of chambers of which we have been speak-

ing were chiefly erected about the time of King James I.; and notwithstanding that square-headed doorways have superseded the arches, and sashed windows have taken the places of the original lattices and mullions, the buildings retain much of their original character.* Curious it is to reflect, as we pass through "the great legal thoroughfare" of Chancery Lane, that in Thurloe's chambers, by a slight stratagem, was saved, some two centuries since, the Royal cause of England. Cromwell must often have been in these chambers at Lincoln's Inn; and here, by the merest accident, was discovered in the reign of William III. a collection of papers concealed in the false ceiling of a garret, in the same house, by a clergyman who had borrowed the rooms during the long vacation, of his friend, Mr. Tomlinson, the owner of them. This clergyman soon after disposed of the papers to Lord Chancellor Somers, who caused them to be bound up in 67 volumes in folio. These form the principal part of the Collections afterwards published by Dr. Birch, known by the name of the Thurloe State Papers.

The above anecdote is told by Birch, in his Life of Thurloe, but rests upon evidence which has been questioned. There is a tradition, too, that Cromwell had chambers in or near the gate-house, but his name is not in the registers of the Society; his son Richard was admitted as student in the 23rd year of Charles II.

* *Lincoln's Inn and its Library*, by Spilsbury.

MANSION OF A CITY MERCHANT PRINCE.

THE fine old mansion or palace of Sir Robert Clayton (of the time of Charles II.), on the east side of Old Jewry, was taken down in the year 1863. The street has a host of memories: indeed, for its length, it is one of the most historical thoroughfares in the city of London. Sir Robert Clayton (who has lately been often named as the munificent benefactor to St. Thomas's Hospital) built the above stately mansion in the Old Jewry, for keeping his shrievalty, in the year 1671. It was nobly placed upon a stone balustraded terrace, in a courtyard, and was of fine red brick, richly ornamented. John Evelyn, who was a guest at a great feast here, describes, in his *Diary*, Sept. 26, 1672, the mansion as "built indeede for a greate magistrate at excessive cost. The cedar dining-room is painted with the history of the Gyants' War, incomparably done by Mr. Streeter; but the figures are too near the eye." Mr. Bray, the editor of the "Diary," added, in 1818, "these paintings have long since been removed to the seat of the Clayton family, at Marden Park, near Godstone, in Surrey;" in the possession of the present Baronet. In 1679-80 Charles II. and the Duke of York supped at the mansion in the Old Jewry, with Sir Robert Clayton, then Lord Mayor. The balconies of the houses in the streets were illuminated with flambeaux; and the King and the Duke had a passage made for them by the Trained Bands upon the guard from Cheapside. Sir Robert represented the metropolis nearly thirty years in Parliament, and was Father of the City at his decease. His son was created a Baronet in 1731-2.

Sir James Thornhill painted the staircase of the Old Jewry mansion with the story of Hercules and Omphale, besides a copy of the Rape of Dejanira, after Guido.

The house was a magnificent example of a City merchant's residence, and had several tenants before it was occupied by Samuel Sharp, the celebrated surgeon. In 1806 it was opened as the temporary home of the London Institution, with its library of 10,000 volumes. Here, in the rooms he occupied as librarian of the institution, died Professor Porson, on the night of Sunday, Sept. 25, 1808, with a deep groan, exactly as the clock struck twelve. Dr. Adam Clarke has left a most interesting account of his visits to Porson here. The Institution removed from the house in 1810, and it was next occupied as the Museum of the London Missionary Society, and subsequently divided into offices. The Lord Mayor's Court was latterly held here. Although it had been built scarcely two centuries, this mansion was a very handsome specimen of the palace of a merchant-prince, with ceilings and walls glowing with gold, and colour, and classic story; and, with its spacious banqueting-room, carrying us back to the sumptuous civic life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when our rich citizens lived in splendour upon the sites whereon they had accumulated their well-earned wealth.

TREASURE-SEEKING IN THE TOWER.

PEPYS, in various entries in his *Diary*, describes this very strange secret:—"October 30, 1662. To my Lord Sandwich, who was in his chamber all alone, and did

inform me, that our old acquaintance, Mr. Wade, hath discovered to him 7,000*l.* hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my Lord two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr. Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower-gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet, the King's warrant, for the paying of 2,000*l.* to my Lord, and other two of the discoverers. (This does not agree with the first statement as to sharing the money.) After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr. Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Griffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out of doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where, after much talk, to digging we went, till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing; yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privity. November 1st. To the Tower to make one triall more, where we staid several hours, and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all, and so went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tavern. Met Wade and Evett, who do say that they had it from Barkestead's own mouth. He did much to convince me that there is good ground for what he

goes about. November 4th. Mr. Lee and I to the Tower to make our third attempt upon the cellar. A woman, Barkestead's confidante, was privately brought, who do positively say that this is the place where the said money was hid, and where he and she did put up the 7,000*l.* in butter firkins. We, full of hope, did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which, by seven o'clock at night, we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, dined merrily on the head of a barrel, and to work again. But, at last, having dug the cellar quite through, removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though, I do believe, there must be money hid somewhere." Under December 17th, we read:—"This morning come Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but, it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." Such is the last we hear of this odd affair.

COLONEL BLOOD STEALS THE CROWN FROM THE TOWER.

SCARCELY had the public amazement subsided at Colonel Blood's outrage upon the Duke of Ormond,* when, with the view of repairing his fallen fortunes, he plotted to steal the crown, the sceptre, and the rest of the regalia from the Tower, and share them between himself and his accomplices. The regalia were, at this time, in the care of an aged man, named Talbot Edwards, who was exhibitor of the jewels, &c., and with whom Blood first made acquaintance, disguised "in a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle," with a woman whom he

* See pp. 132–134.

represented as his wife, who accompanied him to see the crown and jewels. The lady feigned to be taken ill, upon which they were conducted into the exhibitor's lodgings, where Mr. Edwards gave her a cordial, and treated her otherwise with kindness. They thanked him, and parted; and, in a few days, the pretended parson again called with a present of gloves for Mrs. Edwards, in acknowledgment of her civility. The parties then became intimate, and Blood proposed a match between Edwards's daughter and a supposed nephew of the Colonel, whom he represented as possessed of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year in land. It was arranged, at Blood's suggestion, that he should bring his nephew, to be introduced to the lady, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 9th of May 1671; and he further asked leave to bring with him two friends to see the regalia, at the above early hour, as they must leave town in the forenoon.

Strype, the antiquary, who received his account from the younger Edwards, tells us that, "at the appointed time the old man rose ready to receive his guest, and the daughter dressed herself gaily to receive her gallant, when, behold, parson Blood, with three men, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, and a third stayed at the door, to watch. Blood told Edwards that they would not go upstairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown, to pass the time. This was agreed to; but no sooner had they entered the room where the crown was kept, and the door, as usual, been shut,* than 'they threw a cloth

* In the room in the Martin tower, where the regalia were kept, before the erection of the new Jewel Office, the crown, &c., were shown

over the old man's head, and clapt a gag into his mouth.' Thus secured, they told him, that, 'their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life, otherwise, he was to expect no mercy.' Notwithstanding this threat, Edwards made all the noise he could, to be heard above; 'they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, which they had brought with them to beat together and flatten the crown—and told him that if yet he would be quiet, they would spare his life, but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him, and they pointed three daggers at his breast,'—and the official account states, stabbed him in the belly. Edwards, however, persisted in making a noise, when they struck him on the head, and he became insensible, but, recovering, lay quiet. The three villains now went deliberately to work: one of them, Parrot, put the globe (orb) into his breeches; Blood concealed the crown under his cloak; and another was proceeding to file the sceptre assunder, in order that it might be put into a bag, 'because too long to carry.'"

Thus, they would have succeeded, but for the opportune arrival of young Mr. Edwards, from Flanders, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, who proceeded upstairs to the apartments occupied by the Edwardses. Blood and his accomplices, thus interrupted, instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre, which they had not time to file. Edwards, now freed from the gag, shouted "Treason!"

behind strong iron bars, which, it was stated, were put up in consequence of Blood's robbery; on one occasion, a female spectator passed her hands through the bars, and nearly tore the crown to pieces.

"Murder!" and his daughter rushing out into the court, gave the alarm, and cried out that the crown was stolen. Edwards and Captain Beckman pursued the thieves, who reached the drawbridge; here the warder attempted to stop them, when Blood discharged a pistol at him; he fell down, and they succeeded in clearing the gates, reached the wharf, and were making for St. Katherine's-gate, where horses were ready for them, when they were overtaken by Captain Beckman. Blood discharged his second pistol at the Captain's head, but he escaped by stooping, and seized Blood, who struggled fiercely; but on the crown being wrested from him, in a tone of disappointment he exclaimed, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" A few of the jewels fell from the crown in the struggle, but they were recovered and replaced. Blood, with Parrot (who had the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre — the baleas ruby—in his pocket), were secured, and lodged in the White Tower, and three others of the party were subsequently captured. Parrot was a dyer in Thames Street. One of the gang was apprehended as he was escaping on horseback.

Young Edwards now hastened to Sir Gilbert Talbot, master of the jewel-house, and described the transaction, which Sir Gilbert instantly communicated to the King, who commanded him to return forthwith to the Tower, and when he had taken the examination of Blood, and the others, to report it to him. Sir Gilbert, accordingly, returned; but the King, in the meantime, was persuaded by some about him to hear the examination himself; and the prisoners, in consequence, were immediately sent to Whitehall; a circumstance which

is thought to have saved them from the gallows. Blood behaved with great effrontery; being interrogated on his recent outrage on the Duke of Ormond, he acknowledged, without hesitation, that he was one of the party; but on being asked who were his associates, he replied that "he would never betray a friend's life, nor deny a guilt in defence of his own." Lest the concealments of his associates should detract from the romance of his life, he also voluntarily confessed to the King that he, Blood, on one occasion, concealed himself among the reeds above Battersea, in order to shoot his Majesty while bathing in the Thames, over against Chelsea, where he often went to swim;—that he had taken aim for that purpose, but "his heart was checked by an awe of Majesty;" and he did not only himself relent, but also diverted his associates from the design. This story was, probably, false; but it had its designed effect on the King, strengthened by Blood's declaration that there were hundreds of his friends disaffected to the King and his ministers; whereas, by sparing the lives of the few, he might oblige the hearts of many, "who, as they had been seen to do daring mischief, would be as bold, if received into pardon and favour, to perform eminent services for the crown."

Thus did the audacious and wary villain, partly overawe and partly captivate the good nature of the King, who not only pardoned Blood, but gave him a grant in land of 500*l.* a year in Ireland, and even treated him with great consideration, "as the Indians reverence devils, that they may not hurt them." Blood is said also to have frequented the same apartments in Whitehall as the Duke of Ormond, who had some time before barely escaped assassination.

Charles received a cutting rebuke for his conduct from the Duke of Ormond, who had still the right of prosecuting Blood for the attempt on his life. When the King resolved to take the Colonel into his favour, he sent Lord Arlington to inform the Duke that it was his pleasure that he should not prosecute Blood, for reasons which he was to give him; Arlington was interrupted by Ormond, who said, with formal politeness, that "his Majesty's command was the only reason that could be given; and therefore he might spare the rest." Edwards and his son, who had been the means of saving the regalia, were treated with neglect; the only rewards they received being grants on the Exchequer, of 200*l.* to the old man, and 100*l.* to his son; which they were obliged to sell for half their value, through difficulty in obtaining payment.

Strype adds, "What could have been King Charles's real motive for extending mercy to Blood must for ever be a mystery to the world:" unless it was to employ his audacity "to overawe any man who had not integrity enough to resist the measures of a most profligate Court."

Colonel Blood, not long after his Tower exploit, was met in good society by Evelyn, who, however, remarked his "villainous, unmerciful look; a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating." Evelyn has, however, committed a strange error with respect to Blood; for he inserts in his *Diary*, under May 10, 1671 (the very day after the Colonel's Tower exploit), that he, Evelyn, "dined at Mr. Treasurer's in company with M. de Grammont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial

crown itself out of the Tower," &c. Evelyn must be in error. "He could not," remarks Mr. Cunningham, "have dined the next day at Sir Thomas Clifford's." Blood latterly lived in Westminster, traditionally, in a house at the corner of Peter and Tufton Streets. He subsequently libelled his former patron, the Duke of Buckingham, who obtained in the Court of King's Bench a verdict of 10,000*l.* damages. Blood was thrown into prison, but found bail. But the effect was too much for him, and after fourteen days' sickness he fell into a lethargy, and expired August 24, 1680.

Blood was quietly interred in New Chapel Yard, Broadway, Westminster, two days after. "But," says Cunningham, "dying and being buried were considered by the common people in the light of a new trick on the part of their old friend the Colonel. So the coroner was sent for, the body taken up, and a jury summoned. There was some difficulty at first in identifying the body. At length the thumb of the left hand, which in Blood's lifetime was known to be twice its proper size, set the matter everlastingly at rest; the jury separated, and the notorious Colonel was restored to his grave in the New Chapel Yard.

In the Luttrell collection of Broadsides in the British Museum, is one styled, "An Elegie on Colonel Blood, notorious for stealing the crown," in which we read:—

> Thanks, ye kind fates, for your last favour shown,—
> For stealing Blood, who lately stole the crown.

The conclusion is:—

> At last our famous hero, Colonel Blood,—
> Seeing his projects all will do no good,
> And that success was still to him denied,—
> Fell sick with grief, broke his great heart, and died.

The Literary Fund Society possess in their house on the Adelphi Terrace, the two daggers employed by Blood and Parrot at the Tower; they are beautifully chased and inlaid; the handles are of a dark-red wood, and the sheaths of embossed leather. Blood's dagger (the larger one) is engraved with a griffin-like figure, and is dated 1620; Parrot's is engraved plainly on both sides with the fleur-de-lis.

Both weapons are described as above, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*.

THE STORY OF NAN CLARGES, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE.

THE most singular portion of General Monk's private history is his marriage, the validity of which was contested upon the trial of an action at law between the representatives of Monk and Clarges, when some curious particulars came out respecting the family of the Duchess.

"It appeared that she was the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier, in the Savoy, and farrier to Colonel Monk, in 1632. She was married in the church of St. Lawrence Pountney, to Thomas Ratford, son of Thomas Ratford, late a farrier, servant to the Prince Charles, and resident in the Mews. She had a daughter who was born in 1634, and died in 1638. Her husband and she 'lived at the Three Spanish Gypsies, in the New Exchange, and sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, and such things, and she taught girls plain work.* About 1647, she, being a sempstress to Colonel Monk, used to carry him linen.' In 1648 her father and mother died. In 1649, she and her husband 'fell out

* See p. 106, *ante*.

and parted.' But no certificate from any parish register appears, reciting his burial. In 1652, she was married in the Church of St. George, Southwark, to 'General George Monk;' and in the following year was delivered of a son, Christopher (afterwards the second and last Duke of Albemarle), who was suckled by Honour Mills, who sold apples, herbs, oysters, &c. One of the plaintiff's witnesses swore, 'that a little before the sickness, Thomas Ratford demanded and received of him the sum of twenty shillings; that his wife saw Ratford again after the sickness, and a second time after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were dead.' A woman swore, 'she saw him on the day his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was put into her coffin, which was after the death of the Duke, her second husband, who died the 3rd of January, 1669–70.'

A third witness swore, that 'he saw Ratford about July 1660.' In opposition to this evidence, it was alleged, that 'all along, during the lives of Duke George and Duke Christopher, this matter was never questioned,' that the latter was universally received as only son of the former, and that 'this matter had been thrice before tried at the bar of the King's Bench, and the defendant had three verdicts.' A witness swore that he owed Ratford five or six pounds, which he had never demanded. And a man, who had married a cousin to the Duke of Albemarle, *had been told by his wife,* that Ratford *died five or six years* before the Duke married. Lord Chief Justice Holt told the jury, 'If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff. If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him

after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant.' A verdict was given for the defendant, who was only son to Sir Thomas Clarges, knight, brother to the illustrious Duchess."

It does not appear on which of these accounts the jury found a verdict for the defendant—whether because Ratford was dead, or because nothing had been heard of him; so that the Duchess, after all, might have been no Duchess. However, she carried it with as high a hand as if she had never been anything else, and Monk had been a blacksmith. Pepys gives some spiteful notices of her; describing her as "ever a plain and homely dowdy," and "a very ill-looked woman," and going still further:

4th (Nov. 1666). Pepys says that Mr. Cooling tells him, "the Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story: that once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York: 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that, for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his Duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle."

"4th (April, 1667). I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Colonel Howard asking how the Prince (Rupert) did (in the last fight); the Duke of Albemarle answering, 'Pretty well;' the other replied, 'but not so well as to go to

sea again.' — 'How!' says the Duchess, 'what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market,' said she."

The Duchess of Albemarle is supposed to have had a considerable hand in the Restoration. She was a great loyalist, and Monk was afraid of her; so that it is likely enough she influenced his gross understanding, when it did not exactly know what to be at. Aubrey says, that her mother was one of the 'five women barbers,' thus sung of in a ballad of the time:

> Did you ever hear the like,
> Or ever hear the fame,
> Of five women barbers,
> That lived in Drury Lane?

After all, her father, John Clarges, must have been a man of substance in his trade. According to Aubrey's *Lives* (written about 1680), Clarges had his forge upon the site of No. 317, on the north side of the Strand. "The shop is still of that trade," says Aubrey; "the corner shop, the first turning, on y^{e} right hand, as you come out the Strand into Drury Lane: the house is now built of brick." The house alluded to is believed to be that at the right-hand corner of Drury Court, now a butcher's. An adjoining house, in the court, is now a whitesmith's, with a forge, &c. Upon Monk's being raised to the Dukedom, and her becoming Duchess of Albemarle, her father, the farrier, raised a Maypole in the Strand, nearly opposite his forge, to commemorate his daughter's good fortune. She died a few days after the Duke, and is interred by his side in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The Duke was succeeded by his son, Christopher, who

married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, granddaughter of the Duke of Newcastle, and died childless. The Duchess' brother, Thomas Clarges, was a physician of note; was created a baronet in 1674, and was ancestor to the baronets; whence is named Clarges Street, Piccadilly.

SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY—HIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

One of the darkest blots upon our Annals is the so-called Popish Plot in 1678, first broached by the infamous Titus Oates and Dr. Tongue, and accusing the Roman Catholics of an atrocious conspiracy to assassinate the King, massacre all Protestants, and establish a Popish dynasty in the Duke of York. So little attention was at first given by Charles and his Council to Oates's discoveries, that nearly six weeks were suffered to elapse before any serious or strict examination was made into the truth or falsehood of the Plot. At length, Oates and his accomplice, Tongue, resolved in some way to make the matter public; and, as a preparatory step, Oates drew up a narrative of particulars, to the truth of which he solemnly deposed before Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was an eminent Justice of the Peace. "This," says Burnet, "seemed to be done in distrust of the Privy Council, as if they might stifle his evidence; which to prevent he put into safe hands. Upon that Godfrey was chid for his presuming to meddle in so tender a matter," and, as appeared from subsequent events, a plan was immediately laid to murder him; and this, within a few weeks, was but too fatally executed.

In the meantime, the Council, which had now taken up the business with warmth, ordered various arrests of Jesuits and Papists to be made. Coleman, Secretary to the Duke of York, was first committed to the charge of a messenger; and whilst in his custody, it was generally believed that he had a long private conversation with Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who, "it is certain," says Burnet, "grew apprehensive and reserved; for, meeting me in the street, after some discourse on the present state of affairs, he said, he believed he himself should be knocked on the head;" and Godfrey's suspicion of his own danger was confirmed by evidence before the House of Commons. Coleman, though criminated by Oates's statements, was a personal friend of Godfrey, and warned by him in consequence of the danger to which he was exposed.

About a fortnight afterwards, on Saturday, October 12, Godfrey was missing from his house in Green's Lane, in the Strand, near Hungerford-market, where he was a wood-merchant, his wood-wharf being at the end of what is now Northumberland Street. Nor could the most sedulous search obtain any other tidings of Godfrey for some days, but that he was seen near St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, on the day above mentioned; he left home at 9 in the morning. Shortly after this, he was seen in Marylebone, and at noon of the same day, had an interview on business with one of the churchwardens of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. From this time Godfrey was never seen again alive; nor was any message received by his servants at home. Sunday came, and no tidings of him; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday followed with the like result. At six o'clock, on the evening of the last-mentioned day, the 17th,

as two men were crossing a field on the south side of Primrose-hill, they observed a sword-belt, stick, and a pair of gloves, lying on the side of the hedge: they paid no attention to them at the time, and walked on to Chalk Farm, then called at the White House, where they mentioned to the master what they had seen, and he accompanied them to the spot where the articles lay; one of the men, stooping down, looked into the adjoining ditch, and there saw the body of a man lying on his face. It was Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey: "his sword was thrust through him, but no blood was on his clothes, or about him; his shoes were clean; his money was in his pocket, but nothing was about his neck [although when he went from home, he had a large laced band on], and a mark was all round it, an inch broad, which showed he had been strangled. His breast was likewise all over marked with bruises, and his neck was broken: and it was visible he was first strangled, then carried to that place, where his sword was run through his dead body." He was conveyed to the White House, and information sent to the authorities.

A jury was impannelled, to inquire into the cause of death; the evidence of two surgeons showed that Godfrey's death must have been occasioned by strangulation, and his body then pierced with the sword, which had been left sticking in the wound. The ditch was dry, and there were no marks of blood in it, and his shoes were perfectly clean, as if, after being assassinated, he had been carried and deposited in the place where he was found. A large sum of money and a diamond ring were found in his pockets, but his pocket-book, in which, as a magistrate, he used to take notes of examinations, was missing. Spots of white wax, an article

which he never used himself, and which was only employed by persons of distinction, and by priests, were scattered over his clothes; and from this circumstance persons were led to conclude that the Roman Catholics were the authors of his death.

This full confirmation of the suspicions of the public—that Sir Edmund Berry was murdered had been the general discourse long before any proof appeared—was regarded as a direct testimony of the existence of the Popish Plot; warrants were signed for 26 persons who had been implicated by Oates, and who surrendered themselves, and were committed to the Tower.

Still, many persons were fully persuaded that the Popish Plot had no real existence. The King is supposed to have disbelieved it, but never once exercised his prerogative of mercy; it is said he dared not; his throne, perhaps his life was at stake; and in the popular ferment, upon evidence incredible, or rather impossible to be true, innocent men were condemned to death, and executed. "Who can read," says Mr. Fox, "the account of that savage murmur of applause, which broke out upon one of the villains at the bar swearing positively to Stafford's having proposed the murder of the King? And how is this horror deepened when we reflect, that in that odious cry were probably mingled the voices of men to whose memory every lover of the English constitution is bound to pay the tribute of gratitude and respect."

From White House, the corpse of Godfrey was conveyed home, and embalmed, and after lying in state for two days at Bridewell Hospital, was carried from thence, with great solemnity, to St. Martin's Church, to be interred. The Pall was supported by eight knights,

all Justices of the Peace; and in the procession were all the City Aldermen, together with 72 clergymen, in full canonicals, who walked in couples before the body, and a great multitude followed after. The clergyman, who preached a sermon on the occasion, was supported on each side by a brother divine. The body was interred in the churchyard; and a tablet to the memory of Sir Edmund Berry was erected in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey.

As yet, however, the perpetrators of this murder had not been discovered, though a reward of 500*l.* and the King's protection had been offered to any person making the disclosure; but, within a few days afterwards, one William Bedloe, who had once been servant to Lord Bellasis, and afterwards an ensign in the Low Countries, was brought to London from Bristol, where he had been arrested by his own desire, on affirming that he was acquainted with some circumstances relating to Godfrey's death. He stated that he had seen the murdered body in Somerset House, (then the Queen's residence,) and had been offered a large sum of money to assist in removing it. "It was remembered that at that time the Queen was for some days in so close a confinement that no person was admitted. Prince Rupert came there to wait on her, but was denied access. This raised a strong suspicion of her; but the King would not suffer that matter to go any further." (*Burnet.*) Coleman, who was soon afterwards convicted of High Treason, when he lay in Newgate, confessed that he had spoken of the Duke of York's designs to Godfrey; "upon which the Duke gave orders to kill him."

Soon after, Miles Prance, a goldsmith, who had sometime wrought in the Queen's Chapel, was taken

up on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of Godfrey; and on his subsequent confession and testimony, confirmed by Bedloe and others, Green, Hill, and Berry, all in subordinate situations at Somerset House, were convicted of the murder, which they had effected in conjunction with two Irish Jesuits, who had absconded. It appeared that the unfortunate Magistrate had been inveigled into Somerset House, at the water gate, under the pretence of his assistance being wanted to allay a quarrel; and that he was immediately strangled with a twisted handkerchief, after which Green, "with all his force, wrung his neck almost round." On the fourth night after, the assassins conveyed his body to the place where it was afterwards discovered, near Primrose Hill, and there one of the Jesuits ran his sword through the corpse, in the manner it was found. Green, Berry, and Hill, were executed; each of them affirming his innocence to the very last.

This horrible event is commemorated in a contemporary medal of Sir Edmund Berry, representing him, on the obverse, walking with a broken neck and a sword in his body; and on the reverse, St. Denis, bearing his head in his hand, with this inscription:—

> Godfrey walks up-hill after he was dead,
> Denis walks down-hill carrying his head.

There is, also, a medal, with the head of Sir Godfrey being strangled; and the body being carried on horseback, with Primrose Hill in the distance: also a large medallion, with the Pope and the Devil; the strangulation by two Jesuits; Sir Godfrey borne in a sedan; and the body, with the sword through it.

COLONEL BLOOD'S ATTACK UPON THE GREAT DUKE OF ORMOND, IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

THE adventures of the notorious Colonel Thomas Blood form one of the most curious and entertaining chapters in the strange history of the period in which he lived. This extraordinary man appears to have been of respectable family, and was at one time in the commission of the peace. In 1663, the Act of Settlement in Ireland and the consequent proceedings, having seriously affected his fortunes, he from that time nourished an inveterate animosity to the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he considered as the originator of the measures from which he suffered. To revenge himself upon the Duke, he entered into a conspiracy with a number of other malcontents for exciting a general insurrection, and, as a preliminary step, for the surprisal of the Castle of Dublin. The plot was discovered, and some of the conspirators apprehended about twelve hours before the appointed time for its execution. Blood, however, escaped, and lived to make a more desperate attempt upon his old enemy, the great Duke, in the public streets of London. His object in this daring undertaking has been variously interpreted. By some it is conceived to have been the extortion of advantages by the detention of the Duke; by others he is supposed to have been actuated by a deep feeling of revenge, which he determined to gratify by hanging the Duke at Tyburn! Whatever his purpose, it is plain, from Carte's account of this incredible outrage, that he was within an ace of accomplishing it:—

"The Prince of Orange came this year (1670) into

England, and being invited, on December 6, to an entertainment in the city of London, his Grace attended him thither. As he was returning homewards on a dark night, and going up St. James's Street, at the end of which, facing the Palace, stood Clarendon House, where he then lived, he was attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The Duke always used to go attended with six footmen..... These six footmen used to walk three on each side of the street, over against the coach; but, by some contrivance or other, they were all stopped, and out of the way when the Duke was taken out of his coach by Blood and his son, and mounted on horseback behind one of the horsemen in his company. The coachman drove on to Clarendon House and told the porter that the Duke had been seized by two men who had carried him down Piccadilly. The porter immediately ran that way, and Mr. James Clarke, chancing to be at that time in the court of the house, followed with all possible haste, having first alarmed the family, and ordered the servants to come after him as fast as they could. Blood, it seems, either to gratify the humour of his patron, who had set him upon this work, or to glut his own revenge by putting his Grace to the same ignominious death which his accomplices in the treasonable design upon Dublin Castle had suffered, had taken a strong fancy into his head to hang the Duke at Tyburn.

"Nothing could have saved his Grace's life but that extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who, leaving the Duke, mounted and buckled, to one of his comrades, rode on before, and (as is said) actually tied a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what was become of his accomplices, whom he met

riding off in a great hurry. The horseman to whom the Duke was tied was a person of great strength; but, being embarrassed by his Grace's struggling, could not advance as fast as he desired. He was, however, got a good way beyond Berkeley (now Devonshire) House, towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke, having got his foot under the man's, unhorsed him, and they both fell down together in the mud, where they were struggling when the porter and Mr. Clarke came up. . . . . The King, when he heard of this intended assassination of the Duke of Ormond, expressed a great resentment on that occasion, and issued out a proclamation for the discovery and apprehension of the miscreants concerned in the attempt."

THE HEROIC LADY FANSHAWE.

In Portugal Row, the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, sometime lived, in the reign of Charles II., Sir Richard Fanshawe, an accomplished person, a scholar, and "in whose quaint translation of the Camoens," says Leigh Hunt, "there is occasionally more genuine poetry than in the less unequal version of Mickle." He was recalled from an embassy in Spain for having signed a treaty without authority; but his wife suspected him to have been sacrificed to make way for Lord Sandwich, as his successor. Lady Fanshawe was a very frank and cordial woman, and wrote an interesting memoir of her husband, who died on the intended day of his return to England, of a violent fever, not improbably caused by this awkward close of his mission. Lady Fanshawe was also a courageous

woman. During a former voyage with her husband to Spain, the vessel was attacked by a Turkish galley, well manned; and, she writes, "we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods from Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear—the women—which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear, as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master." However, after some parley, the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and the other continued its course. But, when Sir Richard Fanshawe saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon his wife, he blessed himself, and

snatched her up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change!" and though he seemingly chid her, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.

On Lady Fanshawe's return to England, she took a house in Holborn Row (the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields), where she must have looked upon the houses opposite with many a pang of grief. She returned in a sea of troubles, which she bore with submission to the Divine will. "I had not," she writes, "God is my witness, above twenty-five doubloons by me at my husband's death, to bring home a family of threescore servants, but was forced to sell one thousand pounds worth of our own plate, and to spend the Queen's present of two thousand doubloons in my journey to England, not owing nor leaving one shilling debt in Spain, I thank God; nor did my husband leave any debt at home, which every ambassador cannot say. Neither did these circumstances following prevail to mend my condition; much less found I that compassion I expected upon the view of myself, that had lost at once my husband, and fortune in him; with my son, but twelve months old, in my arms; four daughters, the eldest but thirteen years of age; with the body of my dear husband daily in my sight for near six months together, and a distressed family, all to be by me in honour and honesty provided for; and, to add to my afflictions, neither persons sent to conduct me, nor pass, nor ship, nor money to carry me one thousand miles, but some few letters of compliment from the chief ministers, bidding 'God help me!' as they do to beggars, and they might have added, 'they had nothing for me,' with great truth. But God did hear, and see, and help

me, and brought my soul out of trouble; and, by his blessed providence, I and you live, move, and have our being, and I humbly pray God, that blessed providence may ever relieve our wants. Amen."

CROMWELL'S SKULL.

THERE is said to be a skull, maintained, by statements of considerable weight, to be the veritable skull of the Protector, carefully kept in the hands of some person in London—in great secrecy it is added, from the apprehension that a threat intimated in the reign of George III., that, if made public, it would be seized by the Government, as the only party to which it would properly belong. The execution of such a threat, it need scarcely be added, is not now probable, whatever may have been former apprehensions.

The identity of the skull of Cromwell may, however, be much disputed; Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, of Beckenham, Kent, is said to possess the skull, with arguments on which the genuineness of the relic is proved.

In the *Morning Chronicle*, March 18th, 1799, we read: "The Real Embalmed Head of the powerful and renowned Usurper, Oliver Cromwell; with the Original Dies for the Medals struck in honour of his Victory at Dunbar, &c., are now exhibited at No. 5, in Mead Court, Old Bond Street (where the Rattlesnake was shown last year): a genuine Narrative relating to the Acquisition, Concealment, and Preservation of these Articles, to be had at the place of Exhibition."

The following is found in the *Additional* MS. in the British Museum, and is dated April 21, 1813:

"The head of Oliver Cromwell (and it is believed the genuine one) has been brought forth in the City, and is exhibited as a favour to such curious persons as the proprietor chooses to oblige. An offer was made this morning to bring it to Soho Square, to show it to Sir Joseph Banks, but he desired to be excused from seeing the remains of the old Villanous Republican, the mention of whose very name makes his blood boil with indignation. The same offer was made to Sir Joseph forty years ago, which he then also refused. The history of this head is as follows:—Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the state of solemn ceremony belonging to Royalty; at the Restoration, however, his body, and those of some of his associates, were dug up, suspended on Tyburn gallows for a whole day, and then buried under them; the head of the Arch Rebel, however, was reserved, and a spike having been driven through it, it was fixed at the top of Westminster Hall, where it remained till the great tempest at the beginning of the 18th century (1703), which blew it down, and it disappeared, having probably been picked up by some passenger. The head in question has been the property of the family to which it belongs for many years back, and is considered by the proprietor as a relic of great value; it has several times been transferred by legacy to different branches of the family, and has lately, it is said, been inherited by a young lady.

"The proofs of its authenticity are as follows:—It has evidently been embalmed, and it is not probable that any other head in this island has, after being embalmed, been spiked and stuck up, as that of a traitor. The iron spike that passed through it is worn

in the part above the crown of the head almost as thin as a bodkin, by having been subjected to the variations of the weather; but the part within the skull which is protected by its situation, is not much corroded; the woodwork, part of which remains, is so much worm-eaten, that it cannot be touched without crumbling; the countenance has been compared by Mr. Flaxman, the statuary, with a plaster cast of Oliver's face taken after his death, of which there are several in London, and he declares the features are perfectly similar."

Mark Noble (whose authority is questionable) tells us that all the three heads, (Cromwell's, Ireton's, and Bradshaw's,) were fixed upon Westminster Hall; and he adds that Cromwell's and Bradshaw's were still there in 1684, when Sir Thomas Armstrong's head was placed between them.

A STORY OF MIDDLE TEMPLE GATE.

THE original gate-house of the Middle Temple (rebuilt by Wren, as we now see it, in 1684) has a somewhat strange history.

Collins, in his *Peerage*, relates that in the reign of Henry VII., when Cardinal Wolsey was only a schoolmaster at Lymington, in Somersetshire, Sir Amias Paulett, for some misdemeanour committed by him, clapped him in the stocks; which the Cardinal, when he grew into favour with Henry VIII., so far resented, that he sought all manner of ways to give him trouble, and obliged him to dance attendance at London for some years, and by all manner of obsequiousness, to curry favour with him. During the time

of his attendance, being commanded by the Cardinal not to depart London without license, he took up his lodgings at the great gate of the Temple towards Fleet Street. Cavendish states that Sir Amias, while prisoner here, "had re-edified [the gate-house] very sumptuously, garnishing the same on the outside thereof, with Cardinals' hats and arms, and divers other devices, in so glorious a sort, that he thought thereby to have appeased his old unkind displeasure." By others it is said to have been Sir Amias's resentment. However, Wolsey was too politic to regard the matter in either of the above lights; for, in a commonplace book of Sir Roger Wilbraham, who was Master of the Requests in the time of Queen Elizabeth, we read that the Cardinal, passing through Fleet Street *in pontificalibus*, and spying his own arms, asked who set them up. The answer was, Sir Anthony Pagett. [This must be Sir Amias's act.] Wolsey smiled, saying, "he is now well reclaimed; for where before he saw him in disgrace, now he honoured him."

Aubrey states that Wolsey laid a fine upon Sir Amias to *build* the gate; and that in 1680, the arms of Paulett were then in glass there. "The Cardinall's armes were as the storie sayes, on the outside in stone, but time has long since defaced that, only you may still discerne the place; it was carv'd in a very mouldering stone." (*See Choice Notes from Notes and Queries.*)

We may here note an interesting fact, gracefully related by Leigh Hunt, in *The Town*. "It is curious to observe the links between ancient names and their modern representatives, and the extraordinary contrast sometimes exhibited between the two. The 'Judge,' who by Henry's orders went to turn Wolsey out of his

house, without any other form of law—a proceeding which excited even the fallen slave to a remonstrance —was named Shelley, and was one of the ancestors of the *Poet!* the most independent-minded and generous of men."

THE STORY OF NELL GWYNNE.

THE "pretty witty Nell" was born on Feb. 6, 1650, in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, the last turning on the east side, as you walk towards St. Giles's. The horoscope of her nativity, the work perhaps of Lilly, is to be seen among Ashmole's papers, in the Museum at Oxford. It shows what stars were supposed to be in the ascendant at the time. Her father, it is said, was Captain Thomas Gwynne, of an ancient family in Wales. Other accounts state that her father was a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Her mother, who lived to see her daughter the favourite of the King, was accidentally drowned in a pond near the Neat Houses at Chelsea. Her early calling was to be sent dressed as an orange-girl, to sell fruit and attract attention at the theatres, as we gather from a poem of the time, attributed to Lord Rochester:—

> But first the basket her fair arm did suit,
> Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;
> This first step raised, to the wondering pit she sold
> The lovely fruit smiling with streaks of gold.

Nell was now an orange-girl, holding her basket of fruit covered with vine-leaves in the pit of the King's Theatre, and taking her stand with her fellow fruit-women in the front row of the pit, with her back to

the stage; and the cry of "Oranges! will you have any oranges?"

She was ten years old at the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660. The theatres were reopened; women came on the stage, and the King and Queen, the Dukes of York and Buckingham, the chief courtiers, and the maids of honour, were among the constant frequenters of the public playhouses. The King's Theatre stood in Drury Lane, on the site of the present building: it was first opened April 8, 1663, when Nell was a girl of thirteen. Our earliest introduction to her we owe to Pepys, the diarist, who sat next to her at the King's House, when she was sixteen, and was fascinated with her foot, described as the least of any woman's in England. But she was first lifted from humble life by a young merchant who had taken a fancy to her smart wit, fine shape, and the smallness of her feet; she remembered him in after life, and to her interest he owed his appointment in the Guards. Nell soon became an actress, noted for her beauty and her merry laugh; her first part was Lady Wealthy, in the comedy of *The English Monsieur*, a "mighty pretty play," in which the women did very well; "but above all, little Nelly." She succeeded so as to represent prominent parts in stock plays: one of her successes was Celia, in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher; after this performance, at which Pepys was present, he says, Mrs. Knep "brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is:" he sums up with "specially kissing of Nell." But her greatest part was the "comical"

Florimel, in Dryden's *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen,* to Hart's Celadon; the incidents and allusions carrying a personal application to the mistress and gallant. Nelly was now living in the fashionable part of Drury Lane, the Strand end, near the lodgings of Lacy, the actor, at the top of Maypole Alley, and over against the gate of Craven House; at the bottom of the alley was the far-famed Strand Maypole, upon the site of which is the church of St. Mary-le-Strand; the alley is now Drury Court. Pepys describes pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking at "merry milkmaids with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddle before them."

Nelly next lived with Lord Buckhurst, keeping "merry house" at Epsom:—

> All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
> And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums.

Nell was soon left by Buckhurst. Hart, her great admirer, hated her; and she grew very poor, and resumed her old parts at Drury Lane. On the 19th October, 1667, the Earl of Orrery's *Black Prince* was produced at the King's House, Nelly playing Alizia, or Alice Piers, the mistress of Edward III.: the King was present, and was so charmed with her beauty and wit, that it was soon reported that "the King had sent for Nelly;" and it proved true. She was often at Whitehall, but still attended to her theatrical engagements; but Dryden's *Conquest of Granada,* in which Nelly had a part, was postponed for a season, through her being near giving birth to the future Duke of St. Alban's, and being therefore unable to appear. When the play was produced, with Nelly as Almahide,

in her broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt, Charles became more than ever enamoured:

> There Hart's and Rowley's souls she did ensnare,
> And made a king a rival to a player.

At the birth of Charles Beauclerk, Nelly was living in apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields, soon after which she removed to a house at the east end of the north side of Pall Mall; and next year to a house on the south side, with a garden towards St. James's Park, which was at first conveyed to her by the King on lease, but subsequently *free* to Nell and her representatives for ever; the site is now occupied by No. 79. Nelly was now called "Madame Gwin," and the King's amours being freely talked of in Parliament, led to Sir John Coventry being waylaid, and his nose cut to the bone, that he might remember the offence he had given to his sovereign.

Evelyn records a walk made on the 2nd of March, 1671, in which he attended Charles through St. James's Park, where he both saw and heard "a familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, the King standing on the green walk under it." The garden was attached to her house in Pall Mall; and the ground on which Nelly stood was a mount or raised terrace, of which a portion may still be seen under the Park-wall of Marlborough House. Of this scene Mr. Ward has painted a picture of surprising truthfulness and beauty.* Among Madame Gwynne's Papers (Bills sent to Nelly for payment), there is a charge for this

* Engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Peter Cunningham's piquant *Story of Nell Gwynne*, from which this paper is, in the main, abridged.

very mount. There is no reason to suspect Nelly unfaithful to the King, or that Charles did not appreciate her fidelity: the people rejoiced at their sovereign's loose life, and Nelly became the idol of the town, and known as "the Protestant Mistress." Her Popish rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, was very hard upon Nell when she said, "Anybody may know she has been an orange-wench by her swearing."

Nell Gwynne was delivered, 25th December 1671, of a second child by the King, who was called James in compliment to the Duke of York: the boy thrived, and became, as his brother still continued, a favourite with his father. On December 27, 1676, the King created his eldest son Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford. The mother's house at Windsor was named Burford House, and the King had its staircases painted by Verrio; and this was the rendezvous of all who wished to stand well at the Castle.

Nell did not forget her aged mother, who resided at one time with her in Pall Mall; for in an apothecary's bill, accidentally discovered among the Exchequer papers, are charges for cordial juleps with pearls for "Master Charles," and a cordial for "old Mrs. Gwynne." Other bills (1674–6) include charges for a French coach, and for a great cipher from the chariot painter; for a bedstead, with silver ornaments; for side boxes at the Duke's Theatre, to which she never went alone, but often with as many as four persons, Nell paying for all; for great looking-glasses; for cleansing and burnishing the warming-pan; for the hire of sedan-chairs; for dress, furniture, and table expenses; for white satin petticoats and white and red satin night-gowns; for kilderkins of strong

ale, ordinary ale, and "a barrel of eights;" for alms to poor men and women; for oats and beans, and "chaney" oranges at threepence each; "for a fine landskip fan;" for scarlet satin shoes covered with silver lace, and a pair of satin shoes laced over with gold for "Master Charles."

The idea of founding a Royal Hospital at Chelsea for aged and disabled soldiers, is said to have originated with Nelly: the first stone was laid by the King, in 1682. Nelly's benevolence and sympathy with the suffering strengthen the evidence of the tradition as to the foundation; and some sixty years ago her portrait served as the sign of a public-house adjoining the Hospital: the tradition is still rife in Chelsea. Dedications of books, at this period, to "Madame Eleanor Gwynne," though adulatory, bespeak her popularity. In 1680, died her second and youngest son, James; and in 1684, the boy Earl of Burford was created Duke of St. Alban's, and appointed to the then lucrative offices of Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and Master Falconer of England. The latter office is still enjoyed by the present Duke of St. Alban's. The former office, the Registrarship, was lost to the Duke of St. Alban's through the stern justice of Lord Thurlow; for the patent having expired during his Chancellorship, his Lordship refused to renew it. The only letter of Nelly's composition known to exist, relates to this period of her life. It is written on a sheet of very thin gilt-edged paper, in a neat Italian hand, not her own, from Burford House, "for Madam Jennings over against the Tub Tavern in Jermyn Street, London."

Charles II. ended his dissolute life, sensible of his

sins, and seeking forgiveness from his Maker. His dying request, made to his brother and successor, concluded with "Let not poor Nelly starve." While her grief was still fresh, the "gold stuff" grew scarcer than ever; and if not actually arrested for debt in the spring of 1685, she was certainly outlawed for the non-payment of certain bills, for which some of her tradesmen, since the death of the King, had become very clamorous. Her resources were now slender enough. But, the new King had not forgotten the dying request of his only brother, "Let not poor Nelly starve;" and the secret service expenses of King James show a payment to Richard Graham, Esq., of 729*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, "to be by him paid over to the several tradesmen, creditors of Mrs. Ellen Gwynne, in satisfaction of their debts for which the said Ellen stood outlawed." In the same year, the King relieved Nelly by two additional payments of 500*l.* each; and two years after, made a settlement of property upon her, and "after her death, upon the Duke of St. Alban's and his issue male, with the reversion in the Crown."

Nelly now fell sick. Her friend, Dr. Tenison, Vicar of St. Martin's, in which parish Pall Mall is situated, attended her. She made her will, and signed it E. G. only: she could not sign her name. She died of apoplexy in November 1687, in her 38th year, but the exact day is unknown; she is said to have died piously and penitently. Her father is said to have died in a prison at Oxford; and she left 20*l.* yearly for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison, every Christmas-day.*

* In a Report on the Poultry Compter, in 1811, it is mentioned that

On the night of the 17th November 1687, Nelly was buried, according to her own request, in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The expenses of her funeral, 375*l.*, were advanced from the next quarter's allowance of 1,500*l.* a year, which King James had settled upon her. Dr. Tenison too complied with her request, and preached her funeral sermon.

King James continued the mother's pension to her son, and gave him the colonelcy of a regiment of horse: he distinguished himself at the siege of Belgrade, became in after-life a Knight of the Garter, and died father of eight sons, by his wife, the high-born and wealthy heiress, Lady Diana de Vere, a beauty in the Kneller collection at Hampton Court. The title still exists—and has been in our time conspicuously before the public from the vast wealth of the late Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's, widow of Coutts, the banker, but originally known, and favourably too, upon the comic boards. "Not unlike, in many respects, were Eleanor Gwynne and Harriet Mellor. The fathers of both were in the army, and both never knew what it was to have a father. Both rose by the stage—both had wealthy admirers—and both were charitable and generous." (*Cunningham.*)

There are many portraits of Nell Gwynne, yet very few genuine: the only picture in the Royal collection is a too grave and thoughtful picture at Hampton Court. The Duke of Buccleuch has a miniature head by Cooper, of which it is said the Exchequer papers record the price paid to the painter. The most curious engraved portrait of her is that after Gascar, engraved

the prisoners received sixty-five penny loaves every eight weeks, the gift of Eleanor Gwynne.

abroad—it is thought by Masson—in which she wears a laced chemise, lying on a bed of roses, from which her two children, as Cupids, are withdrawing the curtains—King Charles II. in the distance: she wears as well the famous Rupert necklace of pearls. The Burney impression of this print, in the British Museum, cost 39*l.* 18*s.* Among the relics of Nelly are a warming-pan, with the motto, "Fear God, and serve the King;" and a looking-glass, of elegant form, and carved figure frame, said to have belonged to her.

Douglas Jerrold wrote a well-constructed comedy of *Nell Gwynne, or the Prologue*, attempting to show "some glimpses of the *silver lining* of a character, to whose influence over an unprincipled voluptuary we owe a national asylum for veteran soldiers, and whose brightness shines with the most amiable lustre in many actions of her life, and in the last disposal of her worldly effects."

FRANCIS BACON IN GRAY'S INN.

Bacon's attachment to gardens and to rural affairs, one almost fancies is shown even in the speech which he made before the nobility, when, first taking his seat in the High Court of Chancery, he hoped "that the brambles that grow about justice might be rooted out;" adding that "fresh justice was the sweetest." At Gorhambury you see the old fish-ponds which were Bacon's favourite haunt; though the summer-house which he built in the orchard (answering to the diæta or summer-room of the younger Pliny, at his beloved Laurentium) has long disappeared, and the mansion

itself has shared the same fate. His Essay "Of Gardens," written in 1625, gives us "particulars for the climate of London," where he loved to practise the tasteful art. Gray's Inn gardens were laid out under his direction, as attested in the following entries:

"In the 40 Eliz., at a pension of the bench, 'the summe of 7*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* laid out for planting elm trees' in these gardens, was allowed to Mr. Bacon (afterwards Lord Verulam and Lord Chancellor). On the 14th November, in the following year, there was an order made for a supply of more young elms; and it was ordered 'that a new rayle and quickset hedges' should be set upon the upper long walk, at the discretion of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Wilbraham; the cost of which, as appeared by Bacon's account, allowed 20th April, 42 Eliz., was 60*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Mr. Bacon erected a summer-house on a small mount on the terrace, in which, if we may be allowed the conjecture, it is probable he frequently mused upon the subjects of those great works which have rendered his name immortal."—'Pearce's *Inns of Court.*'

To this day here is a *Catalpa* tree, raised from one planted by Bacon, slips of which are much coveted. The walks were in high fashion in Charles II.'s time; we read of Pepys and his wife, after church, walking "to Gray's Inne, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

Bacon is traditionally said to have lived in the large house facing Gray's Inn garden-gates, where Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, frequently sent him home-brewed beer from his house in Holborn. Basil Montagu, however, fixes Bacon's abode on the site of No. 1 Gray's Inn Square, first floor; the house was burnt

February 17th, 1679, with sixty other chambers (*Historian's Guide*, 3rd edit. 1688), which demolishes Lord Campbell's speculative statement, that Bacon's chambers "remain in the same state as when he occupied them, and are still visited by those who worship his memory." (*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 274.) Mr. Montagu, who died in 1852, possessed a glass and silver-handled fork, with a shifting silver spoon-bowl, which once belonged to Lord Bacon, whose crest, a boar, modelled in gold, surmounts the fork-handle.

LORD CRAVEN AND THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

William Lord Craven, the hero of Creutznach, by his romantic attachment to Elizabeth, the titular Queen of Bohemia, has inseparably associated their names in history. According to the old Yorkshire tradition, Craven's father, Lord Mayor in 1611, was born of such poor parents that they sent him, when a boy, by a common carrier to London, where he became a mercer in Leadenhall Street, and grew rich. His son, the soldier of fortune, distinguished himself under Gustavus Adolphus; and at the storming of Creutznach in 1632, his determined bravery led to the fortress being taken after two hours' conflict, in which all the English officers were wounded. Craven then attached himself to the King and Queen of Bohemia. She was the daughter of James I., and, with the reluctant consent of her parents (particularly of her mother, who used to twit her with the title of Goody Palsgrave), was married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, for whom the Protestant interest in Germany erected Bohemia into

a kingdom, in the vain hope, with the assistance of his father-in-law, of competing with the Catholic Emperor. Frederick lost everything, and his widow became a dependent on the bounty of Craven, who had fought in her husband's cause, and helped to bring up her children. It is through her that the family of Brunswick succeeded to the throne of this kingdom, as the next Protestant heirs of James I. James's daughter, being a woman of lively manners, a queen, and a Protestant leader, excited great interest in her time, and received more than the usual portion of flattery from the romantic. Donne wrote an epithalamium on her marriage, beginning—

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there."

Sir Henry Wotton had permission to call her his "royal mistress," which he was as proud of as if he had been a knight of old. And when she lost her Bohemian kingdom, it was said that she retained a better one, for that she was still the "Queen of Hearts." Sir Henry wrote upon her his elegant verses beginning—

"You meaner beauties of the night,"

in which he calls her

"Th' eclipse and glory of her kind."

Her courage and presence of mind were so conspicuous, and her figure and manners so attractive, though not to be called a consummate beauty, that in her royal husband's time, "half the army were in love with her."

In 1664, Charles II. conferred upon her heroic admirer the titles of Viscount Craven and Earl Craven; and on the death of Monk, gave him the Colonelcy of the Coldstream regiment of Foot-guards. His Lordship resided in Drury House, which he rebuilt: it was then called Craven House. Earl Craven is said to

have been privately married to the widowed Queen of Bohemia (he was her junior by twelve years); "and thus," remarks Dr. Whitaker, "the son of a Wharfdale peasant matched with a sister of Charles I."

In Craven House, the romantic Queen would appear from some accounts to have resided; but the truth is, she lived in the adjoining house, probably built for her by Lord Craven, and called, for many years afterwards, Bohemia House, and finally converted into a public-house, which bore her head for its sign. There is said to have been a subterranean communication between the two houses, the sites of which, and grounds, are now occupied by Craven Buildings and the Olympic Theatre.

The Queen quitted Bohemia House for Leicester House, 'afterwards Norfolk House, in the Strand,' where she died in February 1661–2. Whether Lord Craven attended her at this period does not appear; but she left him her books, pictures, and papers. Sometimes he accompanied her to the play: he built the fine house of Hampstead Marshall, on the banks of the river Kennet, in Berkshire, as a sort of asylum for his injured Princess: it cost, although not finished, 60,000*l.*, and was destroyed by fire in 1718.

Lord Craven long resided in Craven House; he was famed for his bustling activity: whenever there was a fire in London, Lord Craven was sure to be seen riding about to give orders to the soldiers, who were at such disasters called out to preserve order; and his horse is said to have "smelt a fire as soon as it happened." Pepys describes Craven as riding up and down, "like a madman," giving orders to the soldiery; and Lord Dorset sings of "Lord Craven's drums" beating day and night.

When there was a talk in his old age of giving his regiment to somebody else, Craven said, that "if they took away his regiment they had as good take away his life, since he had nothing else to divert himself with." The next king, however, William III., gave it to General Talmash; yet the old lord is said to have gone on, busy to the last. He died in 1697, aged nearly 89 years. He was intimate with Evelyn, Ray, and other naturalists, and delighted in gardening. "The garden of Craven House ran in the direction of the present Drury Lane; so that where there is now a bustle of a very different sort, we may fancy the old soldier busying himself with his flower-beds, and John Evelyn discoursing upon the blessings of peace and privacy." *

Craven and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, heroically stayed in town during the dreadful pestilence; and, at the hazard of their lives, preserved order. For their noble services, two or three great silver flagons were made, as gifts of the King. Craven continued to reside at Craven House, Drury Lane, throughout the whole time of the Plague in 1665-6. He first hired and then purchased a field on which pest-houses (said to be 36 in number) were built by him for persons afflicted with that disease, and in which a common burial-ground was made for thousands who died of it. In 1687, the Earl gave this field and its houses in trust for the poor of St. Clement's Danes, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. James's, Westminster, and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to be used only in case of the plague re-appearing; and the place came to be known as the Earl of Craven's Pest-field, the Pest-field, the Pest-house-field, or Craven-field. In 1734, the surrounding district having become covered

* See *The Town*. By Leigh Hunt, edit. 1858.

with houses and streets, a private Act, 7th George II. c. 11, discharged this pest-house-field from its charitable trusts, transferring them without alteration to other land and messuages at and near Byard's Watering Place (Bayswater), Paddington, now called Craven Hill.

A singular memorial of this heroic man existed to our time. Craven Buildings were erected in 1723, upon part of the grounds attached to Craven House. On the wall at the bottom of the buildings was formerly a fresco painting of the gallant Earl, who was represented in armour, mounted on a white charger, and with a truncheon in his hand, and the letters W. C. This portrait was twice or thrice repainted in oil; the last time by Edwards, A.R.A., author of *A Treatise on Perspective*: the picture has been some years obliterated. The Craven Head Tavern was one of the offices of Craven House; and the adjoining stabling belonged to the mansion.

Craven Buildings have had some remarkable tenants: Hayman, the painter, contemporary with Hogarth, lived here. The famous actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle, had likewise a house here, which was afterwards inhabited by the equally celebrated Mrs. Pritchard. In the back parlour of No. 17, Dr. Arne composed the music of *Comus*. Elliston had a house during his lesseeship of the Olympic Theatre, and communicating with it; and the same house was temporarily occupied by Madame Vestris and Mr. William Farren, as Olympic lessees.

It was in Drury Lane that Pepys, 7th June 1665, saw two or three houses marked with a red cross upon

* In Pennant's *London*, edit. 1813, we read: "The portrait which was preserved by the late Earl, with laudable attention, is now covered with plaster."

the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there, and the first of the kind he ever saw.

It will be recollected, from the several accounts of the Plague in London, that a cross was affixed by the authorities to the door of the house where there was infection. In the Guildhall Library, not long since, among some broadsides, was found one of these "Plague Crosses." It was the ordinary size of a broadside, and bore a cross extending to the edges of the paper, on which were printed the words "Lord have mercy upon us." In the four quarters formed by the limbs of the cross, were printed directions for managing the patient, regulations for visits, medicines, food, and water. This "Cross" is not now to be found.

ADDISON'S "CAMPAIGN."

THIS celebrated poem originated as follows. The Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, though not a reading man, was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honour of the Battle of Blenheim. One of these poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines:—

> Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast;
> Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy: he was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance amongst the poets was very small. He consulted

Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. "I do know," he said, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject; but I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, gently replied that the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself, and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning following the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born Minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task—a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership worth about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favours.

The *Campaign* came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. Its chief merit is that which was noticed by Johnson — the manly and rational rejection of fiction. Lord Macaulay,

from whose admirable paper on Addison these details are condensed, there refers to the battles with which Homer was familiar, of men who sprung from the gods —communed with the gods face to face—of men, one of whom could, with ease, hurl rocks, which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable to lift. He, therefore, naturally, represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. These are termed by Macaulay, "magnificent exaggerations of the real hero;" and with his usual fondness for parallel, so successful in this great master of the art of writing, Macaulay remarks: "In all rude societies, similar notions are found. There are, at this day, countries where the Lifeguardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Bonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, could be the greatest soldier in Europe."

The detestable fashion of exaggeration was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the *Splendid Shilling*, represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence.

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great—energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. Macaulay then points to one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which his simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis :—

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

"Addison spoke not of a storm, but of *the storm*. The great tempest of 1703—the only tempest which, in our latitude, has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane—had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address, or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the Angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries has always

seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general."

The house in which Addison lodged has not been identified in the Haymarket of our time. We have a minute record of Pope having visited the house with the feeling of homage to genius. The Bard of Twickenham is stated to have asked Walter Harte to ascend three pair of stairs, and enter a small top room above a small shop in the Haymarket; when they were within the room, Pope said to Harte, "In this garret Addison wrote his *Campaign*."

Thackeray has cleverly illustrated this bright turn in Addison's fortunes. He quotes from the *Campaign* Marlborough's equanimity, and the wonderful simile:

> "So when an angel, by Divine command,
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
> (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd),
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
> And pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

"Addison left off at a good moment," adds Thackeray. "That simile was pronounced to be the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke, providentially promoted. In the following year, Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come 'few and far between' to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!"

LADIES EXCLUDED FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in the year 1738 that it was resolved to exclude ladies from the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament. The execution of the resolution led to a strange scene, which is thus cleverly described in a letter of this date, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu:—

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently, the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were—Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Amaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, because I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, he then resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the door

should not be opened till they had raised the siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagem in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in such cases), but by noisy laughs and contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke so miserably."

JEMMY DAWSON.

Kennington Common was, in the last century, the place of execution for the county of Surrey; at the present day it presents nothing to remind us of its criminal history. It is no longer the place of the gibbet, or has its green turf trodden down by crowds flocking to pugilistic contests, or the orations of political brawlers; but it is now a healthful place of recreation,

with its lawn, its shrubs, and flowers. With the great Chartist gathering in 1848 upon this spot, the political fame of Kennington Common may be said to have ceased.

Still, one of its last century events lingers in the simple tenderness and pathos of one of the songs of Shenstone, which narrates in its homely verse the mournful tale of Captain James Dawson, one of the eight officers of the Manchester regiment of volunteers in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common, in 1746.

Shenstone, "whose mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active," was content to take the event of his song from a narrative first published in the *Parrot*, of August 2, 1746, as follows:—"Mr. James Dawson was one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered on Kennington Common for high treason; and had he either been acquitted or received the Royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been the day of his marriage. The following are the particulars of his execution, and the fate of the unfortunate young lady to whom he was sincerely attached:—

"On her being informed that Mr. Dawson was to be executed, not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she accordingly followed the sledge in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and a female friend. Having arrived at the place of execution, she got near enough to see the fire kindled that was to consume him, and all the other dreadful preparations, without betraying any of those emotions her

friends apprehended. But when all was over and she found he was no more, she threw her head back in the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! Lord Jesus, receive our souls together!' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking. Most excessive grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits." In the *Whitehall Evening Post* of August 7, 1746, the above narrative is copied, and the remark added, that "upon enquiry, every circumstance was literally true." The catastrophe is thus reproduced in Shenstone's song:—

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was called,
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed;

And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it would its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
And when 'twas mouldered into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

SECRET VISITS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER TO LONDON.

At Christmas 1864, the appearance in the *Times* journal of a letter from the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle relating to the Stuart Papers acquired by George IV., when Prince Regent, and deposited in the Royal Library by William IV., led to a revival of the historic doubt as to the Secret Visits of Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender) to London; and produced the following very interesting evidences, contributed by a painstaking correspondent to the above-named journal.

It seems to be pretty generally taken for granted that Prince Charles Edward paid but one single visit to London; whereas four different occasions have been recorded in which he is said to have risked his liberty, if not his life, by making secret journeys to the British metropolis. The first of these presumed adventures is thus set forth by Forsyth, the accomplished traveller in Italy:—

"England was just respiring from the late Rebellion, when in 1748, on the faith of a single gentleman, he (the Prince) set off for London in a hideous disguise, under the name of Smith. On arriving there he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never seen. 'Here,' said his conductor, 'is the person you want,' and left him locked up in this mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal at that time to treat with him for the throne of England. 'Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please,' said Charles. 'My life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat you, one solemn promise, that, if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home.' For a few days the young adventurer was flattered with the glorious prospect, until difficulties arose on the part of the French Ambassador, whose Court had cooled in the Stuart cause. Charles remained on the rack of suspense for a week in London, where different persons recognised him in the streets, but (such was ever his only good fortune) none betrayed him. He then returned to Paris to encounter cruel indignation, and was there arrested and expelled the kingdom."—*Forsyth's Remarks on Italy*, p. 436, 4th ed.

Lord Stanhope, in his *History of England* (vol. iii. p. 253, note, 2nd ed.), takes it for granted that Forsyth has mistaken the year 1748 for 1750; but, presuming that Forsyth, whose "scrupulous accuracy" Lord Stanhope himself admits, is correct in his *data* that the visit was made previously to the Prince's arrest and imprisonment by the French Court, in that case it must unquestionably have taken place before the year

1750. The coincidence is rather a curious one that the nickname of "Smith" was the same which the Prince's great-grandfather, Charles I., adopted on the occasion of his clandestine and romantic visit to Spain in 1623. (*Howell's Letters*, p. 132, 10th ed.)

That Prince Charles visited London in the year 1750 is unquestionable; indeed, the following extracts from *Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Time* (p. 196 and p. 199, note, 2nd ed.) are of themselves sufficient to remove any doubt on the subject:—

"September, 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her (in Essex Street, Strand), she led me into her dressing-room and presented me to the Prince. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came.

"He came one evening to my lodgings, and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me that he thought my new visitor was very like Prince Charles. 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts of Prince Charles.' The

truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face."

This is the particular visit, the duration of which has been a matter of discussion between the Queen's Librarian and Lord Stanhope, and which the Prince has twice recorded in his memoranda, once in the Old and again in the New Style:—

"O.S. Ye 5th Sept. 1750 arrived; ye 11th parted to Dover."

"N.S. At London ye 16th; parted from London ye 22d."

Thus, not reckoning the broken days of arrival and departure, it will be seen that Dr. King's statement (*Anecdotes*, p. 197) that the Prince's stay in London lasted for "five days only" is perfectly correct.

The two notes compared and found inconsistent as to dates by Lord Stanhope may be reconciled by remembering the 11 days' difference between old and new style in the middle of the last century. In No. 1 the Pretender says he "parted from London the 22d, and arrived at Paris the 24th;" the dates, new style, are the same as those he gives in No. 2 as "O.S., the 11th parted to Dover . . . the 13th at Paris," the old style being 11 days earlier.

The next assumed visit of Charles Edward to London took place, according to Hume, in 1753; or, according to Philip Thicknesse, in his *Memoirs*, "about the year 1754." The following extract of a letter from Hume to Sir John Pringle, dated February 10, 1773, contains the principal particulars respecting this visit, such as they were related to the historian by one of the most devoted of the partisans of the House of Stuart, Earl Marischal:—

"That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753 I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information he told me that the evening before he had learnt several curious particulars from a lady who I imagine to be Lady Primrose, though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name. She thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him, but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture, which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady) that he used so little precaution that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall. About five years ago I told this story to Lord Holdernesse, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added I supposed this piece of intelligence had escaped his Lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who, do you think, first told it me? It was the King himself (George II.), who subjoined, "and what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?"' Lord Holdernesse owned that he was

puzzled how to reply; for if he declared his real sentiments they might savour of indifference to the Royal Family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding,—'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all, and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known." (*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century*, vol. ix. p. 401.)

The fact of this remarkable conversation having taken place between the King and his Minister has been repudiated by Lord Stanhope (*Hist. of Engl.*, vol. iv. p. 13), on the supposition that the date to which it is assignable is during the Prince's visit to London in September 1750; and accordingly, as his Lordship discovers that during all that month George II. was absent in his Hanoverian dominions, he naturally arrives at the conclusion that the conversation could never have taken place. Not only, however, does Hume, in his letter to Sir John Pringle, three times over mention the year as having been 1753, but Lord Holdernesse, who vouches for the truth of it, was not appointed Secretary of State till 1751. By some much more curious conception Sir Walter Scott, who has told the world so much that is interesting respecting Charles Edward, has not only committed the anachronism of making George III., instead of George II., the hero of the foregoing anecdote, but instances it as proof of the "goodness of heart and soundness of policy" of the former monarch. (*Red Gauntlet*, note to Chapter 11.) The following is the passage in *Thicknesse's Memoirs* (p. 340), previously referred to as tending to corrobo-

rate the assumption that the Prince paid a secret visit to London in or about the year 1753:—

"That this unfortunate man was in London about the year 1754 is positively asserted. He came hither contrary to the opinions of all his friends abroad, but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few hours at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France."

The details of the Prince's visit to Essex Street, as related by Hume, are curiously substantiated by a memorandum of the Right Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, to whom they were "often repeated" by his grandmother, who received them direct from Lady Primrose herself. It appears from Mr. Wynn's account that, in whatever year the visit to which he refers may have occurred, the Prince on that occasion was introduced to Lady Primrose and her guests by the name of "Browne." (*Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, p. 290.)

The fourth and last of the assumed secret visits of Charles Edward to London dates in 1761, this being the occasion on which he is popularly supposed to have been a spectator of the coronation of George III. The following is Hume's account of the latter incident, as related to him by the Earl Marischal, on whose sole authority its credibility seems to rest:—

"What will surprise you more, Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me he believed the Pretender was at that time in

London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him and whispered in his ear these words, 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?" (*Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes*, v. ix. p. 401.)

With regard to the Prince's renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, there are two passages in his *Memoranda* (*Times*, December 27, 1864) which are valuable as showing that that event took place in 1750. With regard to the abstract fact of the Prince's conversion to Protestantism, it has already been substantiated by a letter, preserved among Bishop Forbes's *MSS.*, from the Prince to his friends in Scotland, dated August 12, 1762:—"Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect health. . . . . They may be assured that I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced." (*Chambers's History of the Rebellion of* 1745, p. 422, 6th ed.) According to Hume, it was in the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, or, as it was then styled, "the New Church in the Strand," that Charles Edward formally renounced the Roman Catholic faith.

It may be mentioned that the Lady Primrose who

has been more than once referred to was the same lady whose house in Essex Street, in 1747, afforded a home to the celebrated Flora Macdonald after her release from the mild durance in which she had been detained by the Government. Lady Primrose, whose maiden name was Drelincourt, was the daughter of the Dean of Armagh, and widow of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose.

THE RIOTS OF 1780.

THESE disgraceful tumults originated in the meeting held by the Protestant Association in Coachmakers' Hall, whereat on May 29, 1780, the following resolution was proposed and carried: "That the whole body of the Protestant Association do attend in St. George's Fields, on Friday next, at 10 of the clock in the morning, to accompany Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons on the delivery of the Protestant Petition [for the repeal of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill]." His Lordship, who was present, observed, "If less than 20,000 of his fellow-citizens attended him on that day, he would not present their petition." On the day appointed (Friday, the end of June), the Association assembled in St. George's Fields. There was a vast concourse, and their numbers increasing, they marched over London Bridge in separate divisions; and through the City to Westminster—50,000, at least, in number. Lord George Gordon and his followers wore blue ribands in their hats; and each division was preceded by its respective banner, bearing the words "No Popery." At Charing Cross they were joined by additional numbers,

on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. All the avenues to both Houses of Parliament were entirely filled. About eight, the Lords adjourned, and were suffered to go home; though the rioters declared that if the other House did not repeal the Bill, there would at night be terrible mischief. Lord George Gordon was runing backwards and forwards, from the windows of the Speaker's Chamber, denouncing all that spoke against him to the mob in the lobby. Still, the members were besieged, and were locked up for four hours; and there was a moment when they thought they must have opened the doors, and fought their way out sword in hand. Lord North was very firm, and at last they got the guards and cleared the pass.

Blue banners had been waved from the tops of houses at Whitehall as signals to the people, while the coaches passed, whom they should applaud or abuse. Sir George Savile's and Charles Turner's coaches were demolished. At half-past ten, a new scene opened; the mob forced the Sardinian Minister's Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and gutted it: he saved nothing but two chalices, lost the silver lamps, &c., and the benches being tossed in the street, were food for a bonfire, with the blazing brands of which they set fire to the inside of the chapel, nor, till the guards arrived, would suffer the engines to play. The Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick-street, Golden-square, shared the same fate; and, "as the owner was a Prince of Smugglers, as well as Bavarian Minister, great quanties of rum, tea, and contraband goods were found in his house."

On Monday the mob gutted Sir George Savile's house in Leicester Fields, burnt all the furniture and

pictures, but the building was saved; though the rioters tore up the iron railings, which they carried off as weapons. Next day, they pulled down Sir John Fielding's house in Bow Street, and burnt his goods in the street. They then went to Newgate, to demand their companions who had been seized, demolishing a chapel. The Keeper could not release them but by the Sheriff's permission, which he sent to ask. At his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. The mob had broken the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell which joined the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, descended and released the prisoners. Crabbe, the poet, then a young man in London, has described the scene in his journal: —"I stood and saw," he says, "about 12 women and 8 men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and conducted through the street in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday. You have no conception of the phrenzy of the multitude. Newgate was at this time open to all; anyone might get in; and, what was never the case before, anyone might get out."

From Newgate the mob went to Bloomsbury Square, pulled down the house of the great Lord Mansfield, and burnt his library: but what his Lordship most regretted to have lost was a speech that he had made on the question of the privilege of Parliament; he said that it contained all the eloquence and all the law he was master of; that it was fairly written out, and that he had no other copy.

On Wednesday, the rioters broke open the Fleet,

the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners. At night they set fire to the King's Bench. The Warden of the Fleet had been directed by the Lord Mayor not to resist the mob, which might have been easily dispersed by a few soldiers. The conflagration must here have been terrible: three sides of Fleet Market in flames, besides portions of Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane. This was called the "fatal day." Mr. Langdale, a wealthy Catholic distiller in Holborn, the day before had tried to appease the mob by money and liquor, but now they staved in the casks, and set his premises on fire; and many of the rioters were killed by drinking the spirits. Barnard's Inn, adjoining Langdale's distillery, was also fired. Seven distinct conflagrations were to be seen at once. The mob extorted money from several persons and houses, on threats of burning them as Catholics; and the Duke of Gloucester, who went disguised in a hackney-coach to Fleet Market, was stopped and plundered. This day a mob of 5,000 set off for (to sack and burn) Caen-wood (Lord Mansfield's), but were met on the road by a militia regiment and driven back.

"On Wednesday," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "I walked with Dr. Scott (Lord Stowell) to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Session-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day." The Bank was attempted the same night; but the

height of the panic had passed, and Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. The fires, however, were still kept up, and it was not till the 9th that the City was free from outrage. Eleven thousand troops had been assembled in and near London, and camps held in St. James's and Hyde Parks. The King, during the nights of the riots, sat up with several general officers at the Queen's riding-house, whence messengers were constantly despatched to report the movements of the mob; and a large number of troops were in the Queen's Gardens and around Buckingham House, where the King frequently visited the Queen and the Royal children. When he was told that the mob was attempting to get into St. James's and the Bank, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but ordered that they should keep off the rioters with their bayonets.

On the 9th, Lord George Gordon, whose perfect sanity has since been questioned, was arrested by messengers at his own house in Wimpole-street; he was examined by the Council, and thence committed a prisoner to the Tower, and for ten days was not allowed to see his friends. He was tried for treason in the Court of King's Bench, but, principally through the powerful eloquence of Erskine, was acquitted. In 1788, having been twice convicted of libel, he was compelled to seek safety in flight; but being arrested in Holland, and sent back to England, he was committed to Newgate, where he died Nov. 1, 1793: he is buried in the cemetery of St. James's Chapel, Hampstead-road, without a stone to distinguish the place of his interment.

Many persons lost their lives in affrays with soldiers, and in the havoc and general confusion of the tumults;

but it is remarkable that although 58 of the rioters were condemned to death by the Commission appointed to try them, only 25 of them actually suffered. The places of execution were selected near to the spot where the criminal's offences had been committed: a person was hanged at the Old Bailey "for demolishing the house of Mr. Akerman, Keeper of Newgate." Seven were hanged in St. George's Fields; and on this site of the focus of the Gordon Riots, sixty years later, in 1840, was founded the largest Roman Catholic church erected in this country since the Reformation, a remarkable instance of the improved tolerant spirit of the times.

ALDERMAN BECKFORD AND HIS MONUMENTAL SPEECH.

THIS celebrated partisan, demagogue some call him, was alderman of Billingsgate Ward, and occupied a prominent position in City politics, especially in the first ten years of the reign of George III. This notoriety was much aided by his connexion with Earl Chatham, who unquestionably used the alderman as a sort of political tool. Beckford was of an ancient Gloucestershire family: among the principal adherents of Richard III. at Bosworth, was Sir William Beckford. After the conquest of Jamaica, in 1656, the Beckford family rose to high station and increased in wealth; and the father of the Alderman, Peter Beckford, was Speaker of the House of Assembly of Jamaica. To his heir, Peter, succeeded William, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire. Here he resided in an old mansion, which was burnt down in the year 1755; the loss was estimated at 30,000*l.* When this calamity happened, the Alderman was in

London: on being informed of the event, he took out his pocket-book, and began to write. When asked what he was doing, "only calculating," he replied, "the expense of rebuilding it. I have an odd fifty thousand in a drawer, and I will build it up again. It will not be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my charity children." Fonthill House was accordingly rebuilt with fine stone: it was a lofty mansion, with a centre of four storeys, and wings connected by colonnades; it was sumptuously furnished. In 1770, upon the death of the Alderman, his only son, the author of *Vathek*, succeeded to the property: here he entertained Lord Nelson, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, with great magnificence, in 1800; but a few years after, the mansion was taken down, when the materials alone were sold for 10,000*l.*

To return to the Alderman's history. As early as 1754 he had obtained some notoriety. Walpole writes: "Beckford and Delaval, two celebrated partisans, met lately at Shaftesbury; the latter said—

'Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?'

T'other replied—

'Art thou the much more famous Delaval?'"

Beckford sat in Parliament for the City, and was twice Lord Mayor; he died of rheumatic fever during his second mayoralty, June 21, 1770. In the previous month he carried a strong Remonstrance to the King, garnished with my Lord Mayor's own ingredients. "The Court, however," says Walpole, "was put in some confusion by my Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all form and precedent, tacked a volunteer speech to the Remonstrance. It was wondrous loyal and re-

spectful, but, being an innovation, much discomposed the ceremony. It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or answer extempore, which is not part of the royal trade, or sit silent and have nothing to reply." The City, to mark their sense of Beckford's spirit, erected in the Guildhall a monumental statue of the Lord Mayor in the act of addressing the King; and, as an inscription, is cut his own speech to King George III., spoken, or said to have been spoken, in great excitement.

The circumstances are, however, much disputed. To explain these, we must premise that for some time previously "remonstrances," not always expressed in very courteous terms, had been addressed by the Corporation to the King (George III.) on the subject of various alleged grievances. At these, the latter, jealous of the slightest infringement on his prerogative, took excessive umbrage, and replied to them accordingly. The interference of the Government with an election for Middlesex was the occasion for renewed offence; and the citizens, as usual, gave vent to their feelings in a "petition and remonstrance." It was the King's angry reply to this address which is said to have drawn from Beckford the famous speech which is now engraven on his monument. It has been stoutly disputed whether Beckford actually did address George III. in the words written down in history for him, and which also appear on his monument in Guildhall. These words, besides being recorded in marble, appear also in the minutes of the Common Council of the day on which they are

stated to have been uttered; still there has long been a tradition in the neighbourhood of Guildhall, that Horne Tooke, who wrote them for Beckford, tampered with the minute-books in the Town-clerk's office, and inserted what was *intended* to have been spoken by Beckford, had his Majesty given him the opportunity. Mr. Peter Cunningham first embodied that doubt in a communication to the *Times*; and, since then, in his new edition of *Horace Walpole's Letters*, he has strengthened the statement by some contemporary authorities bearing on the subject. His note, in vol. v. p. 238, is as follows:—"The speech here alluded to is the one which the Alderman addressed to his Majesty, on the 23rd of May, with reference to the King's reply, that 'he should have been wanting to the public, as well as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at the late address.' At the end of the Alderman's speech, in his copy of the City Addresses, Mr. Isaac Reed has inserted the following note:—'It is a curious fact, but a true one, that Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the City, and on Beckford's statue; as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayers, &c., at the Athenian Club.—*Isaac Reed.*' There can be little doubt that the worthy commentator and his friends were imposed upon. In the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 460, a letter from Sheriff Townsend to the Earl expressly states, that, with the exception of the words "and necessary" being left out before the word "revolution," the Lord Mayor's speech, in the *Public Advertiser* of the preceding day, is verbatim the one delivered to the King. (*Wright.*) Gifford says (*Ben Jonson*, vi. 481) that

Beckford never uttered before the King one syllable of the speech upon his monument—and Gifford's statement is fully confirmed both by Isaac Reed (as above), and by Maltby, the friend of Rogers and Horne Tooke. Beckford *made* a "Remonstrance Speech" to the King; but the speech on Beckford's monument is the after-speech *written* for Beckford by Horne Tooke.—See Mitford's *Gray and Mason Correspondence*, pp. 438, 439.—*Cunningham.*

Beckford's mansion in Soho-square, at the corner of Greek-street, was, in 1863, sold for 6,400*l.* to the House of Charity. It had long been the office of the old Commissioners of Sewers, and was subsequently occupied by the Board of Works. The interior has some well-designed chimney-pieces, architraves, door and window dressings, which are bold and characteristic specimens of the time. To keep alive his influence with the City, Lord Chatham maintained a correspondence with Beckford; and Walpole states that the day before the Alderman died, Chatham "forced himself into the house, and got away all the letters he had written to that demagogue." About two months before the Alderman's death, in the days of "Wilkes and Liberty," Walpole notes:—"The Lord Mayor had enjoined tranquillity—as Mayor. As Beckford, his own house, in Soho-square, was embroidered (illuminated) with 'Liberty' in white letters three feet high."

Beckford's only son, and heir to his enormous fortune, Lord Chatham's godchild, was, at the period of his father's death, a boy ten years of age. Three years later, Lord Chatham thus describes him to his own son William:—"Little Beckford is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he

was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come and make him perfect." "He was afterwards," says Lord Mahon, "well known in a sphere totally different from his father's — the author of *Vathek* — the fastidious man of taste—the fantastic decorator of Ramalhao and Fonthill." It may be doubted whether the right proportion of "terrestrial solidity" ever came. He died in 1844, in his eighty-fourth year, and is enshrined in a pink granite sarcophagus.

ROYALTY DEDUCED FROM A TUB-WOMAN.

In 1768, there appeared in the newspapers the following paragraph:—"During the troubles of the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These women were then called *tub-women*. The brewer, observing her to be a very good-looking girl, took her from this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her; and while she was yet a young woman, he died, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England." This statement was answered by a letter in the *London Chronicle*, December 20, 1768, proving that "Lord Clarendon married Frances, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, knight and baronet, one of the

Masters of Request to King Charles I., by whom he had four sons—viz., Henry, afterwards Earl of Clarendon; Lawrence, afterwards Earl of Rochester; Edward, who died unmarried; and James, drowned on board the *Gloucester* frigate: also two daughters—Anne, married to the Duke of York; and Frances, married to Thomas Keightley, of Hertingfordbury, in the county of Herts, Esq." The story appears to have been a piece of political scandal. The mother of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, is said to have conducted with great ability the affairs of her husband's brewhouse at Huntingdon. This some republican spirit appears to have thought an indignity; so, by way of retaliation, he determined on sinking the origin of the inheritors of the Crown to the lowest possible grade—that of a *tub-woman!*

The same story has been told of the wife of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, great-grandmother of the two queens; and, for anything we know yet of *her* family, it may be quite true.

UNFORTUNATE BARONETS.

THE story of the Gargraves—for two centuries or more a family of the highest position in Yorkshire—is a melancholy chapter in the romance of real life. Its chiefs earned distinction in peace and war; one died in France, Master of the Ordnance to King Henry V.; another, a soldier too, fell with Salisbury at the siege of Orleans; and a third filled the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. What an awful contrast to this fair picture does the sequel offer! Thomas Gargrave, the Speaker's eldest son, was hung

at York, for murder; and his half-brother, Sir Richard, having wasted a splendid estate, was reduced to abject want. At Doncaster, his excesses are still the subject of traditional story, and his love of gaming is commemorated in an old painting, long preserved in the mansion at Badsworth, in which he is represented playing at the old game of "shot," the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale. The close of Sir Richard's story is as lamentable as its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, he is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was at last found dead in an old hostelry!

A similarly melancholy narrative applies to another great Yorkshire house. Sir William Reresby, baronet, son and heir to the celebrated author, succeeded, at the death of his father, in 1689, to the beautiful estate of Thryberg, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors had been seated uninterruptedly from the time of the Conquest, and he lived to see himself denuded of every acre of his broad lands. Le Neve, in the MSS. preserved in the Herald's College, states that he became a tapster in the King's Bench Prison, and was tried and imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He died in great obscurity. Gaming was among Sir William's follies—particularly cock-fighting. The tradition at Thryberg is (for his name is not quite forgotten) that the fine estate of Dennaby was staked and lost on a single main.

Sir William Reresby was not the only baronet who disgraced his order at that period. In 1722, Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal; pleaded poverty, but was found guilty, and sentenced

to transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted for a milder punishment.

THE VICTORY OF CULLODEN.

GREAT were the faint-heartedness which seized almost all the loyal part of the country, and the folly and confusion which reigned, when Prince Charles was making his way to Edinburgh, and on from Edinburgh to the South. Jupiter Carlyle was with Smollett in the British Coffee-house, a great place of resort for Scotchmen, when the news of the victory of Culloden, which put an end to so much disgrace, came to London. Smollett then lived in Mayfair, and Carlyle had to take supper in New Bond Street, and they went very cautiously through the streets of uproarious London to their destinations. The mobs were riotous, the squibs were flying, and the two canny Scots retired into a narrow entry to pocket their wigs lest they should be burnt, and to draw their swords lest they should be attacked. Smollett went further, and cautioned Carlyle not to open his mouth lest he should betray his country, and excite the insolence of the mob against the Scotch marauders; "for John Bull," said he, "is as haughty and valiant to-night as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby." After the trembling pair got to the top of the Haymarket, through an incessant fire of squibs, they took to the narrow lanes, and met nobody but a few boys at a pitiful bonfire, to which they contributed sixpence in grateful memory of the singeing which their wigs had escaped from an infuriated mob.

Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park, and Great Cumberland Street, were named after the hero of Culloden: in the latter street is a public-house, with a full-length portrait of the Duke of Cumberland for its sign. Horace Walpole has an excellent reflection upon this sort of celebrity. "I was yesterday," he writes, in 1747, "out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages led me to some quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularlity. I observed how the Duke of Cumberland's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his head had left few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, 'Surely, all glory is but a sign!'"

SUICIDE OF LORD CLIVE.

As the reflective lover of the metropolis walks upon the west side of Berkeley Square, he may be reminded that in the house, No. 45, (now the residence of Earl Powis,) the great Lord Clive put an end to himself—with a razor, some say with a penknife—on the 22nd of November 1774, having just completed his 49th year.

Walpole relates the catastrophe, with a difference. Writing from Arlington Street, Nov. 23, he says: "The nation had another great loss last night: Lord Clive went off suddenly. He had been sent for to town by some of his Indian friends—and died. . . . Lord H. has just been here, and told me *the manner* of Lord Clive's death. Whatever had happened, it had flung him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr. Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occa-

sions, a dose of laudanum; but the pain in his bowels was so violent, that he asked for a second dose. Dr. Fothergill said, "if he took another, he would be dead in an hour. The moment Fothergill was gone, he swallowed another, for another, it seems, stood by him, and he is dead." In his next letter, Nov. 24, Walpole writes: "A great event happened two days ago,—a political and moral event—the sudden death of that second Kouli Khan, Lord Clive. There was, certainly, illness in the case; the world thinks more than illness. His constitution was exceedingly broken and disordered, and grown subject to violent pains and convulsions. He came unexpectedly to town last Monday, and they say, ill. On Tuesday, his physician gave him a dose of laudanum, which had not the desired effect. Of the rest, there are two stories: one, that the physician repeated the dose; the other, that he doubled it himself, contrary to advice. In short, he has terminated a life at fifty of so much glory, reproach, art, wealth, and ostentation! He had just named ten members for the new Parliament."

Thus fell the founder of the British empire in India. Some lineaments of the character of the man (says Lord Macaulay) were very early discerned in the child. Letters written by him in his seventh year indicate his strong will and fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies to it on every trifling occasion."

At the period of his death, Clive appeared secure in

the enjoyment of his fortune and his honours. "He was surrounded," says Macaulay, "by attached friends and relations; and he had not yet passed the season of vigorous bodily and mental exertion. But clouds had long been gathering over his mind, and now settled on it in thick darkness. From early youth he had been subject to fits of that strange melancholy 'which rejoiceth exceedingly, and is glad when it can find the grave.' While still a writer at Madras, he had twice attempted to destroy himself. Business and prosperity had produced a salutary effect on his spirits. In India, while he was occupied with great affairs, in England, while wealth and rank had still the charm of novelty, he had borne up against. He had now nothing to do, and nothing to wish for. His active spirit in an inactive situation drooped and withered like a plant in an uncongenial air. The malignity with which his enemies had pursued him, the indignity with which he had been treated by the committee, the censure, lenient as it was, which the House of Commons had pronounced, the knowledge that he was regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as a cruel and perfidious tyrant, all concurred to irritate and depress him. In the meantime his temper was tried by acute physical suffering. During his long residence in tropical climates, he had contracted several painful distempers. In order to obtain ease, he called in the help of opium; and he was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally. To the last, however, his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. It was said that he would sometimes, after sitting silent and torpid for hours, rouse himself to the discussion of some great question, would display full vigour in all the talents of the soldier and

the statesman, and then would sink back into his melancholy repose. . . . . .

. . . . . .

In his death, "the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices; and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy, as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies."

He made magnificent presents—even to Royalty. Walpole tells us, in 1767, "Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops, worth 12,000*l.*, for the Queen; a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth 20,000*l.* more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give him such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus, and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to 90,000*l.*"

FUNERAL OF NELSON.

THE *Victory*, with the remains of our greatest naval hero, arrived at Sheerness, Sunday, December 25, 1805. On the following morning, the body was placed on board the *Chatham* yacht, proceeding on her way to Greenwich. The coffin, covered with an ensign, was

placed on deck. Tuesday, she arrived at Greenwich; the body, still being in the coffin made of the wreck of *L'Orient*, was then enveloped in the colours of the *Victory*, bound round by a piece of rope, and carried by sailors, part of the crew of the *Victory*, to the Painted Hall, where preparations were made for the lying-in-state on January 5, 6, and 7, 1806.

On January 8, the first day's procession by water took place, and the remains were removed from Greenwich to Whitehall, and from thence to the Admiralty, with great pomp and solemnity. The procession of barges was nearly a mile long, and minute guns were fired during its progress.* The banner of emblems was borne by Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson's captain. The body was deposited that night in the captain's room at the Admiralty, and attended by the Rev. John Scott: it is the room to the left, as you enter the hall.

On Thursday, January 9, the procession from the Admiralty to St. Paul's moved forward about eleven o'clock in the morning; the first part consisting of cavalry regiments, regimental bands with muffled drums, Greenwich pensioners, seamen from the *Victory*, about 200 mourning coaches, 400 carriages of public officers, nobility, &c., including those of the Royal Family, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Clarence, &c., taking part in the procession. The body, upon a funeral car, was drawn by six led horses. The military force numbered nearly 8,000 men. At Temple Bar, the City officers took their place in the procession.

* The Author of the present volume, then 4 years 5 months old, has a distinct recollection of seeing this water procession, for which he was held up by a nurse, at the back window of a house, two doors from the south foot of London Bridge, which commanded a view of the river.

Upon arriving at the Cathedral, they entered by the west gate and the great west door (fronting Ludgate-street), ranging themselves according to their ranks. The seats were placed under the dome, in each arch-way, in front of the piers, and in the gallery over the choir. The seats beneath the dome took the shape of the dome, and held 3,056 persons: from the dome to the great west door, behind an iron railing, persons were allowed to stand. The body was placed on a bier, erected on a raised platform, opposite the eagle lectern. At the conclusion of the service in the choir, a procession was formed to the grave, with banners, &c. The interment being over, Garter proclaimed the style; and the comptroller, treasurer, and steward of the deceased, breaking their staves, gave the pieces to Garter, who threw them into the grave. The procession, arranged by the officers of arms, then returned.

For a few days the public were admitted by a shilling fee, and allowed to enter the inclosed spot, directly over the body, looking down about ten feet, and were gratified with a sight of the coffin in the crypt, placed upon a platform covered with black cloth. Upon this spot was subsequently erected an altar-tomb, upon which was placed the coffin, within a black marble sarcophagus, originally made by order of Cardinal Wolsey, but left unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It is surrounded with a viscount's coronet upon a cushion; on the pedestal is inscribed "Nelson." The remains and the tomb have been removed a short distance; and upon the spot has been placed the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the great Duke of Wellington.

Nelson's flag was to have been placed within his

coffin, but just as it was about to be lowered for that purpose, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord, rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived. The leaden coffin in which the remains had been brought home, was, in like manner, cut in pieces, which were distributed as "relics of *Saint Nelson*"—as the gunner of the *Victory* called them.

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S BLUNDERS.

CASTLEREAGH was the most inelegant rhetorician in the House of Commons. He possessed unquestionably very considerable power of mind. An excellent judge, himself one of the most skilful of living debaters, and who sat with Castlereagh in the House of Commons, has said that he often pursued his object in debate with striking discernment and sagacity. But, in doing this, he blundered through every conceivable confusion of metaphor. He would often hesitate, often seem confused, often express himself by some strange Irishism that became the ridicule of his opponents; but he seldom lost the thread of his argument, nor delivered a speech that was logically inconsequential.

It was a strange instance of the feebleness of rhetoric against the strength of rotten boroughs, that the Government of the country was so long represented, in the most polished assembly of Europe, by a man who could not speak in debate with the signs of education which almost any gentleman would evince in his conversation. When Lord Castlereagh said, in the House of Commons, that "he would then embark into the feature on which the proposition before him mainly hinged," there

is no wonder that Tom Moore asked what were the features of a gate? When he commenced a reply to an inquiry—if he really said as was reported—touching a resolution of the Allies at Vienna, with the words, "I and the other Sovereigns of Europe," the House must have laughed at the awkward slip which let fall the conviction, no doubt justly resting on his mind, that he had been on an equality at Vienna with every crowned head. It was the custom and delight of Sir James Mackintosh to record every inelegant phrase as it dropped from Castlereagh's mouth, in a little book which was ever in his pocket as he went down to the House. This little book, an hour or two later, was reproduced at many a Whig dinner-table. "What do you think Castlereagh has been saying just now?" Mackintosh would ask, almost before shaking hands with his host and hostess, as he drew the little book out of his pocket; and all conversation was suspended to hear the best joke of the evening. We know not what Sir James Mackintosh's literary executors did with that little book; but if they destroyed it, they have certainly incurred the penalties of a high breach of trust.

ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

In the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality* we find the following very interesting entry:—

"*June* 1837.—On Monday we were listening all day for the tolling of the bells, watching whether the guests were going to the Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. On Tuesday, at 2½ A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and

Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young Sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H. R. H. that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did: and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

"The first act of the reign was of course the summoning the Council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrange-

ments were so ill-made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young Sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else." [Sir David Wilkie has painted the scene—but with a difference.]

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE MOTTO.

VARIOUS statements have been made regarding the origin and cause of placing the motto on the pediment of the Royal Exchange, London, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"—the general impression being that it was suggested by the late Prince Consort. Mr. Tite, M.P., architect of the Exchange, thus explains the matter:—"As the work (the building of the Exchange) proceeded, his Royal Highness took much interest in the modelling and carving of the various groups, and condescended very frequently to visit the studio of the sculptor in Wilton Place. The reader may recollect that the figure of Commerce stands on an elevated block or pedestal in the centre of the group, and it became a subject of earnest consideration with Mr. Westmacott and myself in what way the plainness of this block could be relieved; for although in the original model, on a small scale, this defect did not strike the eye, yet in the execution it was very apparent. Wreaths, fasces, festoons were all tried, but the effect was unsatisfactory; and in this state of affairs Mr. Westmacott submitted the difficulty to his Royal Highness. After a little delay, Prince Albert suggested that the pedestal in question would be a very appropriate situation for a religious inscrip-

tion, which would relieve the plainness of the surface, in an artistic point of view, and at the same time have the higher merit of exhibiting the devotional feelings of the people and their recognition of a superior Power; and he particularly wished that such inscription should be in English, so as to be intelligible to all. This happy thought put an end to all difficulty; and as Dr. Milman, the learned Dean of St. Paul's, had kindly advised me in reference to the Latin inscriptions on the frieze and in the Merchants' Area, Mr. Westmacott consulted him on this subject also; and he suggested the words of the Psalmist, which were at once adopted."

LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN 1847–8.

On the north side of King Street, leading from St. James's Square, are three or four newly-built houses of handsome Italian style, which form an agreeable contrast with the plain dingy-looking edifices adjoining. The house most to the west of this short row is destined to be for future time one of the places of mark in the metropolis; for here, for some time, resided, in comparatively humble circumstances, the remarkable man who now wields in his hands the power of benefiting not merely France, but the whole of Europe. It is curious to contrast the position of Louis Napoleon at that time with the present, treated as he was with marked coldness by the English aristocracy, and abused and ridiculed by the chief of the press; there were, however, the Count d'Orsay and others who knew him well—who had faith in the man, and dared to say that

all he required was opportunity. It was when a resident in this house that the Prince was sworn in as one of the 150,000 special constables who came forward in 1848 to prevent the dreaded onslaught of the Chartist rioters.

On the outbreak of the last French revolution, Louis Napoleon left London for Paris, and addressed a letter to the Provisional Government of France to the following effect:—

"At the very moment of the victory of the people, I went to the Hotel de Ville. The duty of every good citizen is to assemble around the Provisional Government of the Republic. I consider it the first duty to be discharged, and shall be happy if my patriotism may be usefully employed.—Receive, &c.,

"Paris, Feb. 26." "Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the 28th of February he sent a second letter to the Provisional Government, as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—The people of France having destroyed by their heroism the vestiges of foreign invasion, I hasten from the land of exile to place myself under the banner of the Republic just proclaimed.

"Without any other ambition than that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotedness to the cause they represent, as well as my sympathy for their persons.

"Napoleon Louis Bonaparte."

The *Times* of that date observed: "Prince Louis Napoleon has, we believe, actually embarked for France, and landed at Boulogne, the scene of his former foolish attempt. He declares, however, that he

goes to France merely as a citizen, to tender his services to his country."

The Correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Paris, says: "All royal arms, or other emblems of royalty, are taken down or defaced; still there are people who take it into their heads that the Count de Paris or the Duke de Bordeaux have a chance! Prince Louis Napoleon's name begins to be mentioned, and I have heard one cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The progress of Louis Napoleon towards the attainment of supreme power is so well known as to need no particular allusion here. Amid the splendours of the Imperial Court—amid that excess of power which the once contemned and ridiculed exile now wields, his former lodgings in King Street, and the many associations connected with them, are, we dare say, not entirely forgotten. It is well known that when he returned to this country as an Emperor, to be greeted with an ovation at every step of his progress, while the Imperial *cortège* was passing through St. James's Street, Louis Napoleon particularly directed the attention of the Empress to the house he resided in as a *proscrit.**

THE CHARTISTS IN 1848.

THE Tenth of April 1848 is a noted day in our political calendar, from its presenting a remarkable instance of nipping in the bud apparent danger to the peace of the country, by means at once constitutional and reassuring public safety. It was on this day that

* From the *Illustrated Times*.

the Chartists, as they were called, from developing their proposed alterations in the representative system, through "the People's Charter," made in the metropolis a great demonstration of their numbers: thus hinting at the physical force which they possessed, but probably without any serious design against the public peace. On this day the Chartists met, about 25,000 in number, on Kennington Common, whence it had been intended to march in procession to the House of Commons with the Charter petition; but the authorities having intimated that the procession would be prevented by force if attempted, it was abandoned. Nevertheless, the assembling of the *quasi*-politicians from the north, by marching through the streets to the place of meeting, had an imposing effect. Great preparations were made to guard against any mischief: the shops were shut in the principal thoroughfares; bodies of horse and foot police, assisted by masses of special constables, were posted at the approaches to the Thames bridges; a large force of the regular troops was stationed out of sight in convenient spots; two regiments of the line were kept ready at Millbank Penitentiary; 1,200 infantry at Deptford, and 30 pieces of heavy field-ordnance were ready at the Tower, to be transported by hired steamers to any required point. The meeting was held, but was brought to "a ridiculous issue, by the unity and resolution of the metropolis, backed by the judicious measures of the Government, and the masterly military precautions of the Duke of Wellington."

"On our famous Tenth of April, his peculiar genius was exerted to the unspeakable advantage of peace and order. So effective were his preparations that the

most serious insurrection could have been successfully encountered, and yet every source of provocation and alarm was removed by the dispositions adopted. No military display was anywhere to be seen. The troops and the cannon were all at their posts, but neither shako nor bayonet was visible; and for all that met the eye, it might have been concluded that the peace of the metropolis was still entrusted to the keeping of its own citizens. As an instance, however, of his forecast against the worst, on this memorable occasion, it may be observed that orders were given to the commissioned officers of artillery to take the discharge of their pieces on themselves. The Duke knew that a cannon-shot too much or too little might change the aspect of the day; and he provided by these remarkable instructions, both for imperturbable forbearance as long as forbearance was best, and for unshrinking action when the moment for action came."—*Memoir; Times,* Sept. 15-16, 1852.

The Chartists' Petition was presented to the House of Commons on the above day, signed, it was stated, by 5,706,000 persons.

APSLEY HOUSE.

THIS noble mansion, at Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly —"No. 1, London," as the foreigner called it—is erected partly upon a piece of ground given by George the Second to an old soldier named Allen, whom the king recognised as having served in the battle of Dettingen. Upon this spot, Allen built a tenement in place of the apple-stall, which, by sufferance, had been kept thereon

by his wife; and before the erection of Apsley House, in 1784, this piece of ground was sold, for a considerable sum, by Allen's descendants, to Apsley, Lord Bathurst. The maternal apple-stall is shown in a print, dated 1766.

More celebrated, however, is the mansion as the town-house of Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and for the priceless testimonials which it contains to the true greatness of that illustrious man. Yet, during the unhealthy excitement, when the Reform Bill agitators clung to the wheels of the Lord Mayor's state-coach, as it rolled into the courtyard of St. James's, Apsley House was attacked by lawless brawlers, who threw stones at the very gallery in which was celebrated every year the victory which saved England and Europe! It was to protect his mansion, after the windows had been broken by the mob, that the Duke had affixed the bullet-proof iron Venetian blinds, which were not removed during his Grace's life-time: "They shall remain where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows. They only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if anyone be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him."

Lastly, on fine afternoons, the sun casts the shadow of the Duke's equestrian statue full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen, gliding spirit-like, over the front.

Remarkable Duels.

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

In the year 1818 an appeal was made to the Court of King's Bench to award this ancient mode of trial in a case of murder. The body of one Mary Ashford was found drowned, with marks of dreadful ill-treatment upon it, and Abraham Thornton was committed to take his trial for the murder. The grand jury found a true bill, but, after a long and patient trial, the petty jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." The country were much divided on the subject; and the evidence was very contradictory on the trial, especially as to time and distance. Mr. Justice Holroyd, who tried the case, was satisfied with the verdict. The poor murdered girl's relations preferred an appeal, which involved a solemn tender of trial by battle. It would be useless to dwell on the arguments used by the counsel on either side: the court divided in favour of the prisoner's claim to *trial by wager of battle*, and the challenge was formally given by throwing down a glove upon the floor of the court; but the combat did not take place, and the prisoner escaped from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred. A wretched outcast, shunned and dreaded by all who knew him, a few months after his liberation, Thornton attempted to proceed to America: the sailors of the vessel in which he was about to take his passage refused to proceed to sea with such a character

on board; but, disguising himself, he succeeded in a subsequent attempt to procure a passage, and thus relieved this country of his presence. In consequence of the above revival of this barbarous practice, a Bill was brought in by the then Attorney-general, and was passed into a law, by which Wager of Battle and all similar proceedings were abolished altogether.

Mr. Hewitt, in his able work on *Ancient Arms and Armour*, says: "In the thirteenth century we first obtain a pictorial representation of the legal duel or wager of battle—rude it is true, but curiously confirming the testimony that has come down to us of the arms and apparel of the champions,"—on one of the miscellaneous rolls in the Tower, of the time of Henry III. The combatants are Walter Blowberne and Haman le Stare, the latter being the vanquished champion, and figuring a second time undergoing the punishment incident to his defeat—that is, hanging. Both are armed with the quadrangular-bowed shield and a baton headed with a double beak; and are bareheaded, with cropped hair in conformity with an ordinance of the camp-fight. An example agreeing with this description, with the exception of the square shields appearing to be flat instead of bowed, occurs on a tile-pavement found, in 1856, within the precincts of Chertsey Abbey, Surrey.

The legal antiquaries were disappointed of the rare spectacle of a judicial duel, by the voluntary abandonment of the prosecution. A writer of the time observed: "Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a singular sight to behold the present venerable and learned judges of the Court of King's Bench clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open

air in Tothill Fields, as the umpires of a match at single stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as the ring is formed, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists." The subject, ludicrous as it seemed, was one of considerable seriousness and importance. The reflection that in the nineteenth century a human life might be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel, to have outlived the dark ages, could not be entertained without pain. In the following year, however, this barbarous absurdity was nullified by an Act (59 Geo. III. c. 46) abolishing all criminal appeals and trial by battle in all cases, both civil and criminal, and thus purifying the law of England from a blot which time and civilisation had strangely failed to wear away.

Dr. Luke Booker, of Dudley, wrote a kind of moral drama on this occasion, which he entitled *The Mysterious Murder*.

THE FIELD OF FORTY FOOTSTEPS.

In the rear of Montague House, Bloomsbury, until the present generation, the ground lay waste, and being on the edge of the great town, presented a ready arena for its idle and lawless dangerous classes. It appears to have been originally called Long Fields, and afterwards Southampton Fields. They were the

resort of depraved persons, chiefly for fighting pitched battles, especially on the Sabbath-day; such was the state of the place up to 1800.

Montague House and Gardens occupied seven acres. In the latter were encamped, in 1780, the troops stationed to quell the Gordon Riots; and a print of the period shows the ground in the rear of the mansion laid out in grass-terraces, flower-borders, lawns, and gravel-walks, where the gay world resorted on a summer's evening. The back being open to the fields extending to Lisson Grove and Paddington; north, to Primrose Hill, Chalk Farm, Hampstead, and Highgate; and east, to Battle Bridge, Islington, St. Pancras, &c.: the north side of Queen Square was left open, that it might not impede the prospect. Dr. Stukeley, many years rector of St. George's Church, in his MS. diary, 1749, describes the then rural character of Queen Square, and its neighbourhood. On the side of Montague Gardens, next Bedford Square, was a fine grove of lime-trees; and the gardens of Bedford House, which occupied the north side of the present Bloomsbury Square, reached those of Montague House. We can, therefore, understand how, a century and a half since, coachmen were regaled with the perfume of the flower-beds of the gardens belonging to the houses in Great Russell Street, which then enjoyed "wholesome and pleasant air." Russell Square was not built until 1804, although Baltimore House was erected in 1763; and it appears to have been the only erection since Strype's Survey to this period, with the exception of a chimney-sweeper's cottage, still further north, and part of which is still to be seen in Rhodes's Mews, Little Guildford-street. "In 1800, Bedford

House was demolished entirely; which, with its offices and gardens, had been the site where the noble family of the Southamptons, and the illustrious Russells, had resided during more than 200 years, almost isolated." (*Dr. Rimbault.*)

The Long Fields would seem to have been early associated with superstitious notions; for Aubrey tells us that on St. John Baptist's Day, 1694, he saw, at midnight, twenty-three young women in the parterre behind Montague House, looking for a coal, under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, "and they should dream who would be their husbands."

But there is stronger evidence of this superstition in association. A legendary story of the period of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion relates a mortal conflict here between two brothers, on account of a lady, who sat by; the combatants fought so ferociously as to destroy each other; after which, their footsteps, imprinted on the ground in the vengeful struggle, were said to remain, with the indentations produced by their advancing and receding; nor would any grass or vegetation ever grow over these *forty footsteps.* Miss Porter and her sister, upon this fiction, founded their ingenious romance, *Coming Out, or the Field of Forty Footsteps;* but they entirely depart from the local tradition. At the Tottenham Street Theatre was produced, many years since, an effective melodrama, founded upon the same incident, entitled the *Field of Forty Footsteps.*

Southey records this strange story in his *Commonplace Book* (Second Series, p. 21). After quoting a letter from a friend, recommending him to "take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to

duelling, called *The Brothers' Steps*," and describing the locality, Southey thus narrates his own visit to the spot: "We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no, nor half a mile, of Montague House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague House, and 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six; but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen, is still bare of grass. The labourer also showed us the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat." Southey adds his full confidence in the tradition of the indestructibility of the steps, even after ploughing up, and of the conclusions to be drawn from the circumstance.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 12.

Joseph Moser, in one of his *Commonplace Books*, gives this account of the *footsteps*, just previous to their being built over:—"June 16, 1800. Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw, for the last time, the *forty footsteps*; the building materials are there, ready to cover them from the sight of man. I counted more than *forty*, but they might be the footprints of the workmen."

We agree with Dr. Rimbault that this evidence establishes the period of the final demolition of the footsteps, and also confirms the legend that forty was the original number.

In the third edition of *A Book for a Rainy Day* we find this note upon the above mysterious spot:—"Of these steps there are many traditionary stories: the one generally believed is, that two brothers were in love with a lady, who would not declare a preference for either, but coolly sat down upon a bank to witness the termination of a duel, which proved fatal to both. The bank, it is said, on which she sat, and the footmarks of the brothers when passing the ground, *never produced grass again.* The fact is, that these steps were so often trodden that it was impossible for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them: they were in a field on the site of St. Martin's Chapel, or very nearly so, and *not on the spot as communicated to Miss Porter*, who has written an entertaining novel on the subject."

THE FAMOUS CHESHIRE WILL CASE.

THE Will of Dame Lady Anne Fytton, widow, introduces us to two families—the Fittons of Gawsworth, and the Gerards, their cousins. The son and heir of Lady Anne was Sir Edward Fytton, whose sister Penelope married Sir Charles Gerard. Fytton and Gerard! what a coil the men who bore these names made some years after Lady Anne was entombed at Gawsworth! Will upon will, lawsuit upon lawsuit—how fierce and foul the struggle, which began in one century with forgery, and concluded in the next with murder in Hyde Park!

They who now pass through Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street, Soho, pass over ground where the son and heir of Sir Charles Gerard, first baron of that

name, and subsequently Earl of Macclesfield, kept a gay house, surrounded by trim gardens, and a sulky French wife, whom Charles the Second forbade continuing her attendance on the Queen, because the lady let her tongue wag rudely against the Castlemaine whom Gerard himself received at his mansion. That lord, who gave up his commission of the Guards for a douceur of 12,000*l.* from the king, who wanted the dignity for Monmouth, was a fine dresser, a false friend, a talebearer against Clarendon, and altogether not a man to be esteemed. His uncle, Sir Edward Fytton of Gawsworth, had died childless, entailing (it was said) his estates on a kinsman, William Fytton, who was succeeded in the possession by his son, Alexander. To oust the latter, nineteen years after the death of Sir Edward, and thirty after the entail had been confirmed, as alleged, by a deed-poll, Gerard produced a will which would be looked for in vain in the Ecclesiastical Court at Chester. It purported to be that of Gerard's uncle, Sir Edward, duly made in the nephew's favour. Hot, fierce, anxious, was the litigation that followed. Fytton pleaded the deed-poll, but Gerard brought forward one Abraham Granger, who made oath that he had forged the name of Sir Edward to that deed under menace of mortal violence. Thereupon the judgment of the Chancellor was given in favour of Gerard, and the deed declared to be a forgery. Gerard, as soon as he heard the judgment pronounced, "rose up," says Roger North, "and went straight down to a shop in the Hall, took up his Lordship's picture, paid his shilling, and, rolling up his purchase, went off, desiring only an opportunity in a better manner to resent such an ancient piece of justice."

Then ensued the strangest part of this will story. Abraham Granger, impelled by remorse or liberal payment, or desire to escape a great penalty by acknowledging the smaller offence, appeared in court, and confessed that he had perjured himself when he swore that he had forged the name of Sir Edward. The confession, however, was unsupported, and Fytton, who was considered the responsible person, was condemned to fine, imprisonment, and pillory. But he was not a man to be kept from greatness by having suffered such degradation. Turning Romanist, he was patronised by James the Second, who made him Chancellor of Ireland and Baron Gawsworth, and who found in him a willing and unscrupulous instrument in James's Irish Parliament, and active in passing Acts of Forfeiture of Protestant property and Attainder of Protestant personages.

The family quarrel, as we have said, ended in blood. Gerard died in 1693, Earl of Macclesfield. He was succeeded by his two sons, Charles, who died childless, in 1701, and Fytton Gerald, Earl of Macclesfield, who died, without heirs, in 1702. Ten years later occurred, in Hyde Park, that savage duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, in which both adversaries were slain. Political animosities, which ran very high at this period, gave a peculiar acrimonious character to the transaction; but the main cause was — these two men, Mohun and Hamilton, were husbands of coheiresses, who were disputing possession of the old Cheshire estates of the Fyttons; and they brought to a sanguinary end the old Cheshire will case,* as will be seen in our next narration.

* Abridged from the *Athenæum*.

DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MOHUN.

On the 15th of November 1712, this most sanguinary duel was fought near Prince's Lodge, in Hyde Park. The spot was known as "the Ring," parts of which can be distinctly traced on the east of the Ranger's grounds. This memorable struggle is minutely detailed in *Transactions during the Reign of Queen Anne*, published at Edinburgh in 1790, by Charles Hamilton, a member of the illustrious house of Hamilton, who was led to take a peculiar interest in the subject.

It appears that upon the return of Lord Bolingbroke from Paris, Queen Anne was pleased to nominate the Duke of Hamilton her Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to France. Previously to his departure upon this embassy, his grace laboured to bring to issue a Chancery suit, which for some time had lain depending between Lord Mohun and him, whose respective consorts were nieces of the late Earl of Macclesfield. By appointment the two lords met on the morning of the 13th November, at the chambers of Olebar, a Master in Chancery. Upon hearing the evidence of Mr. Whitworth, formerly steward of the Macclesfield family, an old man, whose memory was much impaired by age, the Duke of Hamilton said, "There is no truth or justice in him." Lord Mohun replied, "I know Mr. Whitworth; he is an honest man, and has as much truth as your Grace." This grating retort was not noticed by the Duke. Having concluded their business, the parties separated

without any heed or apparent animosity.* Lord Mohun that night supped at the Queen's Arms Tavern, in Pall Mall, in the company of General Macartney and Colonel Churchill, both violent men, and declared partisans of the Duke of Marlborough. From the tavern Lord Mohun retired to his own house, in Marlborough Street. Early next morning, he paid a hurried visit to General Macartney and Colonel Churchill, who both occupied lodgings in the same house. Attended by these two gentlemen, his Lordship afterwards proceeded to Marlborough House, where it is but too plain that the offending party was prevailed upon to send a challenge to the party offended.

Next day, General Macartney with Lord Mohun went to the Rose Tavern: the Duke and his Lordship retired into a private room, and ordered a bottle of claret, a part of which they drank. The Duke joined some company who expected him; and the General returned to my Lord Mohun, with whom he went away.

Lord Mohun that evening again supped at the Queen's Arms in Pall Mall, with the Duke of Richmond, Sir Robert Rich, Colonel Churchill, and a stranger. About 12 at night General Macartney came in, took Lord Mohun to the Bagnio, in Long Acre, ordered a room with two beds: here the General and his Lordship slept; having desired to be called at six o'clock in the morning.

Uncommon pains were taken to keep up Lord Mohun's spirits, who seems to have had very little

* The above and all the following circumstances are extracted with fidelity from different examinations taken before the Privy Council after the Duke's cruel catastrophe, and from the trial of General Macartney in the Court of King's Bench.

inclination for the duel. Yet he was not a novice at fighting, for his Lordship had been engaged in other broils. Swift says he had twice been tried for murder. The Duke so little apprehended foul play being designed against him, that at seven o'clock on the next morning, 15th November, as he was dressing himself to repair to the place appointed, he recollected that he stood in need of a second. He despatched a footman to Colonel Hamilton, in Charing Cross, with a request that he would dress himself with expedition, as he would speedily be with him. The Duke stepped into his chariot, ordered the coachman to drive to the Colonel's lodgings, went in, and hurried him away. They drove on to Hyde Park, where the coachman stopped. The Duke ordered him to drive on to Kensington. Colonel Hamilton subsequently deposed before the Privy Council: Coming to the lodge, we saw a hackney-coach at a distance, on which his Grace said, 'There is somebody he must speak with;' but driving up to it, and seeing nobody, he asked the coachman, 'Where are the gentlemen you brought?' He answered, 'A little before.' The Duke and I got out in the bottom, and walked over the Pond's Head, when we saw Lord Mohun and General Macartney before us. After this we all jumped over the ditch into the nursery, and the Duke, turning to Macartney, told him, 'Sir, you are the cause of this, let the event be what it will.' Macartney answered, 'My lord, I had a commission for it.' Then Lord Mohun said, 'These gentlemen shall have nothing to do here;' at which Macartney replied, 'We will have our share.' Then said the Duke, 'There is my friend; he will take his share in my dance.' We all immediately drew. Ma-

cartney made a full pass at me, which passing down with great force, I wounded myself in the instep; however, I took the opportunity to close with and disarm Macartney; which being done, I turned my head, and seeing my Lord Mohun fall with the Duke upon him, I flung down both the swords, and ran to the Duke's assistance. As I was raising up my Lord Duke, I saw Macartney make a push at his Grace. I immediately looked whether he had wounded him, but perceiving no blood, I took up my sword, expecting that Macartney would attack me again,—but he walked off. Just as he was going, came up the keepers and others, to the number of nine or ten, among the rest the Duke's steward, who had brought with him a surgeon, who, on opening his Grace's breast, soon discovered a wound on the left side, which entered between the left shoulder and pap, and went slantingly down through the midriff into his belly.

"The surgeons, who afterwards opened the body, at the same time confirmed this circumstance. Let any person at all acquainted with the fencing attitudes determine whether such a wound could have been given by the opposed adversary in the act of fighting, or whether while lying transfixed, extended on his back, he could have thrust his sword into his opponent's bosom in the manner above described, particularly when it is considered that the Duke had only accidentally slipped down upon the wet grass.*

"John Reynolds, of Price's Lodge, further deposed

* Lest it should be surmised that he might have held his sword in the left hand, it should here be mentioned that in running Lord Mohun through the body his Grace had received a wound in the right arm, which evinces that the right hand was his sword hand.

that he was within 30 or 40 yards from the lords when they fell; that my Lord Mohun fell into the ditch upon his back, and the Duke of Hamilton leaning over him. That the two seconds ran into them, and immediately himself, who demanded the seconds' swords, which they gave him; but that he was forced to wrest the Duke's sword out of his hand. That he assisted in lifting up the Duke, who was lying on his face, and in supporting him while he walked about 30 yards, when he said he could walk no farther."

There is another version of this sanguinary affair in a letter from Macartney, who had fled to the Continent, written to a friend of his in town. This represents Lord Mohun striving to prevent the duel, for which purpose, on his behalf, Macartney waited upon the Duke to accommodate the matter; for which purpose also, his Grace had sent messengers in quest of Macartney. It was then proposed that the parties should meet that night at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden. Macartney and Lord Mohun went together, and there found the Duke of Hamilton alone, and (says Macartney), "his whole dress was changed from a long wig and velvet clothes I had left him in, to a riding wig and stuff coat, without either star or ribbon, only a St. Andrew's cross and an old white cloak." "You see, sir," said my Lord Duke, smiling, "that I am come *en cavalier*." "I see it, indeed, my lord," said I; "but I hope it is on some other gallant occasion, no way relating to our last discourse." His Grace replied, "No, faith 'tis for the business you know of, for *le mis prest-à-tout*." "My lord," said I, "I am come here by your Grace's commands, not without hopes that, discoursing with your Grace and your friend, things

might be better understood, and, perhaps, settled to both your satisfactions." "My friend is here," said my Lord Duke; and, going to the door, called very loudly, "Jack, come in." Immediately enters Colonel Hamilton in a red coat with gold buttons; and the Duke, presenting him to me, said, "Sir, here is the gentleman who is to entertain you." Then, turning to Colonel Hamilton, says, "Do you hear, Jack? Lord Mohun and I have an affair to decide which no one is to know of but yourself and Mr. Macartney." "With all my heart," says Colonel Hamilton; "Mr. Macartney and I know one another very well." There being wine upon the table, I drank to him Duke Hamilton's health; he pledged it, and his Grace drank to me; on which I filled another glass and said, "My lord, let me drink to a happy conclusion of this affair." "With all my heart," said the Duke.

No time of meeting was then arranged, and Macartney left the Duke and Colonel Hamilton together. Macartney declared that till Hamilton came into the room, he had not lost hopes of an accommodation; but the Duke presenting to Macartney, for an antagonist, a gentleman who had a long prejudice to him, for being made major over his head in the Scotch Greys, besides a latter difference which happened in Scotland, this unhappy rencontre made him incapable of further proposals.

Macartney thus relates the struggle: "Immediately both lords drew, and I can give little account of their action, being at the same instant engaged with Colonel Hamilton, with whom, after some parrying, I closed in; and getting his sword from him with my left hand, he caught hold of mine with his right hand just below

the hilt. 'Sir,' said I, 'struggle not, for I have your sword.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I have a grip of yours;' 'Quit it, then,' said I, 'and don't force me to run you through the back, but let's haste to save them.' I saw the lords then struggle and fall together, their ground being much changed in the action. While I was yet uttering the words I mentioned last to Colonel Hamilton, the keeper came up and found us two in this posture, standing upon our legs close struggling, his sword in my left hand, free over his right shoulder, and my sword in my right hand, he pulling at the blade with both his. One of the keepers took our two swords, and I think another ran at the same instant to the lords, crying out, 'What a deal of mischief is done here! Would to God we had come sooner! You gentlemen are such strange creatures!' As we stepped to the lords, as I think not above four yards from us, Lord Mohun was not altogether on his back, but in a manner between lying and sitting, bending forward to Duke Hamilton, of whose sword he laid a hold with his left hand. Duke Hamilton was on his knees, leaning to his left almost across Lord Mohun, and holding Lord Mohun's sword also fast with his left hand, both striving, but neither able, to disengage himself from t'other. One of the keepers, with Colonel Hamilton, first lifted the Duke, while with another I endeavoured the same service to my Lord Mohun, who immediately said to me, 'I believe I am killed, for I have several wounds in my belly.' 'Good God forbid,' said I, and turning him off his wounded side and belly, strove in vain to give him relief. I saw the Duke, supported by the colonel and another, walk some yards, but staggering, which I imputed to a

great gash I saw in his leg, which I thought had cut the sinews. I continued my care about my Lord Mohun till hopes were passed, and then sent his body home in the same coach that brought us." Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 15, 1712, says: "The Duke was helped into the Cake House by the Ring in Hyde Park, and died on the grass before he could reach the house."

This duel assumed a high political colour. The Duke was regarded as the head of the Jacobite party, and Lord Mohun a zealous Whig. The Duke's appointment as Ambassador alarmed the Whigs, on the supposition that this nobleman favoured the Pretender. Macartney disappeared, and escaped in disguise to the Continent. Colonel Hamilton declared upon oath, before the Privy Council, that when the principals engaged, he and Macartney followed their example; *that Macartney was immediately disarmed*; but the colonel, seeing the Duke *fall upon his* antagonist, threw away the swords, and ran to lift him up; that while he was employed in raising the Duke, Macartney, having taken up one of the swords, stabbed his Grace over Hamilton's shoulder, and retired immediately. A proclamation was issued, promising a reward of 500*l.* to those who should apprehend or discover Macartney; and the Duchess of Hamilton offered 300*l.* for the same purpose. The Tories exclaimed against this event as a party duel. They treated Macartney as a cowardly assassin; and affirmed that the Whigs had posted others of the same stamp all round Hyde Park to murder the Duke of Hamilton in case he had triumphed over his antagonist, and escaped the treachery of Macartney. The Whigs, on the other

hand, affirmed that it was altogether a private quarrel; that Macartney was entirely innocent of the perfidy laid to his charge; and that he afterwards submitted to a fair trial, *at which Colonel Hamilton prevaricated in giving his evidence, and was contradicted by the testimony of divers persons who saw the combat at a distance.* These details are from Smollett's Continuation of Hume's *History of England.*

Macartney surrendered, and taking his trial in the Court of King's Bench, the *deposition of Colonel Hamilton was contradicted* by two park-keepers: the General was acquitted of the murder, and found guilty of manslaughter only; was restored to his rank in the army, and gratified with the command of a regiment.

Meanwhile, General Macartney having found favour at the Court of Hanover, was afterwards employed by George I. in bringing over the 6,000 Dutch troops, at the breaking out of the Preston rebellion; soon after which, in accordance with the ribald taste of the day, the tragic duel was turned into the following

BALLAD OF DUKE HAMILTON.

"Duke Hamilton was as fine a Lord,
Fal lal de ral de re, O,
As ever Scotland could afford;
Fal lal de ral de re, O.
For personal valour few there were
Could with his Grace the Duke compare:
How he was murder'd you shall hear.
Fal lal de ral de re, O.

Lord Mohun and he fell out of late,
Fal, &c.
About some trifles of the State;
Fal, &c.

So high the words between them rose,
As very soon it turn'd to blows :
How it will end there's nobody knows.
Fal, &c.

Lord Mohun, who never man could face,
Fal, &c.
Unless in some dark and private place,
Fal, &c.
(Twice.)
He sent a challenge unto his Grace.
Fal, &c.

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,
Fal, &c.
And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes ;
Fal, &c.
Your company, sir, I must importune,
Betimes in the morning, and very soon,
To meet General M'Cartney and Lord Mohun.
Fal, &c.

The Colonel replies, I am your slave,
Fal, &c.
To follow your Grace unto the grave.
Fal, &c.
Then they took coach without delay,
And to Hyde Park by break of day—
O ! there began the bloody fray.
Fal, &c.

No sooner out of coach they light,
Fal, &c.
But Mohun and M'Cartney came in sight—
Fal, &c.
(Twice.)
O ! then began the bloody fight.
Fal, &c.

Then bespoke the brave Lord Mohun,
Fal, &c.
I think your Grace is here full soon ;
Fal, &c.

I wish your Grace would put it bye,
Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,
And loath I am this day to die.
Fal, &c.

Then bespoke the Duke his Grace,
Fal, &c.
Saying, Go find out a proper place;
Fal, &c.
My Lord, to me the challenge you sent—
To see it out is my intent,
Till my last drop of blood be spent.
Fal, &c.

Then these heroes' swords were drawn,
Fal, &c.
And so lustily they both fell on;
Fal, &c.
Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might
Unto Lord Mohun thro' his body quite,
And sent him to eternal night.
Fal, &c.

By this time his Grace had got a wound,
Fal, &c.
Then on the grass, as he sat down,
Fal, &c.
Base M'Cartney, as we find,
Cowardly, as he was inclined,
Stabb'd his Grace the Duke behind.
Fal, &c.

This done, the traitor ran away,
Fal, &c.
And was not heard of for many a day;
Fal, &c.
In Christian land, let's hear no more
Of duelling and human gore.
The story 's told—I say no more—
But fal lal de ral de re, O."

DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON AND MR. CHAWORTH.

EVERY reader of the "Life of Lord Byron" will recollect that the granduncle of the illustrious Poet, in the year 1765, took his trial in the House of Peers, for killing in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, "who was run through the body, and died next day."

Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth were neighbours in the country, and they were accustomed to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, once a month, what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting at which arose the unfortunate dispute that produced the duel, was on the 26th of January, 1765, at which were present Mr. John Hewet, who sat as chairman; the Hon. Thomas Willoughby; Frederick Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, Esqrs., and Lord Byron; William Chaworth, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, junior, Esq.; and Sir Robert Burdett; who were all the company present. The usual hour was soon after four, and the rule of the Club was to have the bill and a bottle brought in at seven. Till this hour all was jollity and good humour; but Mr. Hewet, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving game, setting the laws for that purpose out of the question, Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron were of different opinions; Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons; and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Chaworth, in confirmation of what he had said, insisted that Sir Charles

Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in reply, proposed a bet of 100 guineas, but this was not laid. Mr. Chaworth then said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care, and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate; and his Lordship asking with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr. Chaworth,—Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, Bulwell was his; on which Mr. Chaworth, with some heat, replied: "If you want information as to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction; and, as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row."

The subject was now dropped; and little was said, when Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, in doing which the master of the tavern observed him to be flurried. In a few minutes, Mr. Chaworth having paid the bill, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, whom Mr. C—— asked if he thought he had been short in what he had said; to which Mr. D—— replied, "No; he had gone rather too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more of it." Mr. Donston then returned to the club-room. Lord Byron now came out, and found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs: it is doubtful whether Lord B—— called upon Mr. C——, or Mr. C—— called upon Lord B——; but both went down to the first landing-place—having dined upon the second floor—and both called a waiter to show an empty room, which the waiter did, having first opened the door, and placed a small tallow-candle, which he

had in his hand, on the table; he then retired, when the gentlemen entered, and shut the door after them.

In a few minutes, the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain: the waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master of the catastrophe, when he ran up to the room, and found the two antagonists standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his sword in his right; Lord B——'s left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. C——'s right hand was round Lord B——'s neck, and over his shoulder. Mr. C. desired Mr. Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord B. delivered up his sword at the same moment: a surgeon was sent for, and came immediately. In the meantime, six of the company entered the room; when Mr. Chaworth said that "he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow-candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he addressed the observation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley, or to him?—to which he replied, 'if you have anything to say, we had better shut the door;' that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning he saw his Lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own sword, and made the first pass; that the sword being through my Lord's waistcoat, he thought that he had killed him; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly." When Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, arrived, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat

open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly. He inquired if he was in immediate danger, and being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle, Mr. Levinz, might be sent for. In the meantime, he stated to Mr. Hawkins, that Lord Byron and he (Mr. C——) entered the room together; that his Lordship said something of the dispute, on which he, Mr. C——, fastened the door, and turning round, perceived his Lordship with his sword either drawn or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining that he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his Lordship, and expressed his apprehension that he had mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom. Mr. Hawkins adds, that pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before,—that he had rather be in his present situation, than live under the misfortune of having killed another person.

After a little while, Mr. Chaworth seemed to grow stronger, and was removed to his own house: additional medical advice arrived, but no relief could be given him: he continued sensible till his death. Mr. Levinz, his uncle, now arrived with an attorney, to whom Mr. Chaworth gave very sensible and distinct instructions

for making his will. While this was being done, Mr. Chaworth described to his uncle the catastrophe, as he had related it to Mr. Hawkins,—lamenting his own folly in fighting in the dark, an expression that conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron; and implied no more than that by fighting with a dim light, he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordsmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his Lordship, when he was but entangled in his waistcoat; for, under that mistake he certainly was, when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body: he added to Mr. Levinz, that he died as a man of honour, and expressed satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for. The will was now executed, and the attorney, Mr. Partington, committed to writing the last words Mr. Chaworth was heard to say. This writing was handed to Mr. Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows: "Sunday morning, the 27th of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my Lord's sword was half-drawn, and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, 'By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

Lord Byron was committed to the Tower, and was tried before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April 1765. The prisoner

was brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman gaoler, who stood with it on the left hand of the prisoner, with the edge turned from him. Lord Byron's defence was reduced by him into writing, and read by the clerk. The Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron, on their honour, to be not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter; with the exception of four Peers, who found him not guilty generally. On this verdict being given, Lord Byron was called upon to say why judgment of manslaughter should not be pronounced upon him. His Lordship immediately claimed the benefit of the 1st Edward VI. cap. 12, a statute, by which, whenever a Peer was convicted of any felony for which a commoner might have Benefit of Clergy, such Peer on praying the benefit of that Act was always to be discharged without burning in the hand, or any penal consequence whatever. The claim of Lord Byron being accordingly allowed, he was forthwith discharged on payment of his fees. This singular privilege was supposed to be abrogated by the 7 & 8 Geo. IV. cap. 28, s. 6, which abolished Benefit of Clergy; but some doubt arising on the subject, it was positively put an end to by the 4 & 5 Vict. cap. 22. (*Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy.* By Mr. Serjeant Burke.)

Mr. Chaworth was the descendant of one of the oldest houses in England, a branch of which obtained an Irish peerage. His grandniece, the eventual heiress of the family, was Mary Chaworth, the object of the early unrequited love of Lord Byron, the poet. Singularly enough, there was the same degree of relationship between that nobleman and the Lord Byron who

killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and Miss Chaworth.

Lord Byron survived the above trial thirty-three years, and dying in 1798, leaving no surviving issue, the title devolved on his grandnephew, the Poet, who, in a letter, thus refers to the fatal rencontre: "As to the Lord Byron who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag-hounds, after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a 'spadassin,' and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used on that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died."

DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF YORK AND COLONEL LENOX.

In the year 1789, the Duke of York said, or was reported to have said, that Colonel Lenox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), of the Coldstream Guards, had submitted to language at D'Aubigny's Club, to which no gentleman ought to submit; and on the Colonel's requesting to be informed to what language His Royal Highness alluded, the Duke replied by ordering the Colonel to his post. After parade, the conversation was renewed in the orderly room. The Duke declined to give his authority for the alleged words at D'Aubigny's, but expressed his readiness to answer for what he had said, observing that he wished to derive no protection from his rank:

when not on duty, he wore a brown coat, and hoped that Colonel Lenox would consider him merely an officer of the regiment. To which the Colonel replied that he could not consider His Royal Highness as any other than the son of his King. Colonel Lenox then addressed a circular to the members of the Club, and failing to receive the required information, again applied to His Royal Highness to withdraw the offensive words, or afford the means of verifying them.

On a renewed refusal of explanation, a hostile message was delivered, and the parties met at Wimbledon Common; His Royal Highness attended by Lord Rawdon, and Colonel Lenox by the Earl of Winchilsea. The ground was measured at twelve paces: Lenox fired first, and the ball grazed His Royal Highness' side curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lord Rawdon then interfered, and said that he thought enough had been done. Lenox observed that His Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire; His Royal Highness had come out, upon Colonel Lenox's desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lenox pressed that the Duke should fire, which was declined, with a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchilsea then expressed his hope that the Duke of York would have no objection to say, he considered Colonel Lenox a man of honour and courage. The Duke replied that he should only say that he had come out to give Colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him: if Colonel Lenox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lenox said, he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as His Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The affair led to a prolonged discussion

among the officers of the Coldstream Guards, who at length passed a resolution that Colonel Lenox had behaved with courage, but not (under very trying circumstances) with judgment.

The Prince of Wales (George IV.), however, took up the matter with a high hand, as an insult to his family. The 4th of June, being the King's birthday, a State ball was given at St. James's Palace, which came to an abrupt conclusion, as thus described in a magazine of the period: "There was but one dance, occasioned, it is said, by the following circumstance:—Colonel Lenox, who had not danced a minuet, stood up with Lady Catherine Barnard. The Prince of Wales did not see this until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to Colonel Lenox's place in the dance, when, struck with the incongruity, he took the Princess' hand, just as she was about to be turned by Colonel Lenox, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next, and they turned the Colonel without the least particularity or exception. The Duke of Clarence, with the Princess Elizabeth, came next, and His Royal Highness followed the example of the Prince of Wales. The dance proceeded, however, and Lenox and his partner danced down. When they came to the Prince and Princess, His Royal Highness took his sister, and led her to her chair by the Queen. Her Majesty, addressing herself to the Prince of Wales, said: 'You seem heated, sir, and tired!' 'I am heated and tired, madam,' said the Prince, 'not with the dance, but with dancing in such company.' 'Then, sir,' said the Queen, 'it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball!' 'It certainly will be so,' replied the Prince, 'for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however

they may be treated by others.' Accordingly, at the end of the dance, Her Majesty and the princesses withdrew, and the ball concluded."

A person named Swift wrote a pamphlet on the affair, taking the Duke's side of the question. This occasioned another duel, in which Swift was shot in the body by Colonel Lenox. The wound, however, was not mortal, for there is another pamphlet extant, written by Swift on his own duel.

Colonel Lenox immediately after exchanged into the 35th Regiment, then quartered at Edinburgh, where he became very popular; it was suspected from his quarrel with the Duke being attributed to a lurking feeling of Jacobitism—Lenox being a left-handed descendant of the Stuart race.

"FIGHTING FITZGERALD."

THE records of Tyburn, or of Newgate, do not yield a parallel to the worthlessness of the individual who, in the last century, was infamously known as "Fighting Fitzgerald." By birth and fortune a gentleman, by profession a soldier, he possessed not a single attribute of either character: in manners offensively low and vulgar, in language vituperative; in habits a gamester and a brawler; the most noted duellist on record, yet a coward at heart—was this ferocious impostor.

In the course of his wicked life, he fought upwards of twenty duels, killing or wounding eighteen of his antagonists, and except a severe wound in the head, received in his first rencontre, never meeting with a scratch. At one period of his career, he came in collision with Captain Scawen, of the Guards. From that gentleman having

stigmatised his conduct, Fitzgerald determined to bully him into an apology, and meeting the Captain at the Cocoa-tree Tavern, he demanded in his usual swaggering manner, whether Captain Scawen had ever dared to take liberties with his name and character. "Liberties, sir!" was the response, "no *liberties* can be taken with that which is already infamous." A meeting was the consequence, the parties passing over to the Continent for the purpose, and they fought on the Austrian territory, near Tournay. Fitzgerald fired first, and his ball passed close under the Captain's chin. Scawen then prepared to fire, but Fitzgerald anticipated the intention, by firing his *second* pistol at his opponent, but declaring to have done so by *accident*!—a cold-blooded attempt at murder. Captain Scawen then refused to fire, and the duel was put an end to by the Captain apologising.

In Fitzgerald's final duel with Major Cunningham, that officer insisted upon fighting with swords, when the secret of long impunity and success was detected. The Major having passed Fitzgerald's guard, and by a powerful thrust, struck against the other's breast, the weapon snapped, striking against a *steel surface*, when Cunningham taxed his opponent with wearing armour, and he was driven off the field. After this defeat, Fitzgerald retired to his Irish property: he lived a life of violence and outrage, and closed his career of crime with the murder of two neighbouring gentlemen, for which he was tried, convicted, and executed. Twice the rope broke in the attempt to hang him; and twice he fell to the ground, supplicating for five minutes' longer life. Such was the end of "Fighting Fitzgerald."

PRIMROSE HILL.

Primrose Hill has also been the scene of several sanguinary duels, one of which took place on April 6, 1803, between Lieut.-Col. Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, in consequence of a quarrel between them in Hyde Park. They met the same evening: Capt. M.'s ball entered the right side of Col. M.'s chest, and passed through the heart. He instantly fell without uttering a word, but rolled over two or three times, as if in great agony, and groaned; being carried into Chalk Farm tavern, he expired in about five minutes. Col. Montgomery's ball went through Capt. Macnamara, entering on the right side, just above the hip: it passed through the left side, carrying part of the coat and waistcoat in with it, and taking part of his leather breeches and the hip-button away with it on the other side. Capt. Macnamara was tried for Manslaughter at the Old Bailey: he received an excellent character from Lords Hood, Nelson, Hotham and Minto, and a great number of highly respectable gentlemen: the jury pronounced a verdict of Not Guilty.

Primrose Hill has been also called Green-Berry-Hill, from the names of the three persons who were executed for the assassination of Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey, and who were said to have brought him hither after he had been murdered at Somerset House.

LORD CAMELFORD, THE DUELLIST.

The turbulent career of this eccentric peer, bruiser, and duellist, presents several strange and amusing incidents. He was the greatgrandson of the famous Governor

Pitt, who acquired most of his ample fortune in India by the purchase of "the Pitt diamond," which was sold in Europe, with great profit, to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France.

Lord Camelford was born in 1775; and in spirit and temper, when a boy, was violent and unmanageable. He was bred to the Royal Navy, and accompanied Captain Vancouver, in the ship *Discovery*, where, through his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, he was treated with necessary severity of discipline. On his return home, he challenged his captain, and meeting him in Bond Street, was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. In the public life of the metropolis, his pugnacity most strangely displayed itself. On the night of April 2, 1799, during a riot at Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Camelford savagely assaulted and wounded a gentleman, for which assault a jury of the Court of King's Bench returned a verdict against him of 500*l*. Soon after this affair he headed an attack upon four watchmen in Cavendish Square, when, after an hour's conflict, his Lordship and the other assailants were captured, and, guarded by twenty armed watchmen, were conveyed to the watch-house. In another freak of this kind, on the night of a general illumination for Peace in 1801, Lord Camelford would not suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's in New Bond Street. The mob assailed the house with a shower of stones at the windows, when his Lordship sallied out, and with a stout cudgel kept up a long conflict, until he was overpowered by numbers, and retreated in a deplorable condition. His name had now become a terror. Entering, one evening, the Prince of Wales's Coffee

House in Conduit Street, he sat down to read the newspapers. Soon after came in a conceited fop, who seated himself opposite his Lordship, and desired the waiter to bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box. He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and began to read. His Lordship glanced at him indignantly, and then continued reading. The waiter announced the fop's commands completed, when he lounged round into the box, and began to read. Lord Camelford then, mimicking the tone of the coxcomb, called for a pair of snuffers, deliberately walked to his box, snuffed out both candles, and his Lordship deliberately returned to his seat. The coxcomb, boiling with rage, roared out, "Waiter! who is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "*Lord Camelford*, sir," replied the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the fop, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, terror-struck at his own impertinence — "*Lord Camelford!* What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down the money, and stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

James and Horace Smith relate that they happened to be at the Royal Circus when "God save the King" was called for, accompanied by a cry of "Stand up!" and "Hats off!" An inebriated naval lieutenant, perceiving a gentleman in an adjoining box slow to obey the call, struck off his hat with his stick, exclaiming, "Take off your hat, sir!" The other thus assaulted proved to be, unluckily for the lieutenant, Lord Camelford. A set-to in the lobby was the consequence, where his Lordship quickly proved victorious.

"The devil is not so black as he is painted," said Mr. James Smith to his brother; "let us call upon Lord Camelford, and tell him that we were witnesses of his being assaulted." The visit was paid on the ensuing morning, at Lord Camelford's lodgings, No. 148 New Bond Street. Over the fire-place of the drawing-room were ornaments strongly expressive of the pugnacity of the peer. A long thick bludgeon lay horizontally supported on two brass hooks. Above this was placed one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons gradually arose, tapering to a horsewhip:

Thus, all below was strength, and all above was grace.

Lord Camelford received his visitors with great civility, and thanked them warmly for the call; adding that their evidence would be material, it being his intention to indict the lieutenant for an assault. "All I can say in return is this," exclaimed the peer with great cordiality, "If ever I see you engaged in a row, upon my soul I'll stand by you." Messrs. Smith expressed themselves thankful for so potent an ally.

Lord Camelford's irritable disposition, which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to his fatal catastrophe—about a fortnight after the scene at the Royal Circus. He had, for some time, been acquainted with a Mrs. Simmons, who had formerly lived under the protection of Captain Best, a friend of his Lordship. An officious person had represented to him, that Mr. Best had said to this woman something scandalous of Lord Camelford. This so incensed his Lordship, that on March 6th, 1804, meeting with Best at the Prince of Wales's Coffee House, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be

heard by all who were present, "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Captain Best replied, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Simmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." A challenge followed, and the meeting was fixed for the next morning. During the evening, the captain transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that, as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of: but this his Lordship refused to do. Captain Best then left the coffee-house. A note was soon afterwards delivered to his Lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. Information was lodged at Marlborough Street, but no steps were taken by the police to prevent the meeting, until near two o'clock the following morning, when officers were stationed at Lord Camelford's door: it was then too late.

Lord Camelford had already left his lodgings, to sleep at a tavern, so as to avoid the officers. Agreeably to an appointment made by their seconds, his Lordship and the captain met early in the morning, at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, where Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on Lord Camelford to retract the expressions he had used. To all remonstrance he replied, "Best, this is child's play—the thing must go on."

Accordingly, his Lordship and Captain Best, on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a post-chaise, in which were the two seconds. On their

arrival at the Horse and Groom, the parties dismounted, and proceeded by the path to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and took their stations at the distance of thirty paces—twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. An interval of several seconds followed, and, from the manner and attitude of Captain Best, the persons who viewed the transaction at a distance, imagined that he was asking whether his Lordship was satisfied. Best then fired, and his Lordship fell at full length. The seconds, together with the Captain, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man; you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed some men who were at work near the spot, when Captain Best and his second thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners now approached, and called to his fellow-labourers to stop them. On his arrival, Lord Camelford's second, who had been supporting him as well as he was able, ran for a surgeon, and Mr. Thompson, of Kensington, soon after came to his assistance. His Lordship then asked the man "why he had called out to stop the gentlemen, and declared that he did not wish them to be stopped; that he himself was the aggressor, that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him too." Meanwhile, a chair was procured, and his Lordship was carried to Little Holland House, where, after three days' suffering, he expired.

We have seen that Lord Camelford, in his heart, acquitted Captain Best; he acknowledged also, in confidence to his second, that he himself was in the wrong;

that Best was a man of honour; that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation was, that his Lordship entertained an idea that his antagonist was the best shot in England; and to have made an apology would have exposed his Lordship's courage to suspicion.

On the morning after his decease an inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against "Some person or persons unknown;" on which a bill of indictment was preferred against Captain Best and his friend, which was ignored by the grand jury.

A LITERARY DUEL.

It was at the period when *Fraser's Magazine* was in the zenith of its popularity, that its publisher got involved in two unpleasant results—a horse-whipping and a duel. The Hon. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's narrative states that a lady conceived the idea of asking for his assistance, though she knew him only by repute, in a delicate difficulty, in which none of her own friends were able to assist her; and we learn that he did take up her quarrel, upon excellent grounds, and with very immediate and considerable effect. The culprit in the case was the well-known Dr. Maginn, who, having the lady in his power, from his then influence as a literary critic, was pressing upon her, as the price of averting his hostility, a dishonourable compliance with desires which were at once base and mercenary. Mr. Berkeley boasts that he succeeded in taking Dr. Maginn's intended prey out of his paws, though he was afterwards

warned by Lady Blessington, who was subsequently made cognizant of the circumstances, that Maginn would watch for an opportunity of having his revenge. The opportunity which came was the publication, some time afterwards, of a novel by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, which Dr. Maginn took the opportunity of criticizing in *Fraser's Magazine*, not, however, with a fair criticism, but with a malignant insinuation against Lady Euston (the present Dowager-Duchess of Grafton, and the cousin of the author), to whom he had very naturally dedicated the work. It would have been reasonable that any man, at whose lady relative a scandalous insult was thus pointed, should feel a little tingling of the blood in consequence; and accordingly Mr. Grantley Berkeley, accompanied by his brother Craven, and armed with a stout horsewhip, waited on Mr. Fraser, the publisher of the magazine, to demand the name and address of the author of the article in question. The author was Dr. Maginn, but, as Mr. Fraser declined to name him, Mr. Berkeley assumed that he might hold Mr. Fraser himself responsible, and thereupon he hauled him out by the collar, and administered a most severe chastisement. For the moment the assault was treated as a police case, but it was soon converted into the subject of a civil action; and in the meantime Dr. Maginn, though with no exceeding alacrity, threw himself in the way of Mr. Berkeley, and arrangements were made for a hostile meeting.

In the duel which thereupon took place, neither combatant fought with his own pistols; though both of them fought with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's choice gunpowder, to his own extreme disgust. They fired three

shots at each other, Mr. Berkeley aiming at his antagonist's legs, but only succeeding in hitting the heel of his boot and the hinge of his own brother Henry's pistol-case on which it rested. We remember hearing at the time that the latter, who had followed his brother on horseback to the field, and was looking on from behind the nearest hedge, was by no means gratified by this damage to his property, and that *his* disgust at this incident was almost the only sentiment he expressed upon this occasion. At all events, no further damage was done in the encounter, except what appears to have been the dispersion of some cotton wadding, under Dr. Maginn's shirt-front, by the third and last shot from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's pistol. Mr. Fraser was Dr. Maginn's second, and Major Fancourt was that of Mr. Berkeley. Subsequent to this a counter-action for libel was brought by Mr. Berkeley against Mr. Fraser in the Exchequer, but the litigation on both sides was compromised by the simple payment of Mr. Fraser's doctor's bill. Mr. Henry Berkeley subsequently had a correspondence with Dr. Maginn on another occasion, when he again assailed the honour of the Berkeley family, in which, metaphorically, the wadding flew out of the Doctor a second time; while the public result of the whole, according to the opinion of the author and principal in the business, and, indeed, in that also of some other more reasonable people, was to the effect that 'it put a wholesome restraint upon the herd of libellers who, in the *Age* and *Satirist* newspapers, and *Fraser's Magazine*, had for years been recklessly trading upon scandals affecting families of distinction.'—*Times' Review.*

A TERRIBLE DUEL.

In the reign of James I., when Duelling rose to a fearful height, the following conflict occurred between the Duke of B. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The Duke challenged the Lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning; time, five o'clock; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats trimmed with gold and silver lace—the Duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the Lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords; according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the Duke missed, but Lord B. hit his Grace near the thumb; at the second fire, the Duke hit the Lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell; but, supporting himself with his sword hand, he sprung back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation; but the Duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout—angrily ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying they came to a "close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open." Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other the smallest advantage, yet each

struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.'s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The Lord was then wounded in the sword arm; but bearing back, and before the Duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the Lord unguarded; and, with the sword through him, the Duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy's sword, the Lord was in his turn run through —one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered; again without success; when the Lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and, in falling, drew his sword out of the Duke's wound. "Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and, falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the midst." The Duke then took his own sword, broke it, and, sinking on the dead body of his antagonist, sighed deeply, turned once, and died: the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies, and the dank grass.*

* Abridged from Chambers's *Book of Days*.

Notorious Highwaymen.

HEROES OF THE ROAD.

In that curious record, Narcissus Luttrell's *Diary*, we find some fearful pictures of the crimes of the people, and the work of the public executioner—the institution which, since the days of Hubert de Burgh, had made Tyburn memorable ground. There was no official in the kingdom so actively employed in Luttrell's days as the finisher of the law. Every month the Old Bailey judges turned over to him a crowd of wretches, who were not necessarily of the lowest classes, to be hung, burnt in the hand, branded on the cheek, or to be whipped. Occasionally, the judges gave this busy functionary a woman to burn alive, for clipping the King's coin,—a crime in which parsons, baronets, bankers, barristers, and beggars dabbled, in spite of the inevitable penalty of hanging for male clippers, and of burning alive for females. A gang of gentlemen clippers, dissatisfied with the condition of the law, as it regarded them and their offences, passed over to Flanders and commenced clipping the Spanish King's coin. Whereupon they were caught, and the chief of them were, according to our diarist, "boyld to death," or, as he elsewhere describes it, "scalded alive."

Awful as were the executioner and his work, the criminal delighted to exhibit his contempt for him. "A highwayman (1690) lately condemned at the Sessions, was going to be tied up by the hangman according to

custom, but he knock't down the hangman in the face of the court, and made very indecent reflections on the court." Nay, at the very gallows, we witnessed this incident:—"The same day, six persons were executed at Tyburn; some of them behaved themselves very impudently, calling for sack, and drank King James's health, and affronted the ordinary at the gallows, and refused his assistance; and bid the people return to their obedience, and send for King James back." While thieves and murderers at the gallows thus had their own way, except in one trifle—that of hanging—the streets were at the mercy of those not yet captured. "Most part of this winter (1690-91) have been so many burglaries committed in this town and the adjacent parts of it, and robberies of persons in the evening, as they walk't the streets, of their hats, periwigs, cloaks, swords, &c. &c., as was never known in the memory of any man living." If an honest man called a hackney-coach, to ride home, he was anything but secure from being strangled. These vehicles were hired as being convenient for assassinations. Clinch, the physician, was made away with in one of them; and when the government resolved to put the hackney-coach system under the regulation of commissioners, the coachmen and their wives raised a riot. The first found their bloody privileges annihilated, and the ladies were horrified at the prospective loss of booty.

It was especially the murderers who were the jolliest at Tyburn. We read of one Paynes, who "had killed five or six persons in a short time" (1694), and he "kickt the ordinary out of the cart at Tyburn, and pulled off his shoes, saying, hee'd contradict the old proverb, and not dye in them." Kicked the ordi-

nary out of the cart! We should feel indescribable regret at this insult on the reverend gentleman, were it not for the circumstance that he probably deserved it. The Newgate ordinary in those days was not much, if at all, better than his flock. It was no uncommon thing for a score of highwaymen together to be in Newgate, and they oftener drank than prayed with the ordinary, who preferred punch, as Fielding says, in his *Jonathan Wild*, the rather that there is nothing said against that liquor in Scripture! Nothing escaped the hands of the highwaymen,—they even stole "the King's pistolls during his stay at Petworth, in Sussex" (1692). If any class was more active than the thieves, it was that of the French privateers,—one vessel of which roving species "came up the river (1693), intending to have seized the yacht that carried the money down to pay the fleet, but was taken, and she is now before Whitehall."

It was a narrow escape! But no privateer, no ordinary or extraordinary highwayman, equalled in the pursuit of his peculiar industry the busy individual who (April 27, 1692), "was this day convicted at Session-house, for sacrilege, rape, burglary, murder, and robbing on the highway; all committed in twelve hours' time." The father of iniquity himself could hardly have surpassed this worthy son; whose dexterity and rapid style of performance appear to have saved his neck, for Mr. Luttrell does not record his execution. Not that very severe punishments were not often inflicted,—as in an entry for "Tuesday, 4th July" (1693), which tells us that "one Cockburne, a nonjuring person, is *banished Scotland for ever*."

These details may appear insignificant, but they are not so, in so far as they intimate much of the quality and contents of Luttrell's *Brief Relation*,—scarcely a page of which is without its crimes and criminals. They reflect, too, with truthful gloominess the aspect of the times, and we will not leave them without adverting to a very celebrated personage, whose name is sometimes taken to be a myth, though his office is acknowledged to be a terrible reality. Under the head of January 1685-6, we find it recorded that "Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the Sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell, and is turned out of his place, and one Rose, a butcher, put in." This was ruin for John, and as good as an estate for the butcher. But some men provoke fortune to desert them, and Rose was one of such men. In the May of the year above named, we read that "five men of those condemned at the Sessions were executed at Tyburn: one of them was one Pascha Rose, the new hangman, so that now Ketch is restored to his place." *

Under the reign of Queen Anne, too, we read that a certain scoundrel named Harris, though one of the Queen's guard, was also a noted highwayman, at the head of a gang, and after much practice was brought very near Tyburn; "but," says Luttrell, "'tis said William Penn, who obtained the Queen's pardon for Harris, condemned for robbing on the highway, has also got a commission for him to be lieutenant of the militia in Pennsylvania, to which plantation he is to be transported." Nor was Harris's vocation ungentlemanly, since gentlemen took to it, and were caught at it, as we find by an entry in Luttrell's diary to the

* From a paper in the *Athenæum* on Luttrell's work.

effect that, "Saturday, Sir Charles Burtern, barrt., was committed for robbery on the highway, near St. Alban's."

CLAUDE DUVAL

Was a famous highwayman of the 17th century, who made Holloway, between Islington and Highgate, frequently the scene of his predatory exploits. In Lower Holloway he was long kept in memory by *Duval's Lane*, which, strangely enough, was previously called Devil's Lane, and more anciently Tolentone Lane.

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, tells us that Claude Duval "took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang," and that it is related "how, at the head of his troop, he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath." Mr. Frith has made this celebrated exploit the subject of one of his wonderful pictures, which has been engraved.

Duval's career was cut short: he was arrested at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos Street, Covent Garden, and was executed at Tyburn, January 21, 1669, in the twenty-seventh year of his age; and, after *lying in state* at the Tangier Tavern, St. Giles's, was buried in the middle aisle of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden; his funeral was attended with flambeaux, and a numerous train of mourners, "to the great grief of the women." Within memory, Duval's Lane was so infested with highwaymen, that few persons would venture to peep into it, even in mid-day; in 1831 it was lighted with gas.

JEMMY WHITNEY, THE HANDSOME HIGHWAYMAN.

This hero of his day (1692), while jauntily airing himself in Bishopsgate Street, was attacked by the police officials, one of whom he traversed with "a bagonet," during a fight which the intrepid scoundrel sustained for an hour against the officers and a mob. Subsequently, most of his gang were captured, —and among them were a livery stable-keeper, a goldsmith, and a man-milliner! The last must have been an ambitious fellow, for "taking to the road" was looked upon as rather a dignified pursuit; and no less a person than "Captain Blood, the son of him that stole the crown," was said at this very period to be keeping up his gentility by stopping his Majesty's mails. Whitney, popular as he was, had nothing of the Macheath in him. He was no sooner in irons than he "offers to discover his accomplices, and those that give notice where and when money is conveyed on the road in coaches and waggons, if he may have his pardon." He is compelled, however, to stand to his indictments; and though he is found guilty only on three out of five, as the penalty is death, the difference to him is not material. He is confidently said to have "broke" Newgate, but with "forty pounds weight of iron on his legs." "He had his taylor," says Mr. Luttrell, "make him a rich embroidered suit, with perug and hat, worth 100*l.*; but the keeper refused to let him wear them, because they would disguise him from being known." After conviction he again offered to "peach," and plots having been favourable to villains in times past, "'tis said he has been examined on a design to kill the King."

Then we hear of him addressing letters to the heads of Government; and the rascal enters so circumstantially into a conspiracy to slay the King in Windsor Forest, that a reprieve reaches him, to enable him to reveal everything. He is even carried in a sedan to Whitehall! The wary fellow, however, stipulates that he should have a free pardon before he "makes his discovery." The high contracting parties cannot agree, and Whitney is made to oscillate between the gaol and the gibbet. He is carried to Tyburn, and brought back with the rope round his handsome neck. He will, nevertheless, tell nothing but under previous full pardon. A warrant is then issued to hang him "at the Maypole in the Strand." This, however, is not done; but finally, the Government being convinced that he has nothing to reveal, give him up to justice; and Mr. Luttrell compliments him by noticing him under his Bagshot brevet-captaincy; and tells us that "Yesterday (Wednesday, 1st of February, 1693), being the 1st instant, captn James Whitney, highwayman, was executed at Porter's Block, near Cow Crosse, in Smithfield; he seemed to dye very penitent; was an hour and a halfe in the cart before turn'd off."—From the *Athenæum* paper on Luttrell's *Diary*.

DICK TURPIN.

THE great feat of Turpin's life was his ride from London to York in twelve hours, mounted on his bonny Black Bess, as told in the story-books, and made by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth the startling episode of his popular novel of *Rookwood*. This is all very ingenious; but it is doubted whether Turpin ever

performed the journey at all. Lord Macaulay had no faith in the story. He was dining one day at the Marquis of Lansdowne's; the subject of Turpin's ride was started, and the old story of the marvellous feat, as generally told, was alluded to, when Macaulay astonished the company by assuring them that the entire tale from beginning to end was false; that it was founded on a tradition at least 300 years old; that, like the same anecdote fathered on different men in succeeding generations, it was only told of Turpin because he succeeded the original hero in the public taste; and that, if any of the company chose to go with him to his library, he would prove to them the truth of what he had stated in "black and white,"—a favourite phrase with Lord Macaulay.*

Turpin was long the terror of the North Road. Upon a verdant plot of ground, opposite the Green Man, Finchley, on the road to Barnet, was a large oak, which had weathered some centuries, and was known as "Turpin's Oak," from the notorious Dick having often taken up his station behind this tree when he was intent upon a freebooting excursion. Its closeness to the high road rendered it a very desirable reconnoitring spot for Turpin, as well as for highwaymen generally, who a century and a quarter ago were continually robbing the mails, as well as commercial travellers (bagmen) proceeding to and fro between London and the north of England. From time to time were taken out of the bark of this oak pistol-balls which had been discharged at the trunk to deter highwaymen, should any have been at hand, from attacking the parties travelling. Mr. Nuthall, the solicitor, was upon one

* J. C. Hotten, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. ix.

occasion stopped in his carriage by two highwaymen, who came from behind this oak, as he was proceeding to his country-house at Monken-Hadley; when Mr. N., being armed with pistols, wounded one of the thieves so severely, that he died of the effects.

Many years after the above encounter, as Mr. Nuthall was returning from Bath to the metropolis, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath; who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr. Nuthall returned the fire, and, it was thought, wounded the man, as he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn, Mr. N. wrote a description of the fellow to Sir John Fielding, but had scarcely finished the letter when he expired.

Turpin was a gay gallant: Mrs. Fountain, a celebrated beauty of her day, and nearly related to Dean Fountain, was once saluted by Turpin in Marylebone Gardens. "Be not alarmed, madame," said the highwayman; "you can now boast of having been kissed by Turpin;" and the hero of the road walked off unmolested. Turpin was hanged at York in 1739.

M'LEAN, THE FASHIONABLE HIGHWAYMAN,

FIGURED in the first half of the last century, and is portrayed by Horace Walpole with exquisite humour. He was robbed by M'Lean, in the winter of 1749, of which Walpole gives this account: "One night in the beginning of November 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten o'clock, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one

of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head." (*Short Notes.*) One of these highwaymen was M'Lean. He also robbed Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss.

M'Lean's history is very particular; for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero that he cries and begs, and, Walpole believes, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother was a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. M'Lean himself was a grocer in Welbeck Street, but losing a wife that he loved extremely, and by whom he had one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary.

M'Lean was taken in the autumn of 1750, by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker in Monmouth Street, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. M'Lean impeached his companion, Plunket, but he was not taken. The former had a lodging in St. James's Street over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces were as well known about St. James's as any gentleman who lived in that quarter, and who perhaps went on the road too.

M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney Bowling-green, two months before he was taken, with an officer, whom he

had challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he had just received. Walpole says: "If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There were a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss, found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, I wish him no ill. I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day; his aunt was crying over him. As soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's: 'My dear, what did the Lords say to you? Have you ever been concerned with any one of them?'—Was it not admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better? But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over the fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe; I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

'Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around.'"

To this Mr. Cunningham adds: Gray has made M'Lean immortal in his *Long Story*:—

A sudden fit of ague shook him;
He stood as mute as poor M'Lean.

See also Soame Jenyns in his poem of *The Modern Fine Lady*, written this year:—

She weeps if but a handsome thief is hung.

To which he appends this note: "Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one M'Lean, condemned for robbery on the highway."

Walpole, in his next letter, dated Sept. 1, writes: "My friend M'Lean is still the fashion; have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?" Next, on Sept. 20: "M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub Street ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake."

M'Lean was hung at Tyburn; shortly after Walpole writes, Oct. 18: "Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my friend M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are produced of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths, set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."

Mr. John Taylor, long connected with the *Sun* newspaper, describes M'Lean as a tall, showy, good-looking man, and a frequent visitor at Button's coffee-house, on the west side of Russell Street, Covent Garden.*

A Mr. Donaldson told Taylor that, observing M'Lean paid particular attention to the barmaid of the coffee-house, the daughter of the landlord, gave a hint to the

* Button's subsequently became a private house, and Mrs. Inchbald lodged there.

father of M'Lean's dubious character. The father cautioned his daughter against the highwayman's addresses, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard; she as imprudently told M'Lean. The next time Donaldson visited the coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, M'Lean entered, and in a loud tone said, "Mr. Donaldson, I wish to *spake* to you in a private room." Mr. D. being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said, in answer, that as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. "Very well," said M'Lean, as he left the room, "we shall meet again." A day or two after, as Mr. Donaldson was walking near Richmond, in the evening, he saw M'Lean on horseback; but, fortunately, at that moment, a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when M'Lean immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as he could. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that M'Lean would have shot Mr. Donaldson immediately.

METROPOLITAN HIGHWAYMEN.

THE highwayman was, in thieves' slang, called the Toby-man, who, issuing forth from the purlieus of Chick Lane, or Hatton Wall, in the guise of a well-mounted cavalier, armed with pistols and *couteau de chasse*, gallantly spurring his flashy bit of blood up Holborn Hill, on his route to Hounslow, with his half-cast military style and degagé air, would give the town,

and especially the female portion of it, assurance of an accomplished and amiable cut-throat; and who, for a time, took the air in this ostensible way with as much impunity as nonchalance. He knew his term, and could reckon when he would be wanted, for there were watching him those who understood the crime-market better than to put him up before he was worth his price. Blood-money * was the tenure of his prolonged career: he had his day, and made the most of it; and if, through a vista of dashing exploits, not ungraced by the smiles of the fair, perhaps including some passages of gallantry and tenderness at Ranelagh, and other resorts of fashion, he caught ever and anon uncomfortable glimpses of the gibbet, still he got inured to the anticipation, and he had in reserve the final glory of "dying game." And, when his time was up, it still was something to be escorted to Newgate with as much state as a nobleman committed for high treason; and at his trial to recognise from the dock many a member of the Clubs, and fair frequenters of the assemblies with whom he had gambled or gallanted during the time which he carried it with a high hand, in spite of something stronger than a slight suspicion. At length, ripe and sentenced, covered with profession and honours, his last ride up Holborn resembled, indeed, a triumph rather than aught disgraceful, or of a penitential character. The knight of *roads*, apparelled in his best and gayest, and wearing with jaunty gallantry the favours and farewell tokens of more than one languishing and

* The division of the reward allowed for the capture of a noted criminal was frequently arranged at a "Blood-feast." In Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness," one of the scenes is a place significantly distinguished as "The Blood Bowl House," Chick Lane.

love-sick fair, would defy, in appearance at least, the heavy tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, and the lugubrious address of the sexton as he passed the churchyard. Proceeding with undaunted air, the hero of a general holiday, he would quaff St. Giles's bowl by the way, and, arriving at Tyburn-tree, and having made his speech and final bow, he would kick off his shoes, and submit to be turned off with the grace of a courtier. Thus died the hero of the High Toby, destined to be celebrated by St. Giles's minstrelsy, and to furnish the theme of many a stirring relation, when weary turnkeys and thief-takers would sip their purl round the fire at night, in Newgate lobby, and talk of the good old times.

One of the most notorious heroes of the road was John Rann, "Sixteen-string Jack," who was executed at Tyburn, Nov. 30, 1774, for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia, in Gannesbury Lane. Rann was a smart fellow, and a great favourite with a certain description of ladies; he had been coachman to the Earl of Sandwich, when his Lordship resided in the south-east corner-house of Bedford Row. It was pretty generally reported that the *sixteen strings* worn by this freebooter at his knees were in allusion to the number of times he had been tried and acquitted. However, he was caught at last; and J. T. Smith records his being led, when a boy, by his father's playfellow, Joseph Nollekens, to the end of John Street, to see the notorious terror of the King's highway, Rann, on his way to execution. The malefactor's coat was a bright pea-green; he had an immense nosegay, which he had received from the hand of one of the frail sisterhood, whose practice it was in those days to present

flowers to their favourites from the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, as the last token of what they called their attachment to the condemned, whose worldly accounts were generally brought to a close at Tyburn, in consequence of their associating with abandoned characters. Such is Mr. Smith's account of the procession of the hero to Tyburn; and Nollekens assured Smith had his father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welsch, been high-constable, they could have walked all the way to Tyburn by the side of the cart.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley recounts the circumstances under which Lord Berkeley shot a highwayman who stopped him in 1774-5, and the recital of which he heard from Lord Berkeley himself, this being very different from the description in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and that published in the memoirs of Mr. Berkeley's aunt, the Margravine of Anspach. Mr. Berkeley hints further that no less a person than the Lord Bishop Twysden of Raphoe was given to these marauding enjoyments some twenty years previously to the attack on his father, and that he was the Bishop who was shot through the body on Hounslow Heath, and for whom the inquiry was gently made in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—"Was this the Bishop who was taken *ill* on Hounslow Heath and carried back to his friend's house, where he died of an inflammation of the bowels?" This episcopal highwayman was the father of the celebrated Lady Jersey, notorious for her friendship with the Prince of Wales.*

Mr. Grantley Berkeley, in his *Life and Recollections*, tells a story of one Hawkes, commonly called "The Flying Highwayman," who, in the disguise of

* *Times'* review.

a Quaker, at an inn, observed the movements of an unsuspicious traveller, and the places on his person where he disposed his valuables, &c.; and who actually, while this person's back was turned, removed the priming from his pistols, and then at their next rencontre plundered him conveniently and pleasantly of everything. It appears that the highwayman himself was captured shortly afterwards at a country inn by two adroit Bow Street runners, who were themselves disguised as clod-hoppers, and the manner in which they surprised him makes a very telling story in Mr. Berkeley's interesting work. There is a very curious supplement to the above interesting narrative in the statement that the eccentric Lord Coleraine paid a visit to "The Flying Highwayman" when in Newgate, and offered him a handsome price for his horse. The high-minded Hawkes responded warmly, "Sir, I am as much obliged to you for your proposal as for your visit. But," he added, in a tone and with a manner which implied his increasing confidence, "the mare won't suit you, perhaps, if you want her for the *road*. It is not every man that can get her up to a carriage!" Lord Coleraine was so pleased with this little trait of professional sympathy that he advanced him 50*l.* to effect his escape, but in this the highwayman failed; so he honourably returned the money as of no use, and submitted to his fate.

A century ago, hanging was a punishment of daily occurrence, and appears to have been looked upon as one of the most natural occurrences in the world; yet highway robbery increased frightfully. Whole columns in small print appear in the newspapers in the month of March, signed by Fielding as head of the police (the brother of the novelist), and containing a long list

of robberies in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, with descriptions of the perpetrators, and offers of reward for their apprehension; while Blackheath and its neighbourhood had become so dangerous that the inhabitants of Greenwich and the adjoining parishes found it necessary to enter into an association, and to contribute to a fund out of which they offered so much a head, on a graduated scale, for mounted highwaymen, footpads, housebreakers, &c., taken alive or dead.

Sir John Fielding, the magistrate just named, in his *Description of London and Westminster*, in 1775, says: "Robberies on the highway in the neighbourhood of London are not very uncommon; these are usually committed early in the morning or in the dusk of the evening; and, as the times are known, the danger may be, for the most part, avoided. But the highwaymen here are civil, compared to those of other countries, do not often use you with ill manners, have been frequently known to return papers and curiosities with much politeness, and never commit murder unless they are hotly pursued, and find it difficult to escape.

"There are harboured in London a considerable gang of rogues, who for ingenuity and dexterity exceed all in the world of their fraternity. These are the pickpockets of the place, who have made their occupation a science, of which they are exquisite professors. They look upon themselves as a sort of incorporated body, and seem to have a regular correspondence among themselves. For, as many of these are always under confinement in the public prison, there is scarce anything of extraordinary value lost, but what may, upon proper application to them, be effectually recovered in a short time. The way to avoid injury

from this industrious fraternity is to avoid crowds, to leave your watch at home, and to carry no more money in your pocket than will barely serve for the purpose of the day."

Travelling on the New Road after nightfall seems formerly to have been attended with some risk, as will appear from such notices as the following appended to the Sadler's Wells advertisements and bills of the performances:—"A horse-patrole will be sent in the New Road at night, for the protection of the nobility and gentry who go from the squares and that end of the town: the road also towards the City will be properly guarded." "June, 1783.—Patroles, horse and foot, are stationed from Sadler's Wells Gate, along the New Road to Tottenham Court Turnpike, &c., between the hours of eight and eleven."

In 1746, robberies were so frequent, and the thieves so desperate, that the proprietor of Marylebone Gardens was obliged to have a guard of soldiers to protect the company to and from London, half a mile distance. In 1794, when Mr. Lowe was lessee of Marylebone Gardens, he offered a reward of ten guineas for the apprehension of any highwayman found on the road to the Gardens.

Even in the town itself, highwaymen pursued their game. Mr. Cunningham tells us that "the iron bars of the two ends of Lansdowne Passage (a near cut from Curzon Street to Hay Hill) were put up late in the last century, in consequence of a mounted highwayman, who had committed a robbery in Piccadilly, having escaped from his pursuers through this narrow passage by riding his horse up the steps. This anecdote was told by the late Thomas Grenville to Sir

Frankland Lewis. It occurred while George Grenville was minister, the robber passing his residence in Bolton Street, full gallop." (*Handbook of London*, 2nd ed. p. 281.)

Horace Walpole relates that late in September 1750, as he was sitting in his own dining-room, on a Sunday night, in Arlington Street, the clock had not struck eleven, when he heard a loud cry of "Stop thief!" A highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within 50 yards of Walpole's house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped.

In 1786—a period when robberies in capitals appear to have been a sort of fashion—on January 7, half an hour after eight, *the mail from France was robbed in Pall Mall*—yes, in the great thoroughfare of London, and within call of the guard at the palace. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut, and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise itself. About Strawberry Hill highway robberies were very frequent; the parson and his wife and servant were stopped by footpads, just by Walpole's gate, and were not so fortunate as the lady, who, in going to a party at a neighbour's, was robbed of her purse—of *bad money*, which she always carried in anticipation of being plundered; Walpole, her companion in the chaise, lost his purse of nine guineas.

Near a century earlier a strange robbery was committed in Pall Mall. Dr. Sydenham, the celebrated physician, lived in this street from 1658 until 1689, when he died. Mr. Fox told Mr. Rogers that Sydenham was sitting in his window, looking on the Mall, with a pipe in his mouth, and a silver tankard before

him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard, and ran off with it. Nor was he overtaken, said Fox, before he got among the bushes in Bond Street, and there they lost him.

The great western road into London, crossing the stream at Knightsbridge, was often nearly impassable from its depth of mud. Wyat's men, in his rebellion of 1554, having crossed the Thames at Kingston, entered London by this approach, and were called "draggletails," from the wretched plight they were in. The badness of the road delayed their march so much that it materially helped their discomfiture. It was no better in 1736, when Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington, complained that "the road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud." Added to this was the danger from highwaymen and footpads. "Even so late as 1799," writes Mr. Davis, "it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington; and it is within the memory of many when pedestrians walked to and from Kensington in bands sufficient to ensure mutual protection, starting at known intervals, of which a bell gave due warning."* But since 1830 all has changed. However, it is not ten years since the hawthorn hedges finally disappeared at the Gore, and the blackbird and starling were heard. Snipe and woodcocks are said to have been shot at Knightsbridge within the memory of man. And we find Mrs. Anne Pitt,

* *Memorials of Knightsbridge.*

sister of Lord Chatham, abandoning her house at Knightsbridge, through its being desolate, lonely, and unsafe.

In the Kensington register of burials there is an entry telling of their terrible condition: "29th November 1687. Thomas Ridge, of Portsmouth, who was killed by thieves, almost at Knightsbridge." And Lady Cowper, in her diary, October 1715, writes: "I was at Kensington, where I intended to stay as long as the camp was in Hyde Park, *the roads being so secure by it*, that we might come from London at *any time in the night without danger*, which I did very often." Sixteen years before this (1699), Evelyn, in his diary, complains of robberies here even while coaches and travellers were passing.

That the innkeepers connived at this state of things we have evidence in the Memoirs of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who, having quarrelled with the Earl of Rochester, the wit, they agreed to fight on horseback, a way in England a little unusual, but Rochester chose it. "Accordingly," says the Duke, "I and my second lay by the night before at Knightsbridge privately, to avoid the being secured at London upon any suspicion; which yet we found ourselves more in danger of there, because we had all the appearance of highwaymen, that had a mind to be skulking in an old inn for one night; but this, I suppose, the people of the house *were used to*, and so *took no notice of us, but liked us the better*." And, in the *Rehearsal*, we have this allusion to the innkeepers' habits and characters: "Smith: But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in *Knightsbridge?—Bayes*: In

Knights-*Bridge* stay.—*Johnson*: No, not if *the inn-keepers be his friends.*"

The audacity of the footpads on this road is attested by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1740, recording that "the Bristol mail from London was robbed a little beyond Knightsbridge by *a man on foot*, who took the Bath and Bristol bags, and, *mounting the post-boy's horse*, rode off towards London." On the 1st of July 1774, William Hawke was executed for a high-way robbery here; and two men were executed on the 30th of the ensuing November for a similar offence. In the same year, December 27, Mr. Jackson, of the Court of Requests at Westminster, was attacked at Kensington Gore by four footpads: he shot one dead, and the others decamped. Even so late as 1799, it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington.

"The Half-way House," an inn midway between Knightsbridge and Kensington, had long been a place of ill-repute; in the autumn of 1846 it was taken down, at an expense of 3,500*l.*, besides the purchase of the fee; near the site is the Prince of Wales's Gate, Hyde Park. We find this place referred to in the trial of a highwayman, who was sentenced to death for a robbery in 1752. The principal witness deposed: "The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did, on the 3rd of June, about half-an-hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House, between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near

the house, the prisoner came to us on foot, and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol-tinderbox to the chaise, and said: 'Your money, directly; you must not stay—this minute, your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand, and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard; he said, 'Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand; as soon as he had taken it, I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off; he staggered back, and held up his hands, and said, 'Oh Lord! Oh Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise; he ran away; and I after him, about 600 or 700 yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow on the back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off, and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise; then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon; and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London.—*Question by the Prisoner*: Ask him how he lives.—*Norton*: I keep a shop in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief." The post-boy stated on the trial that he had told Norton, if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood.

Mr. Walker, the police magistrate, writing some 30 years ago (1835), gives this picture of the security of persons in the metropolis; although the general impression is the reverse. "Considering the enormous, and in many parts demoralised, population of London, it is quite marvellous there should be so little personal in-

security. I have been in the habit for many years of going about all parts of town and the environs, at all hours, without any precaution, and I never experienced on any occasion the slightest molestation; and I scarcely ever met in society anyone whose actual experience was different.* It was not so formerly, as the following instances will serve to show. At Kennington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings a bell used to be rung at intervals, to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled, sufficiently numerous to insure mutual protection, it set off; and so on till all had passed. George IV. and the late Duke of York, when very young, were stopped one night in a hackney-coach, and robbed, on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. The Prince and a party, among whom was old Colonel Lowther and General Hulse, had been to a house of ill-repute in Berkeley Street. They were returning on Hay Hill, when they were stopped, and their money was demanded, by a man who presented a pistol at them. Among them all they could only muster half-a-crown. To cross Hounslow Heath, or Finchley Common, now both inclosed, after sunset was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof cartridges. There is a house still standing, I believe, on Finchley Common, which, in those days, was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily, these things are now matters of history.

* Sir Richard Phillips, in one of the editions of the *Picture of London*, gives similar experience; but, a few years before his death, Sir Richard was robbed of his gold watch as he stood in New Palace Yard gazing at the King in procession to open Parliament.

"I will add one more instance of change. A retired hackney-coachman, giving an account of his life to a friend of mine, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours, in particular quarters of the town, to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. The bell at Kennington and the coachmen's cruises may be referred back a little more than 70 years, and afford indisputable and consoling proofs of improvement in security, wealth, and temperance. I like to look on the bright side of things."

The romance of thievery has in a great measure departed, though much of the reality is left in another shape. The clumsy practice of criminal robbery has dwindled, and has chiefly fallen into the hands of boys, trained to their nefarious course by the fence, who takes the lion's share of the spoil. This character has been portrayed to the life by the author of *Oliver Twist*, in the admirable impersonation of Fagin, whose den is localised in Field Lane, which extended from the foot of Holborn Hill, northward, parallel with the Fleet Ditch: it was thus vividly painted in 1837:

"Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of pocket-handkerchiefs of all sizes and

patterns—for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field-lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself,—the emporium of petty larceny, visited, at early morning and setting-in of dusk, by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they come. Here the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars." *

It is curious to find the initiatory processes of picking pockets, as taught by Fagin to Oliver Twist, practised in the metropolis nearly three centuries ago. Stow relates the case of "One Walton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay. This man kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanour, put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about the City to repair to his house. There was a schoolhouse set up to teach young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up: one was a pocket, and another was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was being hung with hawk's-bells, and over the top did hang a little sacring bell. The purse had silver in it. And he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a public *Foyster*;

* *Oliver Twist.* By Charles Dickens.

and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells, was adjudged a judicial *Nypper*, according to their terms of art. A *Foyster* was a pickpocket; a *Nypper* was a pick-purse, or cut-purse."

When the clearance was commenced a quarter of a century ago for the new street from the foot of Holborn Hill, in the direction of Clerkenwell, a nestling-place of crime was disturbed in Field Lane, but much of the old abomination remained in the alleys and other narrow places at the back of Cowcross; whence the Fleet Ditch was then open as far as Ray Street, Clerkenwell, near the spot formerly known as Hockley-in-the-Hole. This place, noted for its bear and bull baitings, and gladiatorial exhibitions, from the time of Charles II., is referred to in the *Spectator;* likewise by Pope, Gay, Fielding, and other authors of the last century. Among other exhibitions with which the public were regaled, a handbill, dated 1710, specifies the Baiting of a Mad Ass; also, a Green Bull, probably his first introduction to the pleasures of Hockley-in-the-Hole. Some of the streets of this neighbourhood retain names significant of early times. Brookhill, and Turnmill Street, convey a reminiscence of the Turnmill Brook which ran down here into the Fleet, and of the mill belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, which was turned by its waters. Hard by, the Clerkenwell, now represented by a small pump, was once the scene of the performance of dramatic mysteries by the Worshipful Company of the Parish Clerks of London. On the eastern bank of the Fleet was Cowcross, so called from a cross which formerly stood there; and not far from which, at the entrance to Chick Lane from Smith-

field, anciently stood the Gallows, denominated the Elms, another significant boundary; in addition to which may be mentioned the Whipping Post, which stood at the end of Bowling-green Lane, Clerkenwell; the Stocks and the Pillory were formerly situated in Holborn, near the entrance to Ely Place.

On the demolition, in 1844, of Chick Lane, or West Street, a great sensation was excited by certain discoveries made in the old Red Lion public-house, formerly a noted receptacle for thieves. Here were found trap-doors, sliding panels, blind passages, and other provisions for the evasion of pursuers; a plank thrown across the Fleet Ditch in the rear of the house being the mode of escape to the opposite bank in case of hot pursuit. Certain skeletons were also shown to visitors here as having been found on the premises; but it is now known that these latter accessories had only been procured in order to make up a show, to which rank and fashion resorted with an avidity that almost rivalled the marvellous performance of the Cock Lane Ghost.*

The extraordinary insecurity of London and its neighbourhood a hundred years ago will be best understood by the following notes of highway robberies at that period:—

Jan. 3. "Saturday last (Jan. 3), about ten in the evening, as a post-chaise was coming to town between the turnpike and Tottenham Court Road and the first mile-stone, with the Earl of March and George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., a highwayman stopped the postillion, and swore he would blow his brains out if he did not stop; on which the Earl of March jumped out of the chaise and fired a pistol, and the highwayman immediately rode off."—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 7.

"Last Sunday night, a man was plundered by two footpads in Moorfields."—*Read's Weekly Journal.*

Jan. 5. "On Monday night" a gentleman going over Moorfields was

* Abridged from Mr. Wykeham Archer's *Vestiges of Old London.*

attacked by two men and a woman, and was beaten and had his pockets rifled."—*Lloyd's Evening Post.*

Jan. 11. "Yesterday evening" a gentleman was robbed by a single highwayman near Vauxhall turnpike. "He is supposed to be the same person that has committed several robberies for some days past round that part of the country."—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Friday, Jan. 9.

"On Sunday evening, as Justice Hervey, of Islington, and his son were coming in his chariot on the Paddington Road," they were attacked by two highwaymen, who, however, were defeated in their design. It appears that the justice and his son carried pistols loaded, and that his footman was armed with a carbine.—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 14.

"On Sunday night last," as Dr. Lewis, a physician of Kingston, in Surrey, was returning in his post-chaise from London, he was stopped, near Vauxhall, by two highwaymen, and robbed of eighteen guineas and his gold watch.—*Ib.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 12. On Monday night, a gentleman and his son were robbed by footpads on their way from Blackheath to the Borough. "Their behaviour was *very civil*, and they returned five shillings to bring them to town."—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 14.

Jan. 13. "On Tuesday evening the Lord Viscount Gage was stopped in a post-chaise between Hounslow and Brentford, by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse, and made off."—*Ib.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 14. "Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, as a farmer was coming with a load of hay to London, he was stopped and robbed the other side of Shepherd's Bush by a single highwayman, who stripped him so clean that he could not pay the turnpike, but was obliged to leave his bridle as security for the money."—*Ib.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 23 was the day after that of the nomination for the election for the county of Surrey, held at Epsom. "This morning early, two gentlemen returning from the general meeting held yesterday, at Epsom, were robbed a little on this side that place," by three footpads; "the villains wished them joy of their electioneering."—*Ib.* Jan. 23.

The operations of these depredators were no doubt assisted by the neglect of the roads, and by the darkness of the January nights. The *London Chronicle*, in the earlier half of the month, informs us that, "It was so very dark on Tuesday night last (January 6), that seven coaches and post-chaises were overturned between Greenwich and Dartford, and remained there till Wednesday morning.

Rogueries, Crimes, & Punishments.

ANCIENT CIVIL PUNISHMENTS.

In the *White Book*, compiled by Richard Carpenter, 1419, in the Mayoralty of Richard Whittington, we find these curious enactments.

Foreign merchants were not allowed to deal with foreign merchants, or "merchant strangers," as they were called; and in an instance where this regulation was infringed, the merchandise was forfeited. In the same manner a foreigner forfeited meat which he had sold after the curfew had been rung out at St. Martin's-le-Grand. A merchant who had set a price upon his own corn was sent to prison, and another was sentenced to the pillory for offering to sell corn above the common selling price. A chaplain was committed to the Tun (a round prison on Cornhill) for "being a night-walker;" a publican was sentenced to the thew (a sort of pillory) for using a false quart; certain bakers who had holes in their tables, by means whereof (through some contrivance unknown to us simple men of the nineteenth century) they contrived to steal their neighbours' dough, were condemned to the pillory; one woman was sent to the Tun for being out at night after lawful hours, and another was sentenced to the thew for being a "common scold;" furs were forfeited because they had new work with old; a man was fined half a mark for drawing a sword; and amongst a number of punishments for deceptions, scandals, and

evil-speaking, one person was adjudged imprisonment for a year and a day, and the pillory once a quarter for three hours, with a whetstone tied round his neck, for lies that were disproved.

Amongst the punishments that most frequently occur are the forfeitures, fines, imprisonments, and pillories awarded for selling "putrid meat," "stinking fish," birds that were not fit to be eaten, and bread with pieces of iron in it, probably intended to increase its weight. The arts of fraud were never practised more dexterously, or over a larger surface, than by our virtuous progenitors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There was scarcely a single craft in which duplicities were not committed; and the records teem with illustrations of these delinquencies, some of them, indeed, being unintelligible in the present day. We hear, for example, of "false hats," "false bow-strings," "false queeks" (a kind of chess-board), and "false gloves, breeches, and pouches." Other swindles are more comprehensible: such as hides imperfectly tanned; plated latten sold for silver; drinking measures with a thick coat of pitch inserted in the bottom, to diminish their capacity; false dice; and coal-sacks of deficient size. In some cases the forfeited articles were burned; in others they were seized and detained; and in many instances the fraudulent dealers were personally punished. Nor was the watchfulness of the City authorities limited to the crimes of trade; morals were looked after with equal activity. Anybody who walked out at unseasonable hours, or who bought or sold after curfew, was at once pounced upon (unless he was lucky enough to effect his escape through the favouring darkness), and lodged in the round-house on Cornhill;

cutpurses, who were adroit, numerous, and possessed of unbounded audacity, were generally consigned to the pillory; and the same fate awaited any ingenious vagrant who practised the "Art Magic." *

CAGE AND STOCKS AT LONDON BRIDGE.

We do not find that in the days of Queen Mary, London Bridge was made the scene of any of the numerous Protestant martyrdoms, which have eternally blotted her short but sanguinary reign. There is, however, in Foxe's *Martyrs*, a short anecdote of a curious incident in St. Magnus Church. Upon the death of Pope Julius III., in 1555, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, wrote to Bonner, Bishop of London, to command him, in Queen Mary's name, to order those prayers to be used throughout his diocese which the Roman Church has appointed during a vacancy in the Papal See. Upon this commandment, says Foxe, on Wednesday in Easter week, the 17th of April, there were herses set up, and dirges sung, for the said Julius in divers places. Now, it chanced that a woman came into St. Magnus Church, at the bridge-foot, and there seeing a herse, and other preparation, asked what it meant; a by-stander said—it was for the Pope, and that she must pray for him. "Nay," quoth she, "that I will not, for he needeth not my prayer; and seeing he could forgive us all our sins, I am sure he is clean himself; therefore, I need not pray for him." She was heard to say these dangerous words; and by-and-by was carried unto the

* Abridged from the *London Review*.

cage at London Bridge, and "bade coole herselfe there." In some of the editions of Foxe, there is an engraving representing this incident, which shows that the Stocks and Cage stood by one of the archways on the bridge, and in one of the vacant spaces which looked on to the water.

About half a century before this, Cages and Stocks had been ordered to be set up in every Ward of the City by Sir William Capell, Draper, and Lord Mayor, in 1503. The last Stocks were removed about forty years since.

FLOGGING AT BRIDEWELL.

One of the sights of London formerly was to go to Bridewell Hospital, in Blackfriars, and there see the unfortunate prisoners flogged for offences committed without the prison. Both men and women, it appears, were whipped on their naked backs, before the Court of Governors. The President sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. The calls to knock when women were flogged were loud and incessant—"O good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, good Sir Robert, knock," which became at length a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman of bad character had been whipped in Bridewell:

> "This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
> As morning prayers and flagellations end."
>
> Pope's *Dunciad.*

Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, gives this account of the Bridewell Whippings in 1699. "We turned into the gate of a stately edifice my friend told me was

Bridewell, which to me seemed rather a prince's palace than a house of correction; till gazing round me, I saw in a room a parcel of ill-looking mortals, stripped to their shirts like haymakers pounding a pernicious weed, which I thought from their unlucky aspects seemed to threaten their destruction. From thence we turned into another court, the buildings being, like the former, magnificently noble; where straight before us was another grate, which proved the women's apartment. We followed our noses, and walked up to take a view of the ladies, who we found were shut up as close as nuns; but, like so many slaves, were under the care and direction of an overseer, who walked about with a very flexible weapon of offence, to correct such hempen-journeywomen as were unhappily troubled with the spirit of idleness. My friend now re-conducted me into the first quadrangle, and led me up a pair of stairs into a spacious chamber, where the court was sat in great grandeur and order. A grave gentleman was mounted in the judgement-seat, armed with a hammer, like a change-broker at Lloyd's Coffee-house, and a woman under the lash in the next room, where folding-doors were opened, that the whole court might view the punishment. At last down went the hammer, and the scourging ceased; so that, I protest, till I was undeceived, I thought they had sold their lashes by auction. The honourable court, I observed, was chiefly attended by fellows in blew coats and women in blew aprons. Another accusation being then delivered by a flat-cap against a poor wench, who having no friend to speak in her behalf, proclamation was made, viz., 'All you who are willing E———th T———ll should have present punishment, pray hold up your hands;' which

was done accordingly, and she was ordered the civility of the house." Hogarth, in the 4th Plate of his *Harlot's Progress,* tells the moral story.

Madam Creswell, the celebrated gay woman of King Charles the Second's reign, died a prisoner in Bridewell. She desired by *will* to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. After a sermon on the general subject of morality, the preacher concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was WELL of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born *well,* she lived *well,* and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cres*well,* she lived in Clerken*well,* and she died in Bride*well.*"

In the precincts of Bridewell lived John Rose, who is said by Stow to have invented a lute early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: he is also thought to have been "Rose, the old Viol-maker;" concerts of viols being the musical entertainments after the practice of singing madrigals grew into disuse. To this John Rose's son is traced the "Old Rose," immortalised in the song mentioned by Izaak Walton, and known to us by "Sing Old Rose, and burn the bellows."

WITCHCRAFT PENANCE ON LONDON BRIDGE.

In the year 1440, the Bridge Street, by which is meant as well the passage over the Thames as the main street beyond it on each side, was one scene of the public

penance of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, for Witchcraft. The inflexible honesty of the Duke, who was Proctector of England during the minority of Henry VI., and presumptive heir to the Crown, had created against him a violent party, the heads of which were Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk. With regard to his sovereign, however, not all the spies which were placed about Humphrey Plantaganet, Duke of Gloucester, by these powerful and inveterate enemies, could find even a pretence for the slightest charge; though that which they were unable to discover in him, they found in his Duchess, who was then accused of Witchcraft and High Treason. It was asserted that she had frequent conferences with one Sir Roger Bolinbroke, a priest, who was supposed to be a necromancer; and Margaret Jourdain, a witch of Eye, near Westminster; assisted and advised by John Hum, a priest; and Thomas Southwell, Priest and Canon of St. Stephen's, Westminster. Shakspeare in his Second Part of Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 2, makes the Duchess ask Hum—

> Hast thou as yet conferr'd
> With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
> And Roger Bolinbroke, the conjuror?
> And will they undertake to do me good?
> *Hum.* This they have promised,—to show your highness
> A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,
> That shall make answer to such questions,
> As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Again, in Scene 4, we have Bolinbroke at his work, assisted by Mother Jourdain, and Southwell, the priest:—

> *Duchess.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all
> To this geer; the sooner the better.

Bolin. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolinbroke, or Southwell, reads, "Conjuro te, &c." It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth, &c. York and Buckingham enter hastily, and lay hands upon "the traitors and their trash." In Act II. Scene 1, Buckingham thus describes to the King the actors:

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, —
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout, —
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurors:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from underground.

In Scene 3 we have the sentence, and next the penance. The Duchess, though made to ask questions as to the King's fate, was in reality charged with having his image made of wax, which, being placed before a slow fire, should cause his strength to decay as the wax melted. The result of the enquiry was that Jourdain was burned in Smithfield:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes.

Southwell died before his execution in the Tower; Bolinbroke was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn; and on November 9th, the Duchess was sentenced to perform public penance at three open places

in London. On Monday, the 13th, she came by water from Westminster, and landing at the Temple Bridge, walked, at noon-day, through Fleet Street, bearing a waxen taper of two pounds weight, to St. Paul's, where she offered it at the High Altar. On the Wednesday following, she landed at the Old Swan, and passed through Bridge Street and Gracechurch Street to Leadenhall, and at Cree Church, near Aldgate, made her second offering; and on the ensuing Friday she was put on shore at Queenhithe, whence she proceeded to St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, and so completed her penance. In each of these processions her head was covered only by a kerchief; her feet were bare; scrolls, containing a narrative of her crime, were affixed to her white dress; and she was received and attended by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Companies of London.

From the Harleian MS., No. 585, we learn more precisely the fate of Roger Bolinbroke—that the same day on which he was condemned at Guildhall, he was drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged, headed and quartered, and his head set up on London Bridge: his quarters were disposed of at Hereford, Oxford, York, and Cambridge.

STRIKING IN THE KING'S COURT.

CONTEMPTS against the royal palaces have been always looked upon as high offences; and by the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. By the statute 33 Henry VIII., c. 12, malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, was punishable by perpetual

imprisonment, and fine at the king's pleasure, and also with the loss of the offender's right hand; the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length; but by 9 Geo. IV., c. 31, this punishment is repealed. It appears, however, to be a contempt of the kind now in question to execute the ordinary process of the law, by arrest or otherwise, within the verge of a royal palace, or in the Tower, unless permission be first obtained from the proper authority.*

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, thus minutely describes the execution of the above barbarous sentence:—

On the 10th of June 1541, Sir Edmund Knevet of Norfolk, Knight, was arraigned before the officers of the Green Cloth for striking one Master Cleer of Norfolk, within the Tennis Court of the King's House. Being found guilty, he had judgment to lose his right hand, and to forfeit all his lands and goods; whereupon there was called to do execution, first, the Sergeant Surgeon, with his instruments pertaining to his office; then the Sergeant of the Wood-yard, with a mallet and block to lay the hand upon; then the King's Master Cook, with a knife to cut off the hand; then the Sergeant of the Larder, to set the knife right on the joint; then the Sergeant Farrier, with searing-irons to sear the veins; then the Sergeant of the Poultry, with a cock, which cock should have his head smitten off upon the block, and with the same knife; then the Yeoman of Chandry, with sear-cloths; then the Yeoman of the Scullery, with a pan of fire to heat the irons, a chafer of water to cool the ends of the irons, and two forms for all officers to set their stuff on; then the Sergeant of the Cellar, with wine, ale, and beer;

* Stephen's *Commentaries.*

then the Sergeant of the Ewry, with bason, ewre, and towels. All things being thus prepared, Sir William Pickering, Knight-Marshal, was commanded to bring in his prisoner, Sir Edmund Knevet, to whom the Chief-Justice declared his offence, which the said Knevet confessed, and humbly submitted himself to the king's mercy; only he desired that the king would spare his right hand and take his left; "Because," said he, "if my right hand be spared, I may live to do the king good service:" of whose submission and reason of his suit, when the king was informed, he granted him to lose neither of his hands, and pardoned him also of his lands and goods.—*Chronicle*, ed. 1674.

Chamberlayne describes the ceremony as follows:—

The Sergeant of the King's Wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, and a staple and cords to fasten the hands thereto. The Yeoman of the Scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, where the searing-irons, brought by the chief Farrier, are to be ready for the chief Surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water are to be brought by the Groom of the Saucery; and the chief officers of the Cellar and Pantry are to be ready, one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal. The Sergeant of the Ewry is to bring the linen to wind about and wrap the arm; the Yeoman of the Poultry, a cock to lay to it; the Yeoman of the Chandlery, seared cloths; and the Master Cook, a sharp dresser-knife, which at the place of execution is to be held upright by the Sergeant of the Larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereunto. After all, the criminal shall be imprisoned during life, and fined and ransomed at the king's will.

TORTURE.—THE RACK.

When, in 1628, Felton was about to be put on his trial for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, it was suggested by the King that Felton might be put to the rack, in order to make him discover his accomplices; but the judges unanimously declared that the laws of England did not allow the use of torture. This was the first adjudication of the illegality of this mode of extorting confession. Lingard says, upon this point:—"Notwithstanding the formal opinion of the judges in the case of Felton, there is no doubt that the practice continued during the whole reign of Charles I., as a warrant for applying the torture to one Archer, in 1640, is to be seen at the State Paper Office. This, however, appears to have been the last occasion on which this odious practice was resorted to. There is no trace of it during the Commonwealth; and in the reign of Charles II., where we might have expected to find it, there is not a single well-authenticated instance of the application of the torture.

"The following is an account of the kinds of torture chiefly employed in the Tower:—The rack was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it on his back on the floor; his wrists and ancles were attached by cords to two collars at the ends of the frame; these were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame; questions were then put, and if the answers did not prove satisfactory the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets. The 'scavenger's daughter' was a broad

hoop of iron, so called, consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened that from excess of compression the blood started from the nostrils; sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet. Iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by the aid of a screw; these were also called manacles. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. 'I felt,' said F. Gerard, one of the sufferers for the Gunpowder Plot, 'the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my fingers' ends. This was a mistake; but the arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour I fainted, and when I came to myself I found the executioners supporting me in their arms; they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered they removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times.'

"A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'little ease,' of so small dimensions, and so constructed, that

the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full length; he was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remain during several days."

Hallam observes, that though the English law never recognised the use of torture, yet there were many instances of its employment in the reign of Elizabeth and James; and among others, in the case of the Gunpowder Plot. He says, indeed, that in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, "the rack seldom stood idle in the Tower."

Sir Walter Raleigh, at his trial, mentioned that Kentish was threatened with the rack, and that the keeper of this horrid instrument was sent for. Campion, a Jesuit, was put to the rack in the reign of Elizabeth; and in Collier's *Ecclesiastical History* are mentioned other instances during the same reign. Bishop Burnet, likewise, in his *History of the Reformation*, states that Anne Askew was tortured in the Tower in 1546; and that the Lord Chancellor, throwing off his gown, drew the rack so severely that he almost tore her body asunder.* It appears from the Cecil Papers that all the Duke of Norfolk's servants were tortured by order of Queen Elizabeth, who also threatened Hayward, the historian, with the rack.

PRESSING TO DEATH.

BETWEEN the Court-house in the Old Bailey, and Newgate prison, is a large open space, known as the Press-yard, from its having been the scene of the terrible punishment of "Pressing to Death" for stand-

* Prints of the Rack are to be seen in the old edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

ing mute—that is, when a prisoner arraigned for treason, or felony, either made no answer at all, or answered foreign to the purpose. He was examined by judges: if found to be obstinately mute, then, in treason, it was held that standing mute was equivalent to conviction; and the law was the same as to all misdemeanours. But upon indictment for any other felony, the prisoner, after *trina admonitio*, and a respite of a few hours, was subject to the barbarous sentence of *peine forte et dure*; viz. to be remanded to prison and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid on his back on the bare floor naked, unless where decency forbade; that there should be placed on his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more: that he should have no sustenance, save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison-door; and that, in this situation, such should be alternately his daily diet *till he died*, or, as anciently the judgment ran, *till he answered.*

In the *Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence*, April 16th, 1651, we find it recorded: "Mond. April 14th.—This Session at the Old Bailey, were four men pressed to death that were all in one robbery, and, out of obstinacy and contempt of the court, stood mute and refused to plead."

It appears from the Sessions Papers that tying the thumbs together of criminals, in order to compel them to plead, was practised at the Old Bailey in the reign of Queen Anne. Among the cases is that of Mary Andrews, in 1721, who continued so obstinate that three whipcords were broken before she would plead. And in 1711, Nathaniel Haws had his thumbs squeezed,

after which he continued seven minutes under the press with 250 lbs., and then submitted.

In the year 1659, Major Strangewayes was tried before Lord Chief-Justice Glyn for the murder of Mr. John Fussel; and refusing to plead, was *pressed to death*. By the account of this execution, which is added to the printed trial, he died in about eight minutes, many people in the press-yard casting stones upon him to hasten his death. From the description of *the press*, it appears that it was brought nearly to a point where it touched his breast. It is stated likewise to have been usual to put a sharp piece of wood under the criminal, which might meet the upper part of the rack in the sufferer's body. Holinshed states that the back of the criminal was placed upon a sharp stone. Other precedents mention the tying his arms and legs with cords, fastened at different parts of the prison, and extending the limbs as far as they could be stretched.*

No. 674 of the *Universal Spectator* records two instances of *pressing* in the reign of George II.: "Sept. 5, 1741.—On Tuesday was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, Henry Cook, the shoemaker, of Stratford, for robbing Mr. Zachary on the highway. On Cook's refusing to plead, there was a new press made, and fixed to the proper place in the Press-yard; there having been no person pressed since the famous Spiggot the highwayman, which is about twenty years ago. Barnworth, *alias* Frasier, was pressed at Kingston in Surrey, about sixteen years ago."

These horrible details have often been discredited; but records of pressing, so late as 1770, exist; with the addition, however, that "the punishment was seldom

* Barrington, On the More Ancient Statutes.

inflicted, but some offenders have chose it *in order to preserve their estates for their children.* Those guilty of this crime are not now suffered to undergo such a length of torture, but have so great a weight placed on them that they soon expire."

DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

In a collection of anecdotes, written about the beginning of the last century, in the Rawlinson MSS., is the following singular narrative:—

Dr. Airy, Provost of Queen's College, Oxon. (1599—1616), passing with his servant, accidentally, through St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, in London, where the sexton was making a grave, observing a skull to move, showed it to his servant, and then to the sexton, who, taking it up, found a great toad in it, but withal observed a tenpenny nail stuck in the temple-bone; whereupon the Doctor presently imagined the party to have been murdered, and asked the sexton if he remembered whose skull it was. He answered it was the skull of a man who died suddenly, and had been buried 22 years before. The Doctor told him that certainly the man was murdered, and that it was fitting to be inquired after, and so departed. The sexton thinking much upon it, remembered some particular stories talked of at the death of the party, as that his wife, then alive, and married to another person, had been seen to go into his chamber with a nail and hammer, &c.; whereupon he went to a justice of the peace, and told him all the story. The wife was sent for, and witnesses were found who testified that and some other particulars; she confessed, and was hanged.

ORIGIN OF THE COVENTRY ACT.

THE famous Coventry Act against cutting and maiming had its origin in the following piece of barbarous revenge:—Sir John Coventry was on his way to his own house, in Suffolk Street, in the Haymarket, from the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, where he had supped, when his nose was cut to the bone at the corner of the street "for reflecting on the King." It appears that a motion had recently been made in the House of Commons to lay a tax on playhouses. The Court opposed the motion. The players, it was said (by Sir John Birkenhead), were the King's servants, and a part of his pleasure. Coventry asked, "Whether did the King's pleasure lie among the men or the women that acted?"—perhaps recollecting more particularly the King's visit to Moll Davis, in Suffolk Street, where Charles had furnished a house most richly for her, provided her with "a mighty pretty fine coach," and given her a ring of 700*l.*, "which," says the page, "is a most infinite shame." The King determined to *leave a mark* upon Sir John Coventry for his freedom of remark, and he was watched on his way home. "He stood up to the wall," says Burnet, "and snatched the flambeau out of the servant's hands; and with that in one hand, and the sword in the other, he defended himself so well, that he got more credit by it than by all the actions of his life. He wounded some of them, but was soon disarmed, and they cut his nose to the bone, to teach him to remember what respect he owed to the King." Burnet adds, that his nose was so well sewed up, that the scar was scarce to be discerned.

"In the age of Charles, the ancient high and chival-

rous sense of honour was esteemed Quixotic, and the Civil War had left traces of ferocity in the manners and sentiments of the people. Encounters, where the assailants took all advantages of number and weapons, were as frequent, and held as honourable, as regular duels. Some of these approached closely to assassination; as in the above case which occasioned the Coventry Act, an Act highly necessary, for so far did our ancestors' ideas of manly forbearance differ from ours, that Killigrew introduces the hero of one of his comedies, a cavalier, and the fine gentleman of the piece, lying in wait for and slashing the face of a poor courtezan, who had cheated him." *

RISE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.

TOWARDS the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a rough country-boy, a pupil of St. Paul's School, who stood watching a procession of the Judges on their way to dine with my Lord Mayor. The father of the boy wished to bind him apprentice to a mercer; but the aspiring lad, as he looked on the train of Judges, registered a vow that he too would one day ride through the City, the guest of the Mayor, and die a Lord Chancellor. His sire pronounced him mad, and resigned himself to the idea that his obstinate son would one day die with his shoes on.

The boy's views, however, were completely realized, and the father's prophecy was also in part fulfilled. The connection of the notorious Jeffreys with the City was, from an early period, a very close one. He

* Leigh Hunt's *Town*.

drank hard with, and worked hard for, the City authorities, and was as well known in the taverns of Aldermanbury as Shaftesbury was in the same district, when he was inspired by the transitory ambition of himself becoming Vice-king in the City. From the time that Jeffreys became Common Serjeant—but more especially from the period he became Recorder—he kinged it over the Vice-king. He was Lord Mayor, Common Council, Court of Aldermen and supreme Judge, all in one; and the first-named officer had really a melancholy time of it during the period Jeffreys had sway in the City. At the feasts he was a tippling, truculent fellow,—brow-beating the men, and staring the most dauntless of the women out of countenance. In the latter pastime he was well matched, perhaps excelled, by his learned brother, Trevor; and my Lord Mayor Bludworth had good reason to remember both of them. The Mayor had a fair daughter, the young and wild widow of a Welsh squire, and one who made City entertainments brilliant by her presence, and hilarious by her conduct and her tongue. There was a wonderful amount of homage rendered to this Helen, to whom it mattered little in what form or speech the homage was rendered. The rudest could not bring a blush upon her cheek; her ear was never turned away from any suitor of the hour, and every lover was received with a laugh and a welcome by this most buxom of Lord Mayors' daughters.

When she finally accepted the hand of Jeffreys, her own was in the hand of Trevor; and no City match was ever so productive of a peculiar sort of satirical ballad as this one, which united the said Mayor's

rather too notorious daughter with the not yet too infamous Sir George. Poets and poetasters pelted him with anonymous epigrams; aldermen drank queer healths to him in their cups; and lively tongued women, in his own court, when he was too hard upon them, would thrust at him an allusion to his lady from Guildhall, which would put him into a fume of impotent indignation.

There is not one man in a thousand, probably, who is aware that the blood of Jeffreys and the Mayor of London's daughter afterwards flowed in noble veins. They had an only son,—a dissolute, drunken fellow, with whom even aldermen were too nice to have a carouse, and whose appearance at a feast scared Mayors who could take their claret liberally. This likely youth, whose intoxication broke down the solemnity of Dryden's funeral, married, in spite of his vices, a daughter and sole heiress of the House of Pembroke. The only child of this marriage was Henrietta, who married the Earl of Pomfret, and enabled Queen Caroline to have a grand-daughter of the infamous Judge for her Lady of the Bedchamber. One of Lady Pomfret's many children, Charlotte Finch, was well known to many of our sires. She was governess to George the Third's children, whom she often accompanied to the City to witness the annual show; the great-great-grand-daughter of Judge Jeffreys and the Guildhall light-o'-love thus having the superintendence of the conduct and morals of the young Princes and Princesses.—*From the Athenæum*, No. 1723.

STORIES OF THE STAR-CHAMBER.

THIS odious Court, named from the ceiling of the chamber being anciently ornamented with gilded *stars*, is not mentioned as a Court of Justice earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star-Chamber," and "the Council in the Star-Chamber," seem to have been merged into the one distinguishing appellation of "the Star Chamber." The Judges, before and subsequent to this alteration, were "the Lords of the Council," as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service. The modes of proceeding before the council were by the mouth, or by bill and answer. After the sittings, the Lords dined in the inner Star-Chamber, at the public expense. In political cases, "soden reporte," as it was called, is thought to have meant private and secret information given to the council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or if the cunning examiner drew from him, or he let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted out of his own mouth, and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Upon admissions of immaterial circumstances thus aggravated, and distorted into confessions of guilt, the Earl of Northumberland was prosecuted by word of mouth, in the Star-Chamber, for being privy to the Gunpowder Plot, and was sentenced to pay a fine of 30,000*l.*, and be imprisoned for life.

The Star-Chamber held its sittings, from the end of

Queen Elizabeth's reign until the final abolition of the court by Parliament in 1641, in apartments on the eastern side of New Palace Yard; these buildings bore the date 1602, and E. R. and an open rose on a star; they corresponded with the "Starre-Chamber" in Aggas's plan of London in 1570. The last of the buildings was taken down in 1836; drawings were then made of the court, which had an enriched ceiling, but no remains of the *star* ornamentations, notwithstanding, behind the Elizabethan panelling, the style of the chamber was Tudor-Gothic. The remains are preserved at Leasowe Castle, the seat of the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, in Cheshire.

Imagination can scarcely picture a more terrible judicature. This tribunal was bound by no law, but created and defined the offences it punished; the judges were in point of fact the prosecutors; and every mixture of those two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice. Crimes of the greatest magnitude were treated of in this court, but solely punished as trespasses, the council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death.

Among the many abuses of the process was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the farthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpœnas to vex their neighbours, who, rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, though there were no colour of complaint against them." The process might anciently be served in any place: in Catholic times usually in the market or the church. The highest number of the council who attended the court in the reigns of Henry VII. and

VIII. was nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates; in the reign of Elizabeth the number was nearly thirty, but it subsequently declined. The Chancellor was the supreme judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered. Upon important occasions, persons who wished "to get convenient places and standing" went there by three o'clock in the morning. The counsel were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the court delivered their opinions in order from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop preceding the Chancellor.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Star-Chamber Court. Pillory, fine and imprisonment, and whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, and letters "seared in the face with hote irons," were ordinary punishments. Henry VII. had a fondness for sitting in the Star-Chamber: the court was the great instrument for his "extort doynge;" and "the King took the matter into his own hands," was a Star-Chamber phrase; and "my attorney must speak to you," was a sure prelude to a heavy fine. Wolsey made a great show of his magnificence in the Star-Chamber: he proceeded to the sittings of the court in great state, his mace and seal being carried before him; "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." After his fall, with the exception of occasional interference in religious matters and matters of police, we seldom hear of the Star-Chamber. (See the very able dissertation by John Bruce, F. S. A., *Archæologia*, vol. viii.

PERSONS OF NOTE IMPRISONED IN THE FLEET.

For nearly eight centuries was the Fleet a place of security or confinement, and the terror of evil-doers of almost every grade: its cells and dungeons were tenanted by political and religious martyrs; besides a host of men of more pliant consciences, whom the law stigmatised as debtors.

The early history of the prison is little better than a sealed book; the burning of the building by Wat Tyler being the only noticeable event. By the regulations of this period, the Warden might arm the porters at the gates with halberts, bills, or other weapons.

In the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, several victims of those bigoted times were committed here. Bishop Hooper was twice sentenced to the Fleet, which he only quitted in 1555, for the stake and the fire at Gloucester. In the Fleet his bed was "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering, his chamber was vile and stinking." It was expected that he would have accompanied Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, to the stake; but Hooper, after his trial, was led back to his cell, to be carried down to Gloucester, to suffer among his own people. Next morning he was roused at four o'clock, and being committed to the care of six of Queen Mary's guard, they took him, before it was light, to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, *then standing in the fields*; thence he was taken to Gloucester, and there burnt, with dreadful torments, on the 9th of February: the spot is marked by a statue of the Bishop, beneath a gothic canopy, which was inaugurated in 1863, on the 308th anniversary of Hooper's martyrdom.

The Fleet was originally the prison for persons

committed from the Court of Star Chamber. Bacon, in early life, held the office of Registrar of this infamous Court, worth about 1,600*l.* per annum. In his *Life of King Henry VII.* he characterises the Court as "one of the sagest and noblest institutions of the kingdom;" "composed of good elements, for it consisteth of counsellors, peers, prelates, and chief judges."

From the reign of Elizabeth to the sixteenth of Charles I. (1641), the Star Chamber was in full activity. Among the political victims consigned to the Fleet were Prynne and Lilburne. Prynne was committed here for writing his *Histriomastix*, taken out of the prison, and, after suffering pillory, branding, mutilation of the nose, and loss of ears, was remanded to the Fleet. Lilburne, "Free-born John," and his printer, were committed to the Fleet for libel and sedition: the former was smartly whipped at "the cart's tail," from the prison to the pillory, placed between Westminster Hall and Star Chamber, and subsequently "doubly ironed" in the prison-wards.

After the abolition of the Star Chamber, in 1641, the Fleet became a prison for contempt of the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; and it continued a prison for debtors, for which purpose it appears to have been used from the thirteenth century at least, by a petition from John Frauncey, a debtor in the Fleet, A.D. 1290.

Wycherley, the wit and dramatist, lay in the Fleet seven years, ruined through his Countess' settlement being disputed, was thrown into prison, and is said to have been at last relieved by James II., who having gone to see Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* acted, was so delighted, that he gave orders for the payment of the

author's debts, and settling a pension of 200*l.* a year on him. The history has an apocryphal air.

Sir Richard Baker, the Chronicler, was one of the most unfortunate debtors confined here: he married in 1620, and soon after got into pecuniary difficulties, and was thrown into the Fleet Prison, where he spent the remaining years of his life, and died in 1644-45, in a state of extreme poverty. Mr. Cunningham, from the Rate-books of St. Clement's Danes, tells us that Sir Richard lived in Milford-lane, Strand, from 1632 to 1639; possibly Lady Baker resided here. Sir Richard wrote his *Chronicle*, published 1641, and other works, as a means of subsistence during his imprisonment. The *Chronicle* was for a century the popular book among the squires and ancient country gentlemen of the school of Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Richard's residence in the Fleet was not very compatible with reference to authorities and antiquarian research; though full of errors, it has given more pleasure and diffused more knowledge than historical works of far higher pretensions: it is now little read; but we may remark, by the way, that some historical works written and most read in our time, are by no means the most accurate. Baker's *Chronicle* is certainly one of the most amusing "prison books," and has been treated with much unmerited ridicule. Sir Richard was buried in the nearest church, old St. Bride's, the burial-place of the Fleet Wardens. Francis Sandford, author of the *Genealogical History*, died in the Fleet in 1693.

To Howel's imprisonment here we owe his very entertaining *Familiar Letters*, several of which are dated from here. By "A Letter to the Earl of B., from the Fleet," Nov. 20, 1643, Howel was arrested

"one morning betimes," by five men, armed with "swords, pistils, and bils," and some days after committed to the Fleet; and he adds, "As far as I see, I must lie at dead *anchor* in this *Fleet* a long time, unlesse some gentle *gale* blow thence to make me *launch* out." Then we find him solacing himself with the reflection that the English people are in effect but prisoners, as all other islanders are. Other Letters, by Howel, are dated from the Fleet, 1615–6–7; some are dated from various places, but are believed to have been written in the Fleet: still they bear internal evidence that Howel had visited these places.

Howel's *Letters*, already mentioned, have had a reflex in our time in Richard Oastler's *Fleet Papers*, "a weekly epistle on public matters," inscribed to Thomas Thornhill, Esq., of Fixby Hall, Yorkshire, whose steward Oastler had been, and at whose suit he was imprisoned here: he was liberated by subscription, February 12, 1844, and has left an interesting account of his imprisonment. Of Oastler, a colossal bronze group, by Philip, has been erected at Bradford, in memory of his advocacy of the Ten-Hours Factory Bill.

Among the distinguished prisoners here, was the impetuous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was first committed here for sending a challenge; he was allowed in the prison the use of two servants to wait upon him, but not permitted to entertain any of his friends at table. He made several applications for his release: he pleads to the Privy Council "the fury of reckless youth," and the inoffensiveness of his past life; and begs, that if he may not be liberated, he may, at least, be removed to a place of confinement in better air; he

was then removed to Windsor, and in four days released. In 1543, Surrey was summoned before the Privy Council, at the instance of the City authorities, for having eaten flesh in Lent; and for having with young Wyatt, the poet's son, and Pickering, gone about the streets at midnight breaking windows with stone-bows. To the first charge he pleaded a license; submitting to sentence on the second, for which he was again sent to the Fleet. During his imprisonment he wrote his Satire upon the Citizens, in which he pretends that he broke their windows to awaken them to a sense of their iniquities, commencing:

> London! hast thou accused me
> Of breach of laws? the root of strife,
> Within whose breast did boil to see,
> So fervent hot, thy dissolute life;
> That even the hate of sins that grow
> Within thy wicked walls so rife,
> For to break forth did convert so,
> That terror could it not repress.

Surrey's grave irony has misled the editor of his Poems, who states the poet's motive to have been a religious one; a very absurd defence of a vinous frolic of window-breaking.

We pass to another class of committals. Keys was sent here for marrying the Lady Mary Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey; Dr. Donne, for marrying Sir George More's daughter without her father's knowledge; Sir Robert Killigrew, for speaking to Sir Thomas Overbury as he came from visiting Sir Walter Raleigh; the Countess of Dorset, for pressing into the Privy Chamber, and importuning James I., "contrary to commandment;" and Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, for sending a challenge.

Nash was imprisoned here for writing the satirical play of the *Isle of Dogs*, never printed: he died at the early age of thirty-five, having "prodigally conspired against good hours." Pope might well designate the Fleet "the Haunt of the Muses." Robert Lloyd, Churchill's friend, was here in 1764. Parson Ford, who figures in Hogarth's Midnight Conversation, died here in 1731; and Parson Keith of May Fair, was here in 1758. Mrs. Cornelys, who gave, in Carlisle House, balls, concerts, and masquerades, unparalleled in the annals of public fashion, by her improvidence was reduced to become "a vendor of asses' milk," and sinking still lower, died in the Fleet in 1797.

Another eccentric person may be added to the list—the Chevalier Desseasau, a native of Russia, who in early life bore a commision in the service of that country; but, having severely wounded a brother officer in a duel, the Chevalier came to England, and here passed the remainder of his days. He soon became acquainted with Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, and Johnson: he was a frequenter of Anderton's Coffee-house in Fleet Street; a tavern called "The Barn," in St. Martin's Lane; and several coffee-houses in Covent Garden. He at length became reduced in his circumstances, and so distressed as to be confined for debt in the Fleet prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that *he was allowed to go out of the prison whenever he pleased.* He died at his lodgings in Fleet Market, in 1775, aged 70, and was interred in St. Bride's Churchyard.

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was living "within the rules of the Fleet" in 1707; "Curll's Corinna," Mrs. Thomas, was also a ruler; and Richard Savage, to be secure from his creditors, was directed by

his friends to take a lodging "within the liberties of the Fleet," and here his friends sent him every Monday a guinea.*

THE RISING OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

It is curious to find this event of three centuries since chronicled with as much minuteness as would be reported an occurrence of yesterday, in a morning newspaper. Wyat and his followers lay at Deptford until Saturday, the 5th of February 1554, when "this daie before noone all horsemen were by a drom commanded to be at sainct James felde, and the footemen commanded to be in Fynsbury felde to muster. This day, about iij. of the clocke, sir Thomas Wyat and the Kentyshemen marched forwarde from Debtford towardes London with v. auncientes, being by estimation about ij. thousand men; which their comyng, so soone as it was perceyved, ther was shot off out of the White tower a vi. or viij. shott; but myssed them, somtymes shoting over, and somtymes shoting short. After the knowledge thereof once had in London, forthwith the draybridge was cutt downe and the bridge gates shut." The Londoners were preparing. "The mayre and the sheryves harnessyd theymselves, and commanded eche man to shutt in their shoppes and wyndowes, and being redy in harnes to stande every one at his dore, what chance soever might happen." The taking of wares, the running up and down, the weeping women, children and maids running into houses, and shutting the doors for fear, were great. "So terryble and fearfull

* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London*; interpolated.

at the fyrst was Wyat and his armyes comying to the most part of the cytezens," who, the chronicler adds, were not accustomed to "suche incursions to their cyty." Wyat entered into Kent Street, and by St. George's Church into Southwark; himself and part of his company came down Barmesy (Bermondsey) Street. The people of Southwark did not oppose the new comers, but entertained them. Wyat laid two pieces of ordnance at the Bridge foot; another at St. George's, another at Bermondsey Street, &c. As a price had been set upon his head, he had the name of Thomas Wyat fairly written, and set on his cap. He paid all his men, and saw that they paid the inhabitants; and his motive in quitting Southwark was to save the place; for the Lieutenant of the Tower had directed all his great ordnance against Southwark and the church towers of St. Tooley's and St. Marie Overies.

Wyat retired to Kingston; and from thence proceeded towards the western part of London, through Brentford. "The quenes scout, apon his retourne to the court, declared their coming to Brainforde, which subden newes was so fearefull that therwith the quene and all the court was wonderfully affryghted. Dromes went thoroughe London at iiij. of the clocke, warninge all soldears to arme themselves and to repaire to Charinge crosse. The quene was once determyned to come to the Tower furthwith, but shortlie after she sende worde she would tarry ther to se the uttermost. Mayny thought she wolde have ben in the felde in person. Here was no small a-dowe in London, and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By x. of the clocke, or somewhat more, the erle of Penbroke had set his troopp of horsemen

on the hille in the higheway above the new brige over against saynct James; his footemen was sett in ij. battailles somewhat lower, and nerer Charinge crosse. At the lane turning downe by the brike wall from Islington-warde he had sett also certayn other horsemen, and he had planted his ordenance apon the hill side. In the meane season Wyat and his company planted his ordenance apon the hill beyonde sainct James, almost over agaynst the park corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldears, came downe the olde lane on foote, hard by the courte gate at saincte James's, with iiij. or v. auncyentes; his men marching in goode array. Cutbart Vaughan, and about ij. auncyentes, turned downe towards Westminster. The erle of Pembroke's horsemen hoveryd all this while without moving, untyll all was passed by, saving the tayle, upon which they did sett and cut of. The other marched forwarde, and never stayed or retourned to the ayde of their tayle. * * At Charinge crosse ther stoode the lord chamberlayne, with the garde and a nomber of other, almost a thousande persons, the whiche, upon Wyat's coming, shott at his company, and at last fledd to the court gates, which certayn pursued, and forced them with shott to shyt the court gates against them. In this repulse the said lord chamberlayn and others were so amazed that men cryed Treason! treason! in the court, and had thought that the erle of Pembroke, who was assayling the tayle of his enemys, had gon to Wyat, taking his part agaynst the quene. * * The said Wyat, with his men, marched still forwarde, all along to Temple barre, also thoroghe Fleete street, along tyll he cam to Ludgate, his men going not in eny goode order or array. * * Thus

Wyat cam even to Ludgate, and knockyd calling to come in, saying, there was Wyat, whom the quene had graunted their requestes; but the lorde William Howard standing at the gate, saide, 'Avaunt, traytour! thou shalt not come in here.' And then Wyat awhill stayed, and, as some say, rested him apon a seate [at] the Bellsavage gate; at last, seing he coulde not come in, and belike being deceaved of the ayde which he hoped out of the cetye, retourned back agayne in arraye towards Charinge crosse, and was never stopped tyll he cam to Temple barre, wher certayn horsemen which cam from the felde met them in the face; and then begann the fight agayne to wax hote."

The fate of Wyat and his followers need not be detailed: the latter were taken, and thrust into prisons, "the poorest sort" being, in the words of the chronicle, "en a hepp in churches."

THE STORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

The discrepancies in this old London story are so numerous and conflicting as almost to defy adjustment. "The unhappy youth," says Dr. Rimbault, "is said to have figured in the criminal annals of the time of Queen Elizabeth; but I have never met with any authenticated notice of his trial and condemnation." The story, we need scarcely observe, describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and an ignominious death. These circumstances were dramatised by George Lillo, in his well-known tragedy, *the London Merchant*; *or, the*

History of George Barnwell, first acted in 1731; and stated to be founded upon the old ballad of *George Barnwell*, which Bishop Percy says, "was printed, at least, as early as the seventeenth century." In that production, Barnwell's uncle (who is murdered) is described as a wealthy grazier dwelling in *Ludlow*; in a wood near which place the ballad also describes the murder to have been committed. This "Tragical Narrative," says Bishop Percy, "seems to relate to a real fact; but when it happened, I have not been able to discover." The Ludlow Guide Book "notices the circumstance as traditional there, and the very barn and homestead, a short distance on the left before entering Ludlow from the Hereford road, we are told by Dr. Rimbault, are still pointed out as the ancient residence of the victim."

Lillo's tragedy, with poetical license, makes the scene of the uncle's murder to be within a short distance of London, and tradition places it in the grounds formerly belonging to Dr. Lettsom, and now those of the Grammar-school at Camberwell, in Surrey. Maurice, the historian of Hindostan, admits this recognition into his poem of *Camberwell Grove*, in the following apostrophe:—

> Ye towering elms, on whose majestic brows
> A hundred rolling years have shed their snows,
> Admit me to your dark sequester'd reign,
> To roam with contemplation's studious train!
> Your haunts I seek, nor glow with other fires
> Than those which Friendship's ardent warmth inspires;
> No savage murderer with a gleaming blade—
> No *Barnwell* to pollute your sacred shade!

Still, the old ballad lays the scene of Barnwell's

dissipation in the metropolis; in Shoreditch lived Mrs. Millwood, who led him astray:—

> George Barnwell, then quoth she,
> Do thou to Shoreditch come,
> And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
> Next door unto the Gun.

Now, Shoreditch was formerly notorious for the easy character of its women; and to die in Shoreditch was not a mere metaphorical term for dying in a sewer. (*Cunningham.*) Curiously enough, the common notion of Shoreditch being named after Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV., is a vulgar error perpetrated by a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*: its notoriously bad character, in each case, may have led to its being chosen for the poetical locality. Lillo, by transferring the scene from a wood near Ludlow to Camberwell Grove, doubtless added to the popularity of the drama, by the celebrity of the latter site as one of the most beautiful and romantic localities in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Lillo, in writing his three plays, *George Barnwell*, *Arden of Feversham*, and *Fatal Curiosity*, evidently had but one purpose in view, to exhibit the progress from smaller to greater crimes; to which point he would, of course, pay more attention than to accuracy of locality. Thus, the impure passion of Barnwell, the ill-suppressed attachment of Arden's wife for the lover of her youth, and the impatience under poverty of the Wilmots (in *Fatal Curiosity*), are the three beginnings of vice, all of which terminate in murder. Not only is the purpose of these plays the same, but the same measures are adopted in all for its attainment. In each there is a tempter and a tempted: the first determined

in vice, the latter rather weak than intrinsically vicious: thus Barnwell is led on by Millwood; Arden's wife by her paramour, Mosly; and Wilmot by his wife, Agnes. *George Barnwell* is the least meritorious in execution: here "inflation knows no bounds; nature is sunk altogether, and the virtuous characters are not human beings, but speakers of moral essays, and those in the worst style. The prose of *Barnwell* is remarkable: in many places line after line will read as blank verse, which might lead to a surmise that it was originally written in verse, and chopped up into prose; unless, indeed, the same metrical style may be that which naturally follows from inflated declamation." Nevertheless, it was said at the time of the production of *Barnwell*, that it drew more tears than the rant of *Alexander the Great*. It attracted attention at once; for in the *Daily Post*, Monday, July 5, 1731 (the year of its production), we find: "Last Friday a messenger came from Hampton Court to the play-house, by the Queen's command, for the manuscript of *George Barnwell*, for Her Majesty's perusal, which Mr. Wilks carried to Hampton Court early on Saturday morning; and we hear it is to be performed shortly at the theatre in Hampton Court, for the entertainment of the Royal Family," &c.

To return to the discrepancies of locality. Lillo's drama shows us the culprit, in companionship with his heartless seducer, led from a London prison to the scaffold; and Dr. Rimbault, writing in 1858, tells us that, some few years since, an old parochial document was said to have come to light, showing that George Barnwell had been the last criminal hanged at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, before the Middlesex execu-

tions were, more generally than before, ordered at Tyburn; yet, the ballad, of much older date than the play, says that Barnwell was not gibbeted here, but sent "beyond seas," where he subsequently suffered capital punishment for some fresh crime.

The popularity of the drama on the stage, doubtless, led to its being wrought into a story-book, as is frequently done in the present day. Of Barnwell there have been several versions, including pamphlets. In 1817, was published a narrative, with great pretension to authority, it being stated in the title-page as "by a Descendant of the Barnwell family." It is entitled, "Memoirs of George Barnwell; the unhappy subject of Lillo's celebrated Tragedy; derived from the most authentic sources," &c.; the preface is dated from "St. Gad's, Dec. 21, 1809." This book, extending to some 150 pages, we suspect to be of little or no authority; it is written in the worst possible style, and its inflation transcends that of the drama itself. The family of the Barnwells are stated to have flourished in the vale of Evesham; the uncle to have lived at Camberwell, in Surrey; and the Apprentice's master to have been "Mr. Strickland, a very considerable woollen draper in Cheapside." Next we have the Thorowgood and Truman, and Maria, from the drama; Sarah Millwood is "the daughter of a respectable merchant in Bristol;" her husband loses his wife in a midnight broil; the widow sees young Barnwell coming out of a banking-house in Lombard-street, she allures him to "her residence in Cannon-street," where, the image of the chaste Maria flitting from George's view, the wicked widow triumphs; she removes to "a lodging in Moorfields; he plunders his master's cash-drawer of

a hundred-pound note, coaxes his uncle out of money: then we have a borrowing from the ballad—George is cautioned by an anonymous letter, and is referred to "Mrs. Millwood, near the Gun, in Shoreditch:" he perpetrates the murder in Camberwell Grove, and his uncle's body is "found by a farmer's servant, and carried, with the assistance of some passengers, to an old public-house hard by, which was well known by the sign of the Tiger and the Tabby." Meanwhile, Barnwell's disappearance from his place of business is advertised by his master; the murderer has fled into Lincolnshire; he is betrayed to his master by Millwood, confesses his guilt, and is "committed to the Marshalsea Prison in Southwark, to take his trial at the next Surrey Assizes." The date of the trial is here given, "18th of October, 1706, before the Lord Chief Baron Bury and Mr. Justice Powell." Millwood, in her evidence, deposed that she "lived in Shoreditch, next door to the Gun," a suspicious coincidence with the words in the ballad of the previous century. Barnwell was found guilty, and executed, according to the above volume, on Kennington Common. To the account of the trial it is added that Lillo, the dramatist, was contemporary with Barnwell, which seems to gainsay its true origin of the story from the old ballad. Barnwell's tragical history has also been made the basis of a novel, in three volumes, by Mr. Thomas Skinner Surr, author of the *Winter in London*; in which, however, there is little of the narrative of assumed facts, or regard to the colour of the period: it is almost entirely a work of fiction.

Not the least remarkable incident of the drama of George Barnwell is the several anecdotes relative to the

effect produced by its performance on young men who have followed vicious courses, and have been reclaimed by this tragedy. With this view, the play was usually performed at the theatres, on the night after Christmas-day, and on Easter Monday; but this practice has been for some years discontinued, as it failed to prove attractive. Among the instances of its former effect is the following, related by Ross, the comedian:—

"In the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Millwood. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told me, he was once sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily that she was sure something lay heavily on his mind. The Doctor sent everyone out of the room, and told his patient he was sure that something oppressed his mind and lay so heavy on his spirits that it would be in vain to order him medicine unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitation on the part of the Doctor, the youth confessed there was something lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would, by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world but to those who might be necessary to relieve him.

"After much conversation, he told the Doctor he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire, that he had made an improper acquaint-

ance with a mistress of a captain of an Indiaman then abroad, that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds; that going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Millwood, he was so forcibly struck that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked him where his father was? He replied he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master on his being taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*. The father soon arrived: the Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would start to his banker and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient and told him everything would be settled in a few minutes to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more.

"What is very extraordinary, the Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help

of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, which he put into the son's hands,—they wept, kissed, embraced; the son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; and after telling it one night, when I was standing by, he said to me:—'You have done some good in your profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday'—for the patient told the Doctor the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him, to my knowledge, I had, for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words:—'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged and saved from ruin by seeing Mr. Ross' performance of Barnwell.'

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"David Ross."

The tragic story has not escaped whipping by the satirist, as well as by the pantomimist. James Smith, in one of the "Rejected Addresses," thus happily turns the story into racy burlesque,—as "George Barnwell Travestie:"—

George Barnwell stood at the shop-door,
A customer hoping to find, sir;
His apron was hanging before,
But the tail of his coat was behind, sir.

A lady, so painted and smart,
Cried, Sir, I 've exhausted my stock o' late;
I 've got nothing left but a groat—
Could you give me four penn'orth of chocolate?
Rum ti, &c.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
Which made her look prouder and prouder;
His hair stood on end with surprise,
And hers with pomatum and powder.
The business was soon understood;
The lady, who wish'd to be more rich,
Cries, Sweet sir, my name is Millwood,
And I lodge at the Gunner's in Shoreditch.
Rum ti, &c.

Now nightly he stole out, good lack!
And into her lodging would pop, sir;
And often forgot to come back,
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.
Her beauty his wits did bereave—
Determined to be quite the crack, O,
He lounged at the Adam and Eve,
And call'd for his gin and tobacco.
Rum ti, &c.

And now—for the truth must be told,
Though none of a 'prentice should speak ill—
He stole from the till all the gold,
And ate the lump-sugar and treacle.
In vain did his master exclaim,
Dear George, don't engage with that dragon;
She 'll lead you to sorrow and shame,
And leave you the devil a rag on.
Your rum ti, &c.

George is kicked out of doors, soon spends his last guinea, when Millwood gets angry and remonstrates:—

If ye mean to come here any more,
Pray come with more cash in your pocket.

She then suggests making "Nunky surrender his dibs," and he is equipped for the crime:—

A pistol he got from his love—
'T was loaded with powder and bullet;
He trudged off to Camberwell Grove,
But wanted the courage to pull it.
There 's Nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard;
Here 's at you, you stingy old dog!—
And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.
Rum ti, &c.

All you who attend to my song,
A terrible end of the farce shall see,
If you join the inquisitive throng
That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.
If Millwood were here, dash my wigs,
Quoth he, I would pummel and lam her well;
Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs,
I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell.
Rum ti, &c.

Their bodies were never cut down;
For granny relates with amazement,
A witch bore 'em over the town,
And hung them on Thorowgood's casement.
The neighbours, I 've heard the folks say,
The miracle noisily brag on;
And the shop is, to this very day,
The sign of the George and the Dragon.
Rum ti, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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